

# Groton School Verses



William Amory Gardner



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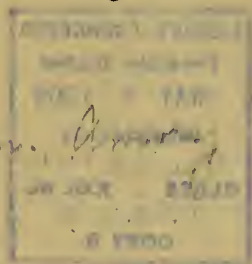


GROTON SCHOOL VERSES



GROTON SCHOOL  
VERSES

1886-1903



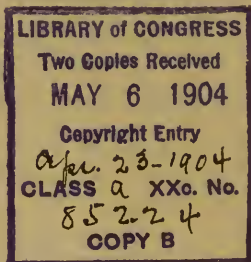
*Wm. A. Gardner*

*Gardner*

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TO  
MR. AND MRS. JAMES LAWRENCE  
AND  
TO ALL GROTONIANS



## PREFACE

*THE following verses contain a more or less faithful History of Groton School during the better part of its twenty years of existence. The Christmas Poems formed a part of the annual festivities at the Homestead and usually took the form of a duet between Mr. Billings and Mr. Gardner in the capacities of Oracle and Questioner. Unfortunately Mr. Billings did not always preserve his MSS. and the Christmas Poems are in consequence often fragmentary. Thanks are due to Messrs. H. D. Chandler and J. Hinckley, Assistant Poets in 1901.*

WILLIAM AMORY GARDNER

*Groton School  
Easter, 1904*



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**GROTON SCHOOL VERSES**





## BIRTHDAY

1886

WELL, what a bouncing two-year-old!  
Was ever such a sight!  
Our infant School we celebrate—  
'Tis two years old to-night.

They talk of Western limestone air  
To make the fellows grow;  
But, bless me, *we* are *twice* as big  
As just two years ago.

I look about me, in this room,  
At all the dear old faces.  
It seems as if but yesterday  
When first you filled these places.

And yet within these two short years,  
We've made this infant thing  
The pride of the United States—  
A theme for bards to sing.

In order to fathom this singular mystery,  
We must, in the first place, examine our history,  
And see unto whom all the praises are due—  
To all of the boys, or to just one or two;  
Although at first sight I'm inclined to suspect  
That the former surmise is more likely correct.  
However, I think the chief causes we'll find,  
If I pick out a few that occur to my mind.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

And first, without question, I think you 'll agree  
In awarding the palm of success to Rublee,  
Our only alumnus of whom we 're so proud,  
That though he 's but one he 's as good as a crowd.  
The first fruit of Groton, reward of our toil,  
Transplanted to flourish in Cambridge's soil.  
May he grow there in wisdom, if such things can be,  
Till he captures a *summa cum laude* degree.

Having thus crowned the hero the foremost in peace,  
Now give me a moment to look, if you please,  
For the foremost in war, and when that is done, then  
For the first in the hearts of all countrymen.

Now, when I consider the foremost in war,  
I am met, at first glance, by a dozen or more  
Who have carried our flag through the ranks of the foe.  
Though they sometimes get beaten, it's not always so.  
And the day draweth near when that 's over, we hope,  
When our heroes shall meet, with the prowess to cope.  
Of elevens from Hoppie's, and, chiefest of larks,  
The day when we meet on the field of St. Mark's.<sup>1</sup>

And first in the hearts of her countrymen all,  
Who have known her since she came among us last  
fall,  
Who have loved her each day that we knew her, the  
more,  
For the love she returned us so freely, and for  
Her own self, we 'll praise with a thirty times three,  
Our one, unapproachable, own Mrs. P.

## BIRTHDAY 1886

Thus having awarded the laurels to those  
To whom, in each matter, the School the most owes,  
Let us cast a brief glance on the changes we've seen  
Since the year 'eighty-four, and October fifteen.

Oh, where, oh, where is the red barn gone? <sup>2</sup>  
The lovely crushed strawberree,  
With the smuggler bold and the Lady Corinne; <sup>3</sup>  
Oh, where, oh, where can they be?

And what is this stately wing of brick, <sup>4</sup>  
With apartments rich and rare,  
And the newly developed menagerie show  
They tell us of up the stair?

And now, as the shadows of evening fall,  
What sound salutes mine ear?  
Like a ship in distress, with a broken shaft,  
An artesian well I hear.

And down by the river a symphony  
Of colours most dread to behold,  
A boat-house appears, of a greenish blue  
And horribly dirty old gold.

And soon on our vision, amid the trees  
Of Groton's orchard green,  
A brand-new Gym shall arise and see  
Full many a wonder, I ween.

But, chiefest of all the improvements new,  
The many a young recruit

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Who has joined our ranks since the days of old,  
And quickly has taken root.

For while I am talking of boys that are new,—  
Why, bless me, how time does fly!—  
They've become old boys of the dear old place,  
And know more about it than I.

And Chauncey is getting as old as the hills,  
And Hoppin wears long-tailed coats,  
And Robb is a prefect, and most of the kids  
Are so many full-fledged goats.

But *some* things are just as they used to be  
In the golden days of old.  
The black mark still holds iron sway,  
And Potsey<sup>5</sup> won't do as he's told.

And a crow's nest still is in Cochrane's hair,<sup>6</sup>  
And McKuhn is as sniffy as ever;<sup>7</sup>  
And in spite of the sound of the chestnut-gong,  
Professor's<sup>8</sup> puns still are clever.

And Mrs. McMurray can *not* play whist,  
And Goddard's still shaking to pieces;  
And the Groton quartette cannot find anywhere  
A tenor-soprano like Gleece's.<sup>9</sup>

And Cushing's the same haughty sister of yore,  
And still pounds the shaky pianner.  
Mr. Billings has ghost stories which he still tells  
In his quaint and delectable manner.

BIRTHDAY 1886

Yes, every one, each of us, feels every year,  
As we see autumn's reds and its yellows,  
Though the months may roll by, and the seasons may  
fly,  
They're the same old magnificent fellows.

And as to the new boys, to mention their deeds  
'T would take us the rest of our lives  
To tell about Ashton and Neddy Cartere,  
Polk, Jay, Scott, King, Briskie, and Ives,

Whose names I select from a dozen or more,  
And put in for the sake of the rhyme;  
For to tell all the new boys, and what they have done,  
Would take, as I said, too much time.

We've got a museum of queer curiosities,  
Beautiful creatures, and horrid atrocities,  
All of which go to contribute their share  
Towards making our School such an institute rare.

Hast heard the *pup*<sup>10</sup> entune a song,  
Or witnessed the *heifer*<sup>11</sup> play the fiddle,  
Or seen the *fox*<sup>12</sup> the football kick,  
Or the boy with *bear's legs* below his middle?<sup>13</sup>

Hast seen a *biddy*<sup>14</sup> run a race,  
Or a *rabbit*<sup>15</sup> setting the style of collars?  
Hast seen a *hen*<sup>16</sup> that's six feet high,  
And a *chipmunk*<sup>17</sup> sporting among the scholars?

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

If not, poor wight, thou canst not know  
The wonders we have on exhibition. ,  
For these, and things like these, have raised  
The School to its present proud position.

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> *Score 10-2. First touchdown made for Groton by Reverend W. G. Thayer, who afterwards—eheu!—became Head Master of our rivals.*
- <sup>2</sup> *Burned by lightning, May, 1886.*
- <sup>3</sup> *Gilpatric's sled.*
- <sup>4</sup> *The short dormitory—Brooks House.*
- <sup>5</sup> *Austin Potter.*
- <sup>6</sup> *A. Lynde Cochrane.*
- <sup>7</sup> *R. B. Potter.*
- <sup>8</sup> *Gordon K. Bell.*
- <sup>9</sup> *J. G. Gilpatric.*
- <sup>10</sup> *H. P. Whitney.*
- <sup>11</sup> *S. V. R. Thayer.*
- <sup>12</sup> *E. F. Fitzhugh.*
- <sup>13</sup> *C. R. Sturgis.*
- <sup>14</sup> *Warnick Potter.*
- <sup>15</sup> *J. M. Hare.*
- <sup>16</sup> *R. B. Potter.*
- <sup>17</sup> *E. F. Chauncey.*





## CHRISTMAS

1886

[FRAGMENT]

Ting, Ting, Ting,  
I hear a tiny bell.  
The chestnut season now is past,  
Yes, sirs, I know it well.  
And yet you see as Christmas comes  
(Yourselves you have to blame),  
Though chestnutest of chestnuts, I  
Have come here just the same.

If Blake or Bell could check their pens  
From filling the *Grotonian*  
With all their fierce poetic fire,  
I might not be the only one.  
But as you see they're all used up,  
No room is left to doubt it,—  
Blake with maltreating Bugaboo,<sup>1</sup>  
And Bell with verse about it.

So once more I am called upon  
To tune my fiddle up,  
And sing a song of sixpence loud  
As our dear yellow pup.<sup>2</sup>  
At the sound of the last mentioned word  
Did you see Howdy Cushing start?  
I must to some theme have referred  
That lies very close to his heart.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Ah, yes! he is lonely to-night,  
The world is but frivolous stuff;  
He's come here without his delight,  
His only adorable Snuff.<sup>3</sup>  
The digression forgive, I pray,  
I'll do nothing more of the sort,  
But say all my little say  
In poetry spicy and short.

A thought comes o'er me now and then  
As holidays arrive:  
What do the various gentlemen  
To keep themselves alive  
When all their occupation's gone,  
And books are left behind?  
How do they pass the time forlorn?  
How occupy their mind?

I asked a little bird to tell  
If they were n't bored to death.  
"Oh, no, they manage mighty well,"  
Said he beneath his breath.  
"And if you won't give it away,  
Or only to a few,  
I'll tell the sort of things they say,  
And also what they do."

Sam Blagden— Ah! I need not tell  
How he the time beguiles.  
He casts upon New York the spell  
Of his enormous smiles.

Webb <sup>4</sup> issues invitations for  
A little sausage party,  
With grape milk, buckwheat cakes and all  
That 's wholesome, crisp and hearty.

But first he trims his flowing locks  
And clips his shaggy beard.  
Look at him now with parted mane—  
How exquisitely weird!  
Professor <sup>5</sup> walks Fifth Avenue.  
The damsels—now don't wince—  
Set caps at him as did the maid  
Of Groton not long since.

And Mr. Billings, every day  
Receives some telegram  
From Queen Victoria, Prince of Wales,  
Or John L. Sullivan.

The Biddy <sup>6</sup> is resolved to gain  
Admittance to the Choir,  
For since Jim Hare got in, it 's plain  
The humblest may aspire  
To join the sweet-voiced tenor crew,  
So Austin he entices,  
Who duly tunes his phililoo  
While Biddy R. practises.

Burgess upon arriving at  
The outskirts of the Hub,  
Pours ice water into his hat,  
And takes a morning tub.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

This done, he scarce can wait an hour  
Unless it chance to rain,  
But if by luck there be a shower,  
He takes a bath again.  
At last he reaches Dedham's shore,  
But no contentment hath,  
Until some four or five times more  
He takes a thorough bath.

Robb brushes out his siders straight,  
And whistles soft a tune,  
Appropriate to his old round face,  
Called, "Whiskers on the Moon."  
Parker don't lose a moment's space,  
But with some urchin small,  
Retires to some lonely place  
And practises baseball.

For five days after reaching town  
Pete Jay will scarcely speak.  
He eats from dawn till sun goes down—  
This sometimes lasts a week.  
And then if he perchance is ill,  
'T is somewhat of a bore.  
But ne'er takes he the famed black pill,  
He eats for a week more.

And Heifer Thayer<sup>7</sup> parades the streets  
In holiday attire.  
I cannot tell how much *he* eats,  
I did not dare enquire.

CHRISTMAS 1886

But I can scarcely have a doubt  
He finds it great relief,  
To go on making himself stout  
On really black corned beef.

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> *A beautiful hat belonging to Joe Hoppin.*
- <sup>2</sup> *H. P. Whitney.*
- <sup>3</sup> *Mrs. Peabody's dog—abhorred of the Sixth Form.*
- <sup>4</sup> *F. G. Webb—first hut owner.*
- <sup>5</sup> *Gordon K. Bell.*
- <sup>6</sup> *Warwick Potter.*
- <sup>7</sup> *S. V. R. Thayer.*

## BIRTHDAY

1887

WHEN summer days and summer joys  
Are over for our idle boys,  
They settle down to lessons sober.  
When presto! 15th of October  
Arrives, and they, forgetting study,  
Forgetting books and football muddy,  
With one accord fly learning's cloisters,  
Gird up their loins and gobble oysters.  
A little meal of rhyme and reason  
Put in, the edibles to season,  
Will not, I hope, go very wrong,  
Especially if not too long.  
So let's treat in a manner cursory  
Our doings since last anniversary.

I fain had devised an original form  
To dish up the story in sizzling and warm;  
But bless me, what think you a fellow can do  
Who has to grind verse for such critics as you,  
Two or three times a year, on all manner of things!  
So forgive some monotony in what he sings.  
A nightingale warbles but one kind of tune,  
And is only expected to do that in June,  
While Christmas or autumn to you it's all one,  
So forgive me if this is the best can be done.  
The events will be new, if the rhymes are the same  
And the versification a particle tame.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Yet why should we change as the seasons roll on? —  
Groton School is the same, though the years may have  
gone,  
Though old boys may leave us and new take their  
places,  
Though our hearts may be sad as we miss their dear  
faces,  
The School is unchanged in its hopes and its aim,  
And its purpose, please God, shall be ever the same.

When I returned to Groton green  
The first thing that I saw  
Was a hole in the ground men called my house,  
A hole and nothing more.

And over that hole next spring I hope  
At Easter Monday's ball,  
Our dear head Madam will open the dance  
With one of our Freshmen tall.

While Mrs. McMurray shall dance with me  
A stately minuet,  
With Gleesa,<sup>1</sup> McGinness<sup>2</sup> and Mr. Thayer  
To chassé and pirouette.

I next beheld a verdant park  
With flowers rich and rare,  
And an onion patch all hedged about,<sup>3</sup>  
And marked, "With greatest care."

At present its fruit is widely spread  
O'er all the lawn around,



## BIRTHDAY 1887

“Please may n’t I pick yon onion up  
That fell on forbidden ground?”

Oh! that is the song that greets mine ear  
Whene’er I walk abroad,  
For the onion is naught but a tennis-ball,  
Got there of its own accord.

And the Gym is done, and we hope ere long  
That the Chapel will be through,  
And these are the outside sights I saw,  
So now for the others too.

We’ve a fine lot of kids arrived this year;  
Did you hear the youthful Bow-  
Ditch<sup>4</sup> exclaim the other night at tea  
A rich sonorous “Ow”?

There’s a boy with a healthy pair of lungs!  
And another powerful man  
Is among our ranks, an uncle of ours,  
One J. Something Sullivan.<sup>5</sup>

The fellows are bigger I needs must admit;  
There’s Austin,<sup>6</sup> his short breeches no longer fit,  
Just look at him now all rigged out in his best,  
He’s Bobby’s own brother, just look at his vest!  
And—is n’t it dismal?—when Christmas arrives,  
A sorrow will come to o’ershadow our lives;  
Those exquisite calves will be hidden from view,  
Let’s up and prevent it, it never will do.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

The Bear's Legs<sup>7</sup> have shaken out two or three reefs  
And the fat little calves are now regular beefs.  
The Biddy<sup>8</sup> 's been seen to my own certain knowledge  
With a beaver, rigged up like a dude at a College.  
Do stop it all, boys, we can't let you grow old,  
Beware of the fate of our "Warrior Bold,"<sup>9</sup>  
Whose friends have removed him, at least so they say,  
Because he showed signs of his hair turning gray.  
Perhaps you have noticed, I cannot recall,  
Such a gorgeous display of new clothes as this fall;  
The dudes are outdone, and in dire despair  
Are selling their wardrobes and tearing their hair,  
While Rogers<sup>10</sup> would give his whole stock of cravats  
To get one of Dany Mull's<sup>11</sup> white London hats.  
The reason they say is not hard to be guessed  
Why Cowdin and Jojo<sup>12</sup> so gayly are dressed;  
Old Europe received a great honour last summer,  
And these are some trifles the fellows brought from  
her.

Have you noticed the accent that Smith<sup>13</sup> has acquired?

Mr. Billings says such a chose *faisait* him tired,  
Forgetting his English, while all the Sixth Form  
To be up to the rest have begun to reform  
Their accent, while Carter<sup>14</sup> says *du* and *rien*,  
And Emmons puts on a new lug to *besoin*.<sup>15</sup>

Now talking of Europe a few words I'd say  
About all your kindness ere we went away;  
The feast at New York<sup>16</sup> is n't one to forget,  
'T was one of the jolliest ever I ate,

BIRTHDAY 1887

Although the next day Howdy<sup>17</sup> took to his bed  
And the Biddy<sup>18</sup> did likewise and wished he were  
dead,

While poor Mr. B. and the Rector looked pale,  
And most of the rest f-rn-sh-d f--d for the wh-l-  
And the good Madam smoothed each poor sufferer's  
pill,

Administering doses of Perry's Pain Killer.<sup>19</sup>  
Yet it was n't the fault of the dinner I'm sure,  
But some poisonous pills known as "Sea-sickness  
cure."

So our thanks we would give, and to you the chief  
share,

Chief cook of the dinner, Montgomery Hare.

Well, it has been a great year, you all will allow;  
In athletics and studies we show the world how.  
To begin with the former, I proved quite a prophet.  
The St. Mark's game, remember, and what I said of it  
On last anniversary, was n't it true?  
Don't you recollect something about ten to two?

. . . . .

Alas, we can't do it again, for this year  
They don't seem to want us to, is n't it queer?  
They'd rather descend to admiring history  
With naught but defeats from their sweet infant  
sistery.<sup>20</sup>

Down by the winding river  
Where the Nashua lady<sup>21</sup> dwells,

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

And Sam <sup>22</sup> with his hook, fat Jim <sup>23</sup> with his book,  
Are the sights the traveller tells.

A sound to my ears of frantic cheers  
Was wafted across the water,  
And I thought that some one was playing hob,  
Or something he had n't ought ter.

'T was a horrible noise of stalwart boys,  
With Whitney at their head,  
And "Juniper, Juniper, hooray ah!" <sup>24</sup>  
Was the singular thing they said.

A health to the crew and the gallant two  
Who covered their form with glory,  
And the paddlers bold of the tubs who told  
A decidedly different story.

May the new sport flourish, may Nashua nourish,  
In these their boyhood's years,  
The nautical crews who are going to produce  
Next century's Volunteers.

Now besides the crew we've tennis-courts new,  
Goal-posts, gymnasium and all,  
And such like appliance to make us all giants,  
Like the Cubans,<sup>25</sup> so famous this fall.

So athletics you see are as good as can be.  
And how about studies next?  
How about passing clear at Cambridge next year?—  
That is only what Groton expects.

## BIRTHDAY 1887

For we've cases ample to take as example.

I'd take off my hat were it on

To our Freshmen three and our Soph'more Rublee,  
And advise you to do as they've done.

So long wave on high for many a year

The black and red and white,

And a health to the School that we hold so dear

On her three-year birthday night.

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> *J. G. Gilpatric.*
- <sup>2</sup> *F. Chauncey.*
- <sup>3</sup> *The "lawn."*
- <sup>4</sup> *H. I. Bowditch.*
- <sup>5</sup> *J. Amory Sullivan.*
- <sup>6</sup> *Austin Potter.*
- <sup>7</sup> *C. R. Sturgis.*
- <sup>8</sup> *Warnick Potter. He had been travelling with the Faculty in England, and was dressed accordingly.*
- <sup>9</sup> *Gilpatric, whose age was proverbial. Famous for the song Warrior Bold and founder of the Groton Quartette.*
- <sup>10</sup> *R. S. Rogers.*
- <sup>11</sup> *E. S. Mullins.*
- <sup>12</sup> *J. C. Hoppin.*
- <sup>13</sup> *G. W. Smith.*
- <sup>14</sup> *E. C. Carter, who could not be taught to pronounce.*
- <sup>15</sup> *Favourite expletive of R. W. Emmons, 2nd.*
- <sup>16</sup> *Dinner at Brevoort House given by New York Grotonians to travelling Faculty, July, 1887.*
- <sup>17</sup> *H. G. Cushing—a poor sailor.*
- <sup>18</sup> *Warnick Potter—another.*
- <sup>19</sup> *Wonderful remedy discovered by a cousin of the Madam's.*
- <sup>20</sup> *Controversy about masters between St. Mark's and the "Infant School."*
- <sup>21</sup> *A green canoe belonging to the Chauncey family.*
- <sup>22</sup> *S. P. Blagden.*
- <sup>23</sup> *James Binney.*
- <sup>24</sup> *The Third Form cheer—invented by H. P. Whitney.*
- <sup>25</sup> *An amateur Football Eleven—predecessor of Emmons's famous Cuban Nine.*

## BIRTHDAY

1888

LAST Christmas, when I read to you  
The product of my pen,  
I felt that I had done a thing  
I could not do again.

Though boys are new, yet gags are old,  
And rhymes have lost their jingle,  
Yet as the season comes once more,  
Once more my fingers tingle.

This fact and birthday thoughts combined  
To colour my ideas  
With scraps of old philosophy  
Appropriate to our years.  
Chestnuts in general are the theme  
Of this, my little sermon,  
Perhaps a lesson they contain  
Useful as Greek or German.

Four years are gone, each differing,  
And yet each much the same,  
And some things that once seemed such fun  
Perhaps may now seem tame.  
The happiest man is he who finds  
As years go hurrying by  
That, though the world is getting old,  
His heart is young for aye.

Though legs may grow and minds unfold,  
What once was worth endeavour

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Is worth it now, and what is good  
That shall be good forever.  
So if the School was worth our love  
Four years ago, 't is true  
It will be so when we are old,  
Though offering nothing new.

Monotony is not a bore  
If energy is there;  
Life is monotony to some,  
No matter when or where.  
Forgive my sermon—'t is a theme  
That anniversary brings  
Up to my mind, as I sit down  
To write the same old things.

These same old things are dear to me  
In all this world of change;  
Some things my heart ne'er wanders from,  
In search of new and strange.  
But not to practise what I preach  
Until this metre's stale,  
I break right off and change the tune,  
So listen to my tale.

I drifted along one summer's morn  
O'er ocean's upheaving breast,  
And I noticed a lad of appearance sad,  
Who looked as if needing rest.  
"Oh, what are the wild waves saying to thee,  
Miss Ryan?"<sup>1</sup> I said aloud;



BIRTHDAY 1888

The answer was drowned by a gurgling sound,  
As she clung to the quivering shroud.

The month it was August, the scene a ship,  
The place was near Frenchman's bay,  
The occasion—like one that occurred before  
To Bolly and Blake and Jay.<sup>2</sup>  
What the waves were saying just then, I fear  
Would recall but pain to some,  
But I fell asleep, and the waters deep  
This ditty began to hum—

“The waves of time are rolling by,  
Perhaps you'd like to know  
What's going to become of that School of yours  
As the waters onward flow.  
A silence profound shall hang around  
That sacred hall of learning,  
Not a pin-fall heard, not even a word,  
By the ear of the most discerning.

“Mr. Billings dozes, his book he closes  
( 'T is afternoon school of course),  
And a somnolent air is everywhere,  
And the black mark has spent its force.  
A distant growl becoming a howl,  
A wail! a shriek!! a yell!!!  
Like thunder and lightning combined in one,  
Unexpectedly breaks the spell.

“Mr. B. starts up, all faces are pale,  
He seizes a pen and ink.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Meantime, once more is heard that roar,  
You really can't hear yourself think.  
And this is the letter he dashes off:  
‘Dear Madam, just throttle Mike,  
Or Micky, or Malcolm, or Mucker, at once,  
Or anything else you like.’

“This note is despatched ’mid a storm of shrieks,  
Redoubled faster and faster,  
And the Madam declines for the next three weeks  
To speak to that reckless Master.

“A flood shall occur, unless I err,  
Sometime in the early fall,  
And if ’t were n’t for Fitzhugh’s old tennis shoes<sup>3</sup>  
’T would drown the inhabitants all.  
But they serve as boats, and each traveller floats  
Past the cellar’s deeps and snares,  
And the juniper shout<sup>4</sup> eggs on the rout,  
Class races below the stairs.  
And Robb will make sport of the weather report,  
And say that the rainfall here  
For the month has been fully umsty steen  
Times as much as in town in a year.

“That excellent dish, the succulent fish,  
Shall continue to grace the board,  
And the corned beef red, I have heard it said,  
Much sustenance shall afford.  
Van Rensselaer Thayer will have a great scare  
From a corpse in a pair of pijarms;

## BIRTHDAY 1888

He'll give a loud yell, while Professor Bell  
Looks on at his wild alarms.

“Just keep your eye open by and by,  
And observe that queer condition  
Of Professor Bell's, how his lower chest swells  
When he's 'taking a soldier's position!'

A perfect host of squibs on toast  
Will be served at all times and places,  
Either cold or warm, by the gallant form  
Which Scott or Burgess graces.

“I don't like to mock a Faculty clock,  
But I think it my duty to say  
Mr. Ayrault'd do well his timepiece to sell,  
Or better, to give it away;  
For it plays him such tricks, he retires at six,  
And but for the merest luck  
He might have held Algebra classes at dawn,  
Or Physics at seven o'clock.

“A wonderful kind of spelling shall find  
Much favour in Cochrane's eyes,  
The familiar hand you will understand  
If you substitute E's for Y's.  
And B's for C's and A's for D's,  
And then if you carefully look  
At it upside down, and squint and frown,  
'T is the purest of Volapük.

“I'm sorry to say Barnewall's going away,  
For we'll miss his graceful curves

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

On the baseball arena; I'm sure he has been a  
Sore trial to Southborough's nerves.

"But November ten shall witness again  
The waving of colours three,  
Black, red and white amid frantic delight,  
And St. Markers, oh, where will they be?<sup>5</sup>  
For the infants tall without clubs and all  
The giants shall put to rout,  
And triumphal cheers shall salute the ears  
Of the dwellers round about.<sup>6</sup>

"On October fifteen you will see, I ween,  
Our flowers and prides and joys,  
The Grotonians old restored to the fold,  
Our dear old original boys.  
Gilpatric appears advanced in years,  
His broken leg quite well,  
He had a row with an elderly cow  
Last summer, as you've heard tell.

"And the Golden Hen<sup>7</sup> will be there again,  
For they tell me it is n't true,  
He's an ornament bright and the chief delight  
Of the class of 'ninety-two.  
A pleasant surprise will greet your eyes  
Revisiting the School; a  
Gentleman<sup>8</sup> who, we hardly knew,  
Had already escaped from the cooler.

"He slew one day in heartless play  
The innocent, happy sea-gulls,

## BIRTHDAY 1888

Now he 's poor in purse and we 're glad it's not worse,  
It cost him ten golden eagles.  
You 'll be glad to see Mr. George Rublee,  
And to hear the style of ball  
Which Fitzhugh insists is the one exists  
Upon Jarvis Field this fall.

"When we heard Sunday last that he 'd braced up the  
Varsity,  
We feared he 'd do something rash,  
But the only limb he has lost so far  
Is his beautiful black mustache.  
Would that all could come, but, alas, though some  
Shall be far away that night,  
You 'll think of each one in the midst of your fun  
And wish them a future bright.

"We 'd tell you more, but we dare not, for  
Our sight is somewhat short,  
And we don't want to make any grave mistake,  
So we give but a month's report.  
May the School progress, nor her shadow grow less,  
Though her pride depart each year;  
In the larger school of the world may her sons  
Hold her precepts ever dear."

The waves stopped singing, but in my heart  
Arose a loving prayer,  
That God might guide us this coming year  
With His gentle and tender care.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

And that when it has passed, as it must at last,  
And our leaders say good-bye,  
That we who stay, when they're gone away,  
May hold her banner as high.

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> *Warwick Potter*—passenger on *Yacht Rebecca*.
- <sup>2</sup> *N. T. Robb*.
- <sup>3</sup> *Fifteens*. He held the record till surpassed by *H. Richards*.
- <sup>4</sup> *Fourth Form cheer*.
- <sup>5</sup> *Fifty-two to nothing!*
- <sup>6</sup> *Fable in Grotonian* by *G. B. Blake*: The Giants, the Infants and the Dwellers Round About. *Giants* = *St. Mark's*. *Infants* = *Groton*. *Clubs* = *Masters*.
- <sup>7</sup> *R. B. Potter*.
- <sup>8</sup> *H. Hathaway*—fined for gull shooting in holidays.





## BIRTHDAY

1889

I WON'T begin to tell my story yet,  
Since that's the way with poets laureate,  
Until I shed some tears  
About the trials I've been through  
In trying to get something new,  
Unmentioned in past years.

When I sat down and took my pen,  
I pondered for a time, and then  
To write some squibs I tried.  
"There's no one's been a bit ridiculous,  
There's not a joke that's left to tickle us,"  
In blank despair I cried.

If this performance comes each year,  
I shan't have left one new idea  
To put into my rhyme.  
I don't know what to write about,  
My little jokes are all played out,  
And have been for some time.

'Tis true the kids have never heard  
Of our old chestnut jokes a word,  
And yet they know my style.  
My Sunday squibs<sup>1</sup> upon the board  
No longer merriment afford  
And scarcely raise a smile.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

And yet here comes our birthday round,  
Some entertainment must be found  
    To help digest our meal,  
Before we turn to rougher play  
And with the graduates ballet  
    In the Virginia reel.

So while I dress up my ideas  
In rhymes you've heard the last five years,  
    Just give me your attention,  
And if you think, without excuse,  
I've plagiarized from Mother Goose,  
    The fact you need n't mention.

Ride a cock-horse  
To see Popper Cross,<sup>2</sup>  
    And hear him recite his Greek.  
If he puts iodine  
On his brain, I opine  
    It will strengthen the part most weak.

How doth the luckless Willie Hare  
Delight to bark and bite,  
Though now, alas, he'll bite no more  
    Since his eventful fight.

Beware the name of Sullivan,  
    Beware the champion's fist.  
Perhaps New Jersey's never heard  
    Of Boston's pugilist.

Percy Haughton came to Groton  
 On an autumn day.  
 Heiferfinger<sup>3</sup> hove in sight,  
 "Aw let me gaw," he'd say.  
 And oh, it doth our hearts delight  
 To see the kids at play.

Rabbi Ben Issachar,<sup>4</sup>—may his tribe increase,—  
 Got the school-room floor all covered with grease;  
 The audience saw him perform on his knees  
 A menial job, and he's since had no peace.

He frightened Beef Meredith's poor little brother<sup>5</sup>  
 Till he could n't tell òne verb from another.  
 Since then at all gladiatorial shows,  
 He's president, dressed in rabbinical clothes.

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,  
 The Heifer can't eat fish,  
 I notice, however, that almost never  
 He anything left in the dish.

Biddy<sup>6</sup> had a little pipe,  
 Its colour brown as dirt,  
 And every time that Biddy smoked,  
 His health was sadly hurt;  
 He smoked it all one summer morn,  
 Soon after leaving School,  
 Next time we met he looked forlorn,  
 And said he'd been a fool.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Rub-a-dub dub, I've ate so much grub  
I don't know what to do,  
For Rogers and I<sup>7</sup> had a race eating grapes,  
Oh golly, Oh golly, Boo Hoo!

Hark! Hark! St. Mark, St. Mark,  
In Lancaster's fair town.  
Boys in rags and waving flags,  
Hurrah! for Groton's down.

Now you have 'em, now you don't,  
Master or no master.  
Now we will, and now we won't,  
Do make your minds up faster.

Burly Bob will do the job  
At that not distant day.  
Uncertain people often are  
Uncertain in their play.

George Smith of Williamstown  
Went to School on Monday,  
Graduated Tuesday,  
Went to College Wednesday,

Woke a Soph'more Thursday,  
Joined a fraternity Friday,  
Got a pin on Saturday  
To astonish the natives Sunday.<sup>8</sup>

One poor mouse  
In the Prefect's part of the house,

## BIRTHDAY 1889

He frightened poor Austin most out of his life,  
Bob Emmons seized hold of a carving knife,  
The noise was like kids when engaged in strife,  
Poor small mouse.

I watched the drill last Wednesday till  
I almost died of laughter.  
Majestic trod the awkward squad,  
With Converse-ation <sup>9</sup> after.

To Catsby Polk <sup>10</sup> a mournful joke  
Occurred one summer's day.  
Oh, the suffering sore of the Commodore  
Of the fleet of Black Rock Bay.  
The Rebecca beheld the most pitiful sight  
She had seen for many a day.

Wicked Jimmy Sullivan,  
Naughty little gentleman,  
Out upon you, fie!  
Instead of feasts in your new hut  
You gave me sausage, true,—ah, but  
It hit me in the eye.

Edgy <sup>11</sup> got into a laugh one day,  
And laughed himself black in the face.  
At Chapel he's undertaker now,  
A most appropriate place.

"I'm better to-day," I heard the child say,  
As he lay in his little white bed.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

“My winter flannels are on—with love  
Moncure”—was all he said.<sup>12</sup>

Who’s handsome Eddy?<sup>13</sup>  
“I know full well,”  
Said Professor Bell,  
“But I won’t tell,” he cried.  
The gentleman said nothing, but  
He “blushed with modest pride.”

There was a little Flam<sup>14</sup>  
And although he did n’t cram,  
All full of learning was his little head,  
head, head;  
So brilliantly he shines,  
In all literary lines  
That it’s turned his wavy locks a gorgeous  
auburn, auburn, auburn.

Mr. B., Mr. B., where have you been?  
I got on my horse and he galloped like sin.  
Mr. B., Mr. B., where did you go?  
He tore to the stable while I shouted Whoa.

’T is the voice of the Pect’ral,<sup>15</sup>—I heard him declare  
To the Varsity Glee Club, “I’ll sing you an air;”  
As the door on its hinges, so he with his voice  
Makes Harvard resound with mellifluous noise.

There was a man in our School  
And he was wondrous wise,

BIRTHDAY 1889

He's brother to the gentleman  
With astigmatic eyes;  
They call him Calf or little Veal,<sup>16</sup>  
Diminutive of Beef,  
Sum never takes an object, dear,  
In the "accusatif." <sup>17</sup>

Heigh diddle diddle,  
Six feet round the middle,  
Bow window<sup>18</sup> was sitting on Calf,  
The little dog<sup>19</sup> laughed to see the sport,  
And we all know the Whitney laugh.

Yes! five long years have past us flown,  
I've seen them come and go  
Since I was just old Foxy's<sup>20</sup> age,  
Till now I'm white as snow.  
My little squad of table boys  
Is now reduced to three.  
How well I can remember now  
The blushes of Austin<sup>21</sup> wee,

How Meredith Hare and I'd dispute,  
And Bob cried, "Sick him, Towser,"  
And Edgy's big brother put little black dolls<sup>22</sup>  
In the pocket of my trouser.  
And yet as I look about to-night  
And see so many faces  
Of those we've loved for these five years  
In their accustomed places,

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

I almost think it's all a dream  
And we are back once more  
At the fifteenth of October  
In the year of 'eighty-four,  
When the Rector and Mr. Billings and I  
Retired to bed at ten,  
And rang the outside bell and gongs,  
For there were no prefects then;

Ere our dear Mrs. P. had come to the School,  
And Malcolm did n't exist,  
And Robb was a kid and so was the Bid,  
And Mullins a vocalist.  
Oh! the Groton quartette, I remember yet,  
And often I have told  
How well Horatio <sup>23</sup> crossed the bridge  
In the brave days of old.

And Bearsy <sup>24</sup> was, oh, such a sweet little boy,  
And Cochrane was, oh, such a pickle,  
And the Golden Hen <sup>25</sup> had love affairs,  
But even then was fickle.

Oh! boys of to-day, may you be true  
To the standard the old boys raise,  
May the School be as proud of her younger sons  
As of those of bygone days!



## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> *Mr. G. Hopes 2 C his friends at T.*
- <sup>2</sup> *W. R. Cross—painted biceps with iodine to make himself strong.*
- <sup>3</sup> *S. V. R. Thayer.*
- <sup>4</sup> *Ellery Sedgwick—later a Master.*
- <sup>5</sup> *J. D. Meredith.*
- <sup>6</sup> *Warwick Potter—a Freshman.*
- <sup>7</sup> *A. R. Sargent.*
- <sup>8</sup> *And was married almost immediately after.*
- <sup>9</sup> *H. C. Converse—John Bones, Archbishop of Groton-bury.*
- <sup>10</sup> *F. L. Polk—a Sound Yachtsman.*
- <sup>11</sup> *Reverend E. F. Chauncey—an ungovernable laugher.*
- <sup>12</sup> *Moncure Robinson's telegram to his grandmother.*
- <sup>13</sup> *E. B. Bartlett.*
- <sup>14</sup> *J. S. Francis.*
- <sup>15</sup> *L. Tremain—Cherry Nose; hence, Cherry Pectoral.*
- <sup>16</sup> *J. D. Meredith.*
- <sup>17</sup> *New Jersey and Pennsylvania pronunciation of words ending in ive.*
- <sup>18</sup> *W. A. M. Burden—Rex Hædorum, King of the Kids.*
- <sup>19</sup> *Payne Whitney.*
- <sup>20</sup> *E. F. Fitzhugh.*
- <sup>21</sup> *Austin Potter.*
- <sup>22</sup> *St. Valentine favours from D. C. Chauncey.*
- <sup>23</sup> *H. Bigelow. 1st Hare and Hounds run. Rescued from R. R. bridge.*
- <sup>24</sup> *C. R. Sturgis.*
- <sup>25</sup> *R. B. Potter.*



# CHRISTMAS

1889

[FRAGMENT]

. . . . .  
You know the mid-term tests we had,  
Our Sixth Form all got A,  
And lost, by overdoing it, .  
Their B half holiday.

“I guess that I will try the Choir,  
My voice might well be worse,  
They need sopranos to sing higher,”  
Says slouchy John Converse.

Oh, have you seen my map of Greece?  
Have you read my proclamations,  
In flowing style to decipher which  
Needs liberal educations?

Oh, fie! my friends, beware  
Of sudden retribution,  
You're wasting the precious chalk  
Of the pauper institution.

I looked through the catalogue one day,  
And fluttering o'er its leaflets  
I found such a joke—Now what do you think  
Was the middle name of Beeflets?<sup>1</sup>

Four hats in the confiscation closet  
Six days in the week kept in.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

You hardly need to ask what was it,  
'Twas Dennis, what could it have been?

"Now stop the play," the Captain cried,  
"Let everybody wait.  
A brand-new theory Freddy<sup>2</sup> has,  
One that he wants to state."

"Oh, Bob, why could n't this be done —  
Our stalwart guards can shield  
The backs so well that I will snap  
A goal from centre field?"

The waves they wobble with wavy motion,  
The eels may squirm in the billowy ocean,  
But what is the wobbliest, squirmiest thing  
You ever beheld in your wandering?

Many quivering quakes have met mine eyes,  
But for willowy grace — I confess surprise  
That you need to ask — Just look! Look there,  
'Tis Wobbly Willie, the Jersey Hare.<sup>3</sup>

"Oh, where have you been, Billy boy, Billy boy?<sup>4</sup>  
Oh, where have you been, Little Billy?"  
"I've been pulling big chest weights,  
Though it's something my soul hates,  
I'm a fat boy and somehow must get thinner."

"To play centre rush, Billy boy, Billy boy,  
To push Murray Forbes, Little Billy?"  
"Yes, and he will have to hustle,

If he beats me with his muscle,  
We are fat boys and somehow must get thinner."

"Who threw the putty I got on my pants  
And my hat and my coat and my face and my hands?  
Speak, kind friend, who was it, please,  
Got the school-room again all covered with grease?"  
The two, who threw what they had n't ought ter,  
Were Gerard and the lovely Farmer's Daughter.<sup>5</sup>

Pray, tell me what are these shrill cries?  
What makes this dismal noise?  
These wails that on the air arise—  
Is 't playful cats or angry boys?

"I 'm quite too awfully furious,  
My nerves are all unstrung,  
Our Club is scorned—it's curious,  
Our songs are all unsung."

"Well, let it go, it's better so,  
We're young boys—there's the rub.  
You have to be old, not musical,  
To join the real Glee Club."<sup>6</sup>

Can you tell why Mr. Gladwin's pale?  
Is he ill? Good friend, what can him ail?  
I'm afraid that something has gone wrong,  
For he's certainly looking far from strong.

The wife of the dancing master smiled,  
Can you wonder he turned as weak as a child?

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

He buried his face in a bushy beard  
To escape the smile of that woman weird.

Oh, come, Dr. Warren, come over and see  
What matter there is with my wretched old knee.  
I've swaggered for one that we never have met,  
I've never been caught in a mesh of your net.  
My muscle is broken, but no one can wait,  
My knee-cap is floating, a terrible state.

On came the physician without any vest;  
Through all the small village his steed was the best.  
Save douches and plaster, he weapons had none,  
Fire gleamed in his eye as he rode all alone.  
"The last one," he shouted, "I gladly will come,  
All masters and boys have been under my thumb."

Have you seen little Rouge? ' He 's simply  
huge,  
'T would fill you with delight.  
What on earth does he say in his artless way  
Just after his daily fight?

"Mein Herr! Die Katze! Was is dass?  
Ich punschen Sie das Head.  
Gut' Nacht, mein Freund! Hoop la! Come on!  
Ich schlag' das Beeflein dead."

"Please, sir," to me a small boy cried,  
"No black marks can I write;  
My sleeves were long, a big boy tied  
My hands quite out of sight."

CHRISTMAS 1889

Who did it? — No, he will not tell;  
But stay, the rascal's caught,  
Who 't was we all now know full well <sup>8</sup> —  
'T was tied with a sailor's knot.

“Chop that wood up quickly!  
Get your hands all dirty!  
Go to work like busy B's!  
Briskie, Bill and Bertie.” <sup>9</sup>  
This I overheard in the forest t' other day —  
Who's the tyrant thus to make  
Three lazy boys obey?

Hush! he might hear and lick you,  
Keep it dark, be sure,  
The mighty man of valour  
Is the terrible Moncure.<sup>10</sup>

Jack!! <sup>11</sup>  
Alack!!  
Thwack!!  
Crack!!  
Is it murder?

No, it's fun,  
Sellery's having with his chum  
The “Senior Prefect” and Fleissiger Freund.  
“Rethpect the Rabbi and learn to mind.”

Where did you get those socks?  
Where *did* you get those hose?

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

*I* want some Plymouth Rocks  
About the shade of those.

Bertie<sup>12</sup> had a dozen pair  
Lovelier than the dawn.  
Patten called them loud,  
So Bertie the proud  
Just sold them for a song.

Can you speak the language the prefects speak?  
If so, you're more clever than I.  
I've been practising now about a week,  
And should like to hear you try.

Mose Coony—a good old Saxon word;  
Frowzee—a Dickens term; and  
DuBuck, Mein Schmutziger and besoin—  
It's the Sixth's idea of German.

Why are the boudoir walls so bare?  
Where is the bric-à-brac?  
What are the distant wails we hear  
Mingled with many a thwack?

Oh, nothing, Malcolm's swallowed up  
A china candlestick,  
A work-box, chair, and photograph,  
And now perhaps he's sick.

Last week he tore the books all up,  
This week he smashed the clock,



CHRISTMAS 1889

Twisted the fender into bits,  
Spilt ink upon his frock.

Amid the ruins of the room  
He sat him down and smiled.  
One must not complicate the tastes  
Of such a simple child.<sup>13</sup>

Elihu has sent us a messenger<sup>14</sup>  
To tell us to "feed our faces."  
This evening "sure" 't were footless to fail,  
And how much that word embraces.

The concert's been "*smooth*," the singing "slick,"  
Quite "chast," as Elihu would say.  
"Oh, Easy," we all reply with a shout—  
Is our language the style of the day?

Old Christmas comes to us again,  
Old and yet always young,  
With Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men,  
The song by angels sung.

Once more with music and with mirth  
The Homestead Hall is gay.  
The joy of our Redeemer's birth  
Fills us once more to-day.

From far and near old Groton's sons  
Return to join the cheer

GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

That warms our hearts at Christmastide  
With each revolving year.

Though tempests fierce may rage without  
And darkness shroud the earth,  
The Star that shone on Bethlehem  
To light our Saviour's birth—

Oh, may it shine within our hearts  
When the world's storms shall beat;  
Through cold and darkness may it guide  
To Bethlehem our feet.

Ah, memories of Christmastide,  
The Light Divine shall shed  
A radiance upon our souls  
From that poor lowly bed,

There as we kneel before the Child,  
To guide us on our way,  
Out of the storm and darkness wild  
Unto His perfect day.

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> *Joseph Dennie Meredith.*
- <sup>2</sup> *F. Gilhooly Webb.*
- <sup>3</sup> *W. H. Hare.*
- <sup>4</sup> *W. A. M. Burden.*
- <sup>5</sup> *D. Farrington.*
- <sup>6</sup> *H. R. Remsen, Duke of Bilgewater, started a Glee Club which was suppressed by a mob.*
- <sup>7</sup> *Flambard — J. S. Francis.*
- <sup>8</sup> *R. W. Emmons.*
- <sup>9</sup> *G. Z. Gray, W. S. Patten and R. M. Winthrop.*
- <sup>10</sup> *Moncure Robinson.*
- <sup>11</sup> *John Adams after diving from his window in his sleep was compelled to room with Ellery Sedgwick of the Sixth Form on the ground floor. They often disagreed. Each was nicknamed Buck.*
- <sup>12</sup> *R. M. Winthrop.*
- <sup>13</sup> *Quotation from the Madam's "Precepts for Parents."*
- <sup>14</sup> *Pierre Jay.*



## BIRTHDAY

1890

**R**OUND flies the wheel of time, the year is past,  
And, lo, Page one, first Volume, Chapter last,  
A fat and lively Volume too, still growing bigger,  
Quite three to one of what it was, or near that figure.  
To satisfy these numerous appetites  
Taxes a cook these Annivers'ry Nights,  
And taxes worse the wretched poet's wit  
On each and all of all this horde to sit;  
Especially, since lately he's been taught  
Sitting holds dangers of unlooked-for sort.  
Whoever dreamt of such a deadly snare,  
A piece of chewing-gum beneath the chair.  
So looking carefully throughout the list  
Of victims as on mills to grind his grist,  
He has selected two or three as fit  
And safe, whereon he now proceeds to sit.

Fat Frank, the fleshy Frenchman,<sup>1</sup>  
Is visiting this shore,  
So we've made him Fancy Corpulent  
Of our military corps.  
With gleaming lance  
He will proudly prance  
At the head of the marching column,  
And gayly prod  
The awkward squad  
With an air quite "To To" solemn.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Behind him, mid the bravest,  
The skirmish line advances,  
With all the fighters well in front  
And those with warlike fancies.  
Sing, Muse, the valiant warriors,  
No Hector's here nor Troys,  
But epic verse to celebrate  
A troop of Groton boys.

The fighting men of Scotland,  
The Douglasses of yore,  
The Sullivans of Boston,  
Could learn the art of war  
From their namesakes and admirers  
Of this more recent date,  
With doughty Robeson Sargent  
Their zeal to stimulate.  
Oh! doughty Robeson Sargent  
A-sitting in the grate,  
And Johnny Rogers fighting hard  
For fear he might be late.  
Run, Johnny, run, the bell has rung,  
Run Mighty Sargent too,  
Or Henry Clews and Freddy Hale  
Perchance may hustle you.  
By the way, I'm glad to see Freddy here,  
He thought he might n't do so,  
But stay all alone in the School forlorn  
Like a lonely Robinson Crusoe.  
In warfare of old we often read  
Of deadly battering-rams,

## BIRTHDAY 1890

But the army corps which I next discuss  
Consists of no such shams.  
No battering-rams we now possess,  
As our ignorant ancestors did,  
But the modern style of artillery  
Is the deadly Rollicking Kid.

He's of various kinds — now short and fat,  
With newspaper clippings inside his hat,  
And funny ideas on this and that,  
And answering to the name of Pat.<sup>2</sup>  
Or then again, he is long and thin,  
And studies when he's not kept in,  
The queerest type I have ever met—oh!  
So long drawn out like an odd stiletto.<sup>3</sup>  
I might have said something more severe,  
But five good pounds of Huyler  
Have arrived for the gentleman hinted at  
Reserved for his reviler.  
Sometimes it acts with silent grace,  
With a smile on its Ameseable<sup>4</sup> face,  
And another kind goes with a shriek and a scream  
Like little Joe Meredith letting off steam.

One speaks a queer language that none understands;  
We call it a Jaffray<sup>5</sup>—from foreign lands;  
One speaks not at all—like Baker<sup>6</sup> you know;  
And one all the time, Bertram Longjumeau.<sup>7</sup>  
Oh! we do these things better than olden times did,  
No battering-ram's like a Rollicking Kid.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

The Commissariat is in charge  
Of a Burden<sup>8</sup> of proportions large,  
With chewing-gum, stingarees and tongue  
And a box of Mellin's Food for the young;  
While ammunition is supplied  
In the shape of powder scentified,  
Cosmetics, puffs, and what you like  
In the cubicle of his brother Ike.<sup>9</sup>

The nobility and gentry  
Bring up the next array,  
Third-Formers chiefly with haughty mien  
And an impressive way.  
Long John, the Lord Archbishop,<sup>10</sup>  
From Falmouth's distant sand,  
And his disgrace the great Ex-Duke  
Of Bilgewater<sup>11</sup> so grand.  
Hail to the Noble Wagstaff  
Of Hoboken the pride,  
Whose voice by a regular vocatrice  
Has recently been tried,  
And who sings in such exquisite tenor strains  
Those tunes of which cows have died.  
And a rumour got round not long ago  
About the Adams boys,  
That on state occasions they are dressed  
As Little Lord Fauntleroy.<sup>12</sup>

And Lord High Chamberlain Barret<sup>13</sup>  
With a single glass, oh my!



## BIRTHDAY 1890

And other Lords in waiting  
From other forms march by,  
Each squinting like anything to keep  
The glass within their eye.  
And I had a gag upon Moncure <sup>14</sup>  
Which he would n't let me write;  
He'll tell it to you, though, I'm sure,  
If you question him to-night.  
And the old boys have a special place  
In this part of the procession:  
They are our true nobility  
When College is in session.  
We welcome our youngest Harvard Kid,  
Our only original Buck; <sup>15</sup>  
And the rest of the crowd of olden days,  
And wish them the best of luck.

A special war correspondent follows,  
Who all the facts and rumours swallows  
To produce forty pages of news on Sunday  
With a column of advertisements Monday. <sup>16</sup>

The body of the army corps,  
As army corps should be,  
Is armed with Greeks and Algebras  
And fighting shy of me.  
One soldier thinks all problems solved  
When once you've learned to Tweak 'em. <sup>17</sup>  
And Scotty <sup>18</sup>'d be good at dead languages  
If he only could learn to speak 'em.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

And Jerry<sup>19</sup> is always in abstract thought,  
And Dexter<sup>20</sup> is always so meek 'em,  
And there's music in e'en the inflection of verbs  
When you listen to Schmitt<sup>21</sup> squeak 'em.  
And Freddy Hale thinks an Answer Book  
Were an excellent Vade-Mecum.  
But one and all we do dearly love  
To hear the old Cat's<sup>22</sup> Greek 'um,  
And I thought of a squib on Williams<sup>23</sup> too,  
But it was so awfully weak 'um.

Behind them marches a bigger throng  
With war-paint on of brilliant red;  
I need n't tell you which form this is,  
This is n't a squib on its worthy head.<sup>24</sup>  
But if ever you want a taste of war  
Where the enemy killed is Father Time,  
Just ask those fighters the uses for  
The Future Optative—not in rhyme.<sup>25</sup>

The column passes onward,  
And next all eyes behold  
The blinker and the thinker  
Like Socrates of old.<sup>26</sup>  
Take heed the line, stand firm and true,  
Look out for Uncle Rawle,  
He's a terrible fellow for snaking through  
When once he's got the ball.  
And although this is no football field,  
When he sees the marchers lined,

## BIRTHDAY 1890

They might get suddenly head-over-heel'd  
He has such an absent mind.

The music of the army corps  
Is largely instrumental.  
Young Peter Bowditch<sup>27</sup> handles his drum  
In a manner most ungentle,  
And Jerry executes a roll  
Which makes the windows rattle;  
While Sullivan's<sup>28</sup> tricks with his two drum-sticks  
Recall a regular battle.  
But the vocal music consists of Cross,<sup>29</sup>  
Who sings an obligato,  
Accompanied by the Peabody babes  
In high-pitched modulato;  
While a very impressive "Newport Air"  
Accompanies the strain,—  
"The Burden<sup>30</sup> of the Song," 't is called,—  
And a Dog<sup>31</sup> barks the refrain.  
This Dog requests a bind or two  
About poor Henry Clews  
To make him blush—it might be done,  
But really what's the use?  
What use in multiplying squibs  
Or writing jokes by dozens?  
There's Barney<sup>32</sup> who will blush instead,  
His blushiest of cousins.

The officers I would next describe,  
But I fear I might be so amusing

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

That Corporal Chauncey<sup>33</sup> would act in a way  
That really would be confusing.  
If I got off one of my worn-out squibs  
On Patten or Briskie Gray,  
Or Emmons translating a Latin Book  
In his very peculiar way,  
Or allusions to Dick<sup>34</sup> as Paddlequick,  
Or the ancient Corned-Beef jokes,  
He might swell up and die with tears in his eye  
And wriggles and gurgles and chokes.  
The column marches across the field  
And enters a building vast;  
They halt and offer their glad salute  
To the Future from the Past.  
But, alas, two figures stand aside,  
Nor forward may they go,  
Our two that remain of our olden pride  
That Groton used to know:  
Our Captain,<sup>35</sup> who 'll bring one more victory yet  
From Lancaster's battle-ground.  
So long our leader, our leader still,  
Well tried and worthy found.  
As he for Groton typifies  
The strength of her right arm,  
So by his side the other<sup>36</sup> stands,  
Her wisdom and her calm.  
And the fifth receives the battle-sword—  
Oh, keep it fair and bright  
In the days to come, as of yore, my boys—  
So they vanished from my sight.

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> *F. M. Forbes—Corporal "To To."*
- <sup>2</sup> *J. M. Patterson.*
- <sup>3</sup> *John Shillito Rogers—Stiletto.*
- <sup>4</sup> *F. Lothrop Amcs.*
- <sup>5</sup> *Arthur Jaffray*
- <sup>6</sup> *R. B. Baker.*
- <sup>7</sup> *B. F. Bell.*
- <sup>8</sup> *W. A. M. Burden.*
- <sup>9</sup> *I. T. Burden, Jr.*
- <sup>10</sup> *H. C. Converse.*
- <sup>11</sup> *H. R. Remsen, née Wagstaff.*
- <sup>12</sup> *The Adams twins, Henry and John, at the wedding of their sister.*
- <sup>13</sup> *Cecil Barret.*
- <sup>14</sup> *M. Robinson.*
- <sup>15</sup> *E. Sedgwick.*
- <sup>16</sup> *J. M. Patterson.*
- <sup>17</sup> *F. G. Thomson.*
- <sup>18</sup> *H. D. Scott.*
- <sup>19</sup> *S. K. Gerard.*
- <sup>20</sup> *Endicott Dexter.*
- <sup>21</sup> *P. L. Smith.*
- <sup>22</sup> *C. Thomson.*
- <sup>23</sup> *C. H. Williams.*
- <sup>24</sup> *J. S. Francis—Flambard the Rouge.*
- <sup>25</sup> *Famous controversy between the author and Professor Higley.*
- <sup>26</sup> *J. Aertsen Rawle.*
- <sup>27</sup> *H. I. Bowditch—Peter the First.*
- <sup>28</sup> *J. A. Sullivan.*
- <sup>29</sup> *W. R. Cross.*

## NOTES

- <sup>30</sup> *I. T. Burden, Jr.*
- <sup>31</sup> *P. Whitney.*
- <sup>32</sup> *A. H. Barney.*
- <sup>33</sup> *E. F. Chauncey.*
- <sup>34</sup> *R. Wheatland.*
- <sup>35</sup> *R. W. Emmons, 2nd.*
- <sup>36</sup> *Austin Potter.*

# CHRISTMAS

1890

[FRAGMENT]

WHEN winter storms begin to celebrate  
High carnival with wind and cold and sleet,  
And training's broken and boys congregate  
In study and in school-room just to eat,  
And twirl their thumbs and don't know what to do  
(The rain without is coming down in torrents),  
And every one is waxing rather blue,  
An invitation comes from Mrs. Lawrence.

Then stir and bustle fills those stagnant halls—  
The Glee Club takes its music from the shelf,  
And clears its throat, and warbles, coos and squalls,  
And one can hardly listen to one's self.  
Sam Blagden flits impressively around  
And "manages" you all know with what skill.  
Banjos are polished up and fiddles sound,  
And strains melodious the class-room fill.

The Choir's practising some new cantata,  
The kids e'en cease from their perennial fight,  
While thought of doughnuts make the mouth to water,  
And dreams of festival now heave in sight.

From distant Cambridge and more distant Eli,  
The followers of the Crimson and the Blue  
Once more in the old Homestead are united,  
Not Yale, not Harvard, but Grotonians true.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

The Oracles then hold a conversation,  
And tear their hair and rail upon their fate,  
And the result of all their consultation  
In varied rhyme they now propose to state.

*O 't is*<sup>1</sup> a treasure,  
O 't is a pleasure,  
O 't is a lovely flower to the view;  
O 't is a Violet  
That met my eye o' late,  
Oh, 't is a *Fair Field*<sup>2</sup> wherein it grew.

Thayer is my stanza,  
Thayer is my answer,  
Thayer is the best thing the Faculty's done  
For many a season.  
And Thayer is the reason  
We think Mr. T. has acquired the bun.

We'll welcome her to our School and our hearts  
With gladness and with joy,  
And she shall learn how true and warm  
Is the love of a Groton boy.

And in the spring when *violets* bloom  
We'll all appear at the marriage,  
And send three good old Groton cheers  
To speed the rice-strewn carriage.

. . . . .



CHRISTMAS 1890

Now feed your faces, footless kids,  
Open your mouthlets wide;  
It's easy fruit for Chittenden,  
He's such a big inside.

Yes, "that are it," thinks Stalking Horse,<sup>3</sup>  
And Preston's always Reddy,<sup>4</sup>  
Hutchins and White will eat to-night  
And all the kids—and Freddy.<sup>5</sup>

Roberts and Farrington and Cross,  
They'd like to "eat a batch";  
"Dead easy" 't is, as you will find,  
"Beschmerk and tweakumsnatch."<sup>6</sup>

For all the fine performances  
And all the pretty tunes  
Are over—supper's now the "faze";  
You'll find it "full of prunes."

Devens and Brown and Whitney too,  
Barney and all the gang,  
Go show by your big appetites  
That you've enjoyed "those sang."<sup>7</sup>

. . . . .

Christmas, glad Christmas, blessed feast,  
Most joyous of the year,  
Telling 'mid cold and winter's storms  
Of home and parents dear.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

And best of all, the love of God  
Most high come down to earth.  
Darkness is past, the day has dawned  
Of our Redeemer's birth.

And o'er this world with all its ills,  
With healing in His wings,  
The Sun of Righteousness has risen,  
And all creation sings

The song of joy sung long ago  
By angel hosts above,  
Glory to God most high, and peace  
On Earth, good will and love.

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> *Engagement just announced of Reverend W. G. Thayer and Miss Violet Otis.*
- <sup>2</sup> *Miss Otis lived on Fairfield Street.*
- <sup>3</sup> *Hugh Auchincloss.*
- <sup>4</sup> *Carl Preston (Reddy).*
- <sup>5</sup> *F. Hale.*
- <sup>6</sup> *Remarks of R. Emmons.*
- <sup>7</sup> *Quoted words are specimens of Yale dialect imported by Pierre Jay.*



## BIRTHDAY

1891

I 'D about made up my mind  
That the School was growing old,  
And childhood's follies left behind,  
'T would be thought a trifle bold  
For your everlasting poet  
To trot his chestnuts out;  
But I found I 'd got to go it,  
There 's such lots to write about.

This whole concern is on the boom—  
Circumspice! Behold this room!  
If you a monument require,  
The school-room you will please admire:  
Our system of electric light  
That goes out every other night,  
And leaves the home-sick little boys  
A chance to make their fiendish noise;  
Studies in blue, and ones in red,  
A large suite for the prefects' head,  
Each fitted out at great expense  
With carpets of magnificence,  
Measuring nearly one foot square,  
For fear the flooring might look bare.

A sanctum for Grotonian's wit  
(We hope 't will help a little bit),  
Though none, alas, exists as yet  
For the St. Willibald Gazette.<sup>1</sup>

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

And over at the other School,  
Supreme once more the owner<sup>2</sup>'s rule  
Over a recitation room.  
Who says that things are n't on the boom?

You should have heard last Monday morn  
Upon the distant breezes borne  
The voices of the First and Second  
Shrieking in sweet accord—I reckoned  
The School was booming out of sight  
To hear that music class recite.

But better than these transitory things  
Is one improvement which your poet sings.  
'T was greeted with loud triumph when it came,  
I know that no one needs to ask her name.  
Hurrah, then, for the Rectoress of Ayer,  
And three times three be given for Mrs. Thayer.

Ere one to these improvements farewell bids,  
'T were meet to say a word about the kids,  
But never was there such a lot of names,  
Jaw-breakers to find rhymes for—picture frames  
To shrine the youth in, his true form conceal,  
For names do seldom character reveal.  
Whoever could make decent verses now  
To rhyme with Chickenfeed or Brindlecow? <sup>3</sup>

After I'd sought a rhyme for Buckinghorse <sup>4</sup>  
(I'd studied *Life* and *Judge*, and *Puck* in course)  
I gave it up and turned to Postlethwaite,  
And there I met with such an awful fate

## BIRTHDAY 1891

That in despair I turned to Crazyhead,<sup>5</sup>  
And in the darkness of my mazyhead  
I came to the conclusion that I'd stick names  
Of boys who had as yet no rhymeful nicknames  
Safe in the middle of my fluent verse,  
For I was going on from bad to worse.  
Though here I'd like to pause and say a good word  
For such an easy name to rhyme as Woodward.  
And I might rattle off a couplet glibly,  
Making all sorts of rhymes with Dibblee.

I went to the animal's fair,  
The Dog<sup>6</sup> and the Cat<sup>7</sup> were there,  
The Study boys made most of the noise  
With the Pelican<sup>8</sup> in the Chair.

And this was the song they sung,  
Till the very rafters rung.  
Chock full of squids on the newest kids  
So fearfully fresh and young.

Oh, Bobo,<sup>9</sup> thou lubberly boy,  
Is thy heart not filled with joy?  
And King Bully Burden and Sullivan Jim  
You've so many kids to annoy?

To begin with tiny White,<sup>10</sup>  
He's had such an awful fright,  
That he went and hid, the poor young kid,  
In the boot-box the other night.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

He did it just to see  
How awful the spot might be,  
But 't was only an error, his object of terror  
Is quite a nice place to be.

For little Jack Minturn bad,  
That awfully mischievous lad,  
Had been pulling chairs from beneath unawares,  
And making poor Whitelet sad.

A regular mine of gold  
The boots of Hawkins hold,<sup>11</sup>  
For thrifty David has carefully savéd  
Ten cents for each night, I'm told,

For fear they should not be blacked,  
So he's punctual and exact,  
And pays in advance, nor risks the chance  
That attention should be lacked.

The newest kid of all <sup>12</sup>  
Who arrived this current fall  
Is a little dot, a mite of a tot,  
Who does nothing now but squall.

She weighs nine pounds and a half,  
And's as fat as a well-fed calf,  
But she's done what good such a little thing could,  
She got us a holiday half.

The Barneys have purchased a store  
Of milliner's goods galore ;



## BIRTHDAY 1891

And I can tell you they 'd like to sell you  
An exquisite pinafore,

Lace handkerchiefs and collars  
For the use of the younger scholars,  
And petticoats for the kids and the goats—  
The whole for a couple of dollars.

There 's a boy with a great round face<sup>13</sup>  
And uncommon degree of grace,  
He won't play ball nor nothing at all,  
But just loaf about the place.

He won't go in to swim,  
But I'll tell you the trouble with him:  
His grandfather got in the water one time  
And escaped with life and limb.

But 't was quite a close shave, they say,  
A yellow dog came that way,  
And grandfather caught and held on by his tail,  
And learned to swim that day.

And once an Injun chief  
Came terribly near to grief:  
He sank and came up a frozen corpse,  
Though the tale seems past belief.

So he dreads the water cold,  
This younger Curtis bold,  
While his brother Ellicott 's terribly delicate  
And don't know beans, I 'm told.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

The eldest Hooker sat <sup>14</sup>  
One day in a puddle flat,  
With a cry of despair in a pond in his chair,  
And a sploshy one at that.

Once when Mr. Billings gave  
Rebuke with this sentence grave,  
“A black mark to you,” — said Emmons, “Do you?”  
I fear Bobletine’s a knave.<sup>15</sup>

Jim Sullivan, as it seems,  
Of the Parker House restaurant dreams  
Like a grown-up man, shaved as clean as he can  
With the best of Meltonian creams.

There’s little O’Roberts now,<sup>16</sup>  
As fresh as a green hay-mow,  
But to be impartial, he’s about as *Martial*  
As a gentle and elderly cow.

Why, Hale! little fellow, well met,<sup>17</sup>  
But don’t you wish you’d eat  
The watermelon which just now fell on  
Your floor and made it wet?

’T was all along of Jerry,<sup>18</sup>  
For though it’s trying very  
To have a chum who is always glum,  
He’s awful when always merry.

They’ve been treating you most unkind,  
He has to walk behind

## BIRTHDAY 1891

In the drill, and they call him a squunt until  
He is almost out of his mind.

Hast ever noticed Cracked Head's walk? <sup>19</sup>  
'T was caused by wounds—so runs the talk—  
Received when on the football team  
Of Andover, as it would seem.

Alas, the football days are over,  
We fear, for us, our days of clover,  
For Bertie won't consent to play <sup>20</sup>  
Upon our team—ah, well—aday.

Sentenced to pass beneath the pump  
Was any throat that felt no lump.  
When Jerry read extracts from Solon,  
Was any cheek no tear did roll on?

When Corbin said in accents sad, <sup>21</sup>  
“We fear, dear Bertie, you are bad,  
And by this grave and learned throng,  
Decide your conduct's been most wrong.”

Oh, what's struck little Patterson, I wonder, <sup>22</sup>  
Since the Chicago nine has gone to thunder?  
It must be that these oft-repeated shocks  
Brought on his bad attack of chicken-pox.

To gayer themes now turn your ears away,  
The Pelican's a dirty bird, they say,  
But little Cousin Bayard chirps and tweets  
Like Phililoo bird <sup>23</sup> when abroad he meets

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

The stalwart Johnny Rogers in pursuit,  
Or rough Moncure, who now is turned a brute,  
And plays fierce football lest perchance his figure  
About the waist continue to grow bigger.

Oh, have you heard the sweet æsthetic manner  
In which the Fair young Child smites my pianner? <sup>24</sup>  
And can you find a refuge anywhere  
From the sweet fife notes made by Dennie Hare?

How merry go the fiddle-strings when stroked  
By little Poplet <sup>25</sup> Corbin's muse invoked,  
While Mr. Gladwin's organ squawks and squeaks,  
And Beef makes music if he merely speaks. <sup>26</sup>  
Who says that no material is here  
To form the Glee Club of again this year?

Talking of that you're eager, I suppose,  
To grant your bard a merited repose,  
So after one remark more I'll sit down—  
A greeting to our boys come up from town.

Gilhooly, we had heard of your attire, <sup>27</sup>  
And fully ready were we to admire,  
And Squirt, old Bert, we're glad he's living yet, <sup>28</sup>  
Nor fallen a victim to the cigarette.

Hurrah! for Emmons and for 'ninety-five,  
Indeed, the wisest Freshman class alive.  
Your President will win you laurels sweet,  
When Blue and Crimson on the field shall meet.

## BIRTHDAY 1891

To Wheatland, Patten, Austin, and the rest  
Of Groton's pride our greetings be addressed,  
Graduates of whatever year or date,  
You don't know how much you've been missed of late.

We need a few good old Grotonian faces  
To make us feel at home in these strange places.  
Some ties to bind us to the days of yore,  
The golden year of eighteen eighty-four.

Still 't is the same old School, the School you knew  
And loved —and 't is the School which still loves you,  
And never be the golden days forgotten,  
Which you made what they were, first years of Groton.

And as these birthdays come and years increase,  
May loyalty endure, nor ever cease.  
And proudly shall our black and red and white  
Float o'er our School each Anniversary Night.

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> *A treasonable sheet described elsewhere as follows:—*

*A curious caper of a College paper  
Has lately seen the light,  
The St. Willibald I believe it's called,  
Though I think such a name's not right.  
Can you tell me who are the forward few  
Who dare to entrench on ground  
So well occupied by our joy and our pride,  
The Grotonian profound?*

*The Artist is Patten, and the jokes in Latin  
Proceed from the pen of Pothure,\*  
While the Ads they say are by Webb and Gray,  
And Athletics in charge of Moncure.†  
And Dick ‡ the brick performs the trick  
Of writing the poems and squibs,  
While Cil ¶ the quill is merely a frill,  
And Emmons § tends the jibs.*

<sup>2</sup> *W. A. G.*

<sup>3</sup> *C. E. Brinley.*

<sup>4</sup> *Hugh Auchincloss.*

<sup>5</sup> *R. Craighead.*

<sup>6</sup> *P. Whitney.*

<sup>7</sup> *C. Thomson.*

<sup>8</sup> *R. B. Cutting.*

<sup>9</sup> *A. R. Sargent.*

<sup>10</sup> *L. L. White.*

<sup>11</sup> *D. S. Hawkins.*

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\* *Austin Potter.*

† *M. Robinson.*

‡ *R. Wheatland.*

¶ *C. Barret.*

§ *R. W. Emmons, 2nd.*

## NOTES

- <sup>12</sup> *Rose Peabody.*
- <sup>13</sup> *C. B. Curtis.*
- <sup>14</sup> *R. Hooker.*
- <sup>15</sup> *W. B. Emmons.*
- <sup>16</sup> *Marshall O. Roberts.*
- <sup>17</sup> *Frederick Hale.*
- <sup>18</sup> *S. K. Gerard.*
- <sup>19</sup> *R. Craighead.*
- <sup>20</sup> *R. Craighead.*
- <sup>21</sup> *W. R. Cross.*
- <sup>22</sup> *J. M. Patterson.*
- <sup>23</sup> *W. B. Cutting, Jr.*
- <sup>24</sup> *Blair Fairchild.*
- <sup>25</sup> *J. W. Cross.*
- <sup>26</sup> *W. F. Meredith.*
- <sup>27</sup> *F. G. Webb.*
- <sup>28</sup> *R. M. Winthrop.*





## CHRISTMAS

1891

[FRAGMENT]

THERE are two things, my hearers, that never give out,  
The poet, with nothing to jingle about,  
And no less remarkable for its vitality  
Our Hostess's truly immense hospitality.

With a leap and a bound as our numbers filled up  
Serenely she smiled and just ordered more grub.  
When sixty made "standing room only" the rule,  
When into the dining-room poured the whole School,

I heard her complain of but one thing about it—  
Those two cups of chocolate—some went without it.  
'T was the greatest relief to my notions at least  
To find that however the School had increased,

The Homestead was big and its welcome still bigger  
For a School of a hundred or three times that figure.  
So tune up your banjo, my brother poet,  
And sing them a ditty in form of duet.  
Merry Christmas is here, and the Yule log is blazing,  
So let us indulge in our music amazing.

We've listened to singing of solos and Choir,  
Till with musical zeal the whole School is afire.  
A Glee Club's been started to rival the first,  
Nay, rather outshine it in doing its worst.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

They 'll sing you a song which is rather complete,  
Their favorite beverage — something quite neat.  
And Italian 's not in it, when Greek 's comme il faut  
The fair maid of Athens — Oh, Σᾶς Ἀγαπῶ.

The Burden<sup>1</sup> 's maintained in a dull monotone,  
Resembling a fearfully rusty trombone,  
Developing into a grunt or a roar,  
For Aiz has got going his exquisite snore,  
Like the barking of dogs — Freddy Hale has a fit —  
He doesn't like dogs, not the least little bit.

Confusion reigns wild, they endeavour to wake  
The musician, when, lo, the whole thing was a fake,  
'T was a make-believe snore, and the brethren alarmed  
Find Aiz was all ready, and thoroughly armed.

A noisy young orchestra starts up below  
To cause the librarians unspeakable woe.  
The instruments chosen, some tin things to pound,  
Emitting an utterly horrible sound.

Like a kid scrap and Beeflets<sup>2</sup> rolled up into one,  
Or the banjo quintet when indulging in fun,  
In headlong pursuit as they rush down the stair,  
The musicians have disappeared into thin air.

When sudden a voice that would freeze every soul  
Is heard making murmurings out of John's hole.<sup>3</sup>  
That lanky-boned gentleman turns to Converse,  
And finds no one near, only quite the reverse.

CHRISTMAS 1891

Præterea nihil, 't was only a vox,  
A mere ventilator or heated air-box.  
The librarians are crazy, the game must be bagged,  
All exits stopped up and the culprits are snagged.

After which a court martial is held on these foes,  
And librarians return to their wonted repose.

Our eleven breaking training  
Is a sight for men and mice,  
With cake and candy raining  
And alakuma nice.

Miss Benedict,<sup>4</sup> dear madam,  
Is at home at half past five,  
And if a sweet tooth pass that way  
He ne'er escapes alive.

Thanksgiving follows quickly,  
Mince pies keep up the cheer,  
When the eleven sickly  
Begin to look, and queer.

And words can give no picture  
Of the anguish Brisky<sup>5</sup> feels  
While Edgy<sup>6</sup> from the window  
Is hung out by the heels.

And then to clap the climax,  
Charles Bouncer<sup>7</sup> has a cake  
Three times the girth of his own waist—  
You know what that would make.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Since then the Senior Prefect<sup>8</sup>  
Devises ways and means  
To save the poor eleven  
From dying in their teens.

He starts a hare and hounds, sirs,  
To give them exercise,  
And hopes no more Charles Bouncers  
With birthdays will arise.

I run myself a little  
And make the fellows laugh  
To see me limp in anguish  
From a contracted calf.

As Christmas nears,  
The culprits' fears  
Increase in ratio frightful.  
Each dreads an "Invitation Home"  
Or some K. I.<sup>9</sup> delightful.

Imagine, then, the shock I had  
On seeing all the chickens  
Flocking towards the study door  
Ready to get the dickens.

But such a sort of dickens<sup>10</sup> 't was,  
So comforting and mild,  
That Brinley<sup>11</sup> sweetly through it all  
Slept like a little child.

CHRISTMAS 1891

A little flimsy, airy rag  
Once hung on Jerry's<sup>12</sup> neck,  
Adding its mite to the tidiness  
Of that otherwise slouchy wreck.

It disappeared from sight to-day,  
Which drove poor Jerry mad,  
And the loss of his mascot he stoutly avers  
Was what made his Latin so bad.

We went once to Springfield, alas and alack,  
We went down in crimson and came home in black.  
The stay-at-homes decked them in red and in blue,  
While some wore no ribbons, and others wore two.

You ask how I liked it? — I'd rather not tell,  
But we all were delighted old Bob<sup>13</sup> did so well,  
And 't was fun coming home in a millionaire style  
In a special train going *per* hour one mile.

There's no use complaining of fortune's queer freaks,  
But the fellows said I had a grouch for two weeks.

The famous old Gazette<sup>14</sup>  
Has not appeared as yet,  
But the editors are selected,  
And I hope they won't forget

That the article that's a-writing  
("Our Faculty" it's called)  
Must avoid allusions biting  
To Mr. Willibald.

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> *I. T. Burden*—"Aiz" or "Ike."
- <sup>2</sup> *J. D. Meredith.*
- <sup>3</sup> *A ventilator communicating from below with the Hundred-House Library, near H. C. Converse's desk.*
- <sup>4</sup> *E. S. Benedict.*
- <sup>5</sup> *G. Z. Gray.*
- <sup>6</sup> *E. F. Chauncey.*
- <sup>7</sup> *C. B. Curtis.*
- <sup>8</sup> *W. R. Cross.*
- <sup>9</sup> *Kompulsory Invite.*
- <sup>10</sup> *Dickens's Christmas Carol*—read to the School by Mr. *S. E. Peabody.*
- <sup>11</sup> *C. E. Brinley.*
- <sup>12</sup> *S. K. Gerard.*
- <sup>13</sup> *R. W. Emmons, 2nd.*
- <sup>14</sup> *The Willibald Gazette.*

## BIRTHDAY

1892

I WAS really obliged to make fun of myself  
When I took my old fiddle once more from the  
shelf

And tuned up, and tweaked at the rusty old strings  
And tried to scrape over a couple of things.  
Some song of the first golden years of the School  
To immortalize Prefect, kid, old boy, and fool.  
Too conscious, alas! your poor laureate feels  
That where once it made music, his fiddle now squeals.  
A big population like ours of to-day  
But half understands any word that I say.

When Fifth Formers are kidlike, or kids act like sages,  
And Sixth, Fourth, and First make a mix of their ages,  
A handful at most learns of what's going on,  
Why, *no* one knows Converse's name is n't John,  
And I'll wager that hardly a new boy has heard  
That W. B. Cutting's not *really* a Bird.

When kid fights occur, no one knows who got licked  
Except the bystanders, and when I depict  
Some uncommonly ludicrous study boy's joke,  
Blank looks from the rest make me wish I'd not  
spoke.

So if, in the course of my present effusion,  
In the minds of my hearers exists some confusion,  
Just act like a subsidized laughing Committee,  
For it really is quite irresistibly witty.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Columbus landed, as you know,  
The 12th day of October;  
And why this is the 21st  
Demands reflection sober.

The truth is that the calendar  
Had got so sadly mixed  
That every century or two  
It needed to be fixed.

Accordingly, astronomers  
Looked up their X Y Z's  
And found Columbus nine days wrong  
When he sailed the stormy seas.

So think a moment and you'll see  
Why every loyal Yankee  
Must add a week or so to make  
The almanac less cranky.

By dint of this, the School is here  
To celebrate its birth-day.  
October 15th its true date,  
The 21st its mirth-day.

The Madam went forth to the woods one day  
With three little friends for a treat;  
A picnic she thought was a merry idea,  
With lots upon lots to eat.

Like little Miss Muffet they sat them down  
On a tuffet of grass in the sun,



## BIRTHDAY 1892

When Dennie Hare gave a yell of despair,  
And Alsop<sup>1</sup> started to run.

A wasp nest unseen they had landed upon,  
With howls they lamented their fate,  
But the Madam, unmoved mid the din and dismay,  
Serenely she ate, and she ate.

The Reverend Mr. Atwood came  
The week before last for a visit,  
And seeing a friend with curly hair  
Stopped not to enquire, "Who is it?"

But grasping surprised Mr. Griswold's hand  
Said he was delighted very  
That the Rector had made him the Senior Prefect  
(He thought all the time 't was Jerry).

So if Griswold,<sup>2</sup> First B, wants to rise in the School  
He must get his hair refrizzled,  
And the next time Mr. Atwood comes  
He 'll take *him* for Mr. Griswold.

There 's a hole in the First Form B  
For one we see no more,  
Nor hear the black mark's sharp report,  
Nor "Stand out on the floor."

Jack Minturn was n't in it  
In number of marks *per* minute.  
Wat er bury<sup>3</sup> idle boy it was,  
I wonder who *could* have been it.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

There 's great material hereabouts  
For statesmen and for sages.  
The politicians throng the School,  
All sizes and all ages.

Harrison trembles on his throne  
When he hears we 've got a Master  
Six feet and five good inches high,<sup>4</sup>  
And fears some dread disaster.

But no, the cheering news arrives  
That all 's not lost at Groton,  
He 's heard of Yours Respectably,  
Young William Politics Wharton.

Flags and transparencies abound  
At Democratic quarters,  
Beside the Dormitory gate,  
And terrible the slaughter.

The Democrats are big, 't is true,  
Their arguments are telling;  
But they 're not in it when it comes  
To kids to do the yelling.

Oh, Yankee Doodle came to town  
On little Jerry's <sup>5</sup> pony;  
He soon dismounted when he saw  
The face resolved and stony,

The clenched teeth, determined eye,  
Of Mr. Gladwin coming.

BIRTHDAY 1892

“Just ride my horse,” cried he, “a bit,  
I think you ’ll find him humming.”

He mounted him—he rode a mile,  
He said he was a treasure.  
Now scarce he hobbles round the School  
And does n’t sit with pleasure.

We’re glad that poor Whiting <sup>6</sup> is with us again,  
We fear he has suffered a great deal of pain.  
A chronic complaint we have heard that he said,  
But sixteen green apples—It’s well he’s not dead.

For apples and *fishes* can hardly agree,  
Especially apples when stolen from me.  
We hope little Whiting won’t do it again ;  
I heard ’t was sixteen—he acknowledges ten.

We’ve got a menagerie here  
Quite up to the second year.  
We keep them in boot-boxes, lockers and such,  
So the ladies need n’t fear.

The circus goes on each day  
When the beasts are let out to play.  
The peanut-seller is Charlie Clark,  
A ton is given away.

To begin with, we’ve a Fox,<sup>7</sup>  
He’s kept in the largest box  
Because he’s the biggest new specimen,  
And wears number fifteen socks.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

DeWolf<sup>8</sup> comes next to view,  
A Pup<sup>9</sup> and a Cat<sup>10</sup> or two,  
A nice little Hawkinside<sup>11</sup> the next,  
And then comes the Phililoo.<sup>12</sup>

Within the strongest cage  
A Boar<sup>13</sup> is seen to rage:  
A curious creature fat and slow,  
The wonder of the age.

For when he's rolled up snug  
Some take him for a *bug*.  
And yonder there is a grizzly bear,<sup>14</sup>  
And the great round cushiony mug

Of a Bobo Bird<sup>15</sup> is seen,  
With a Brindlecow<sup>16</sup> between;  
And a Balky Horse<sup>17</sup> in a Salty Stall,<sup>18</sup>  
And a Puff Bird — The Bouncer,<sup>19</sup> I mean.

Now if you'll take a jump  
To the cage behind the pump,  
I'll show you a sight to make hair stand on end,  
And hearts begin to thump.

For a Pompadour Freak<sup>20</sup> is there,  
He splutters and gulps with despair;  
But what strikes spectators the most of all  
Is the horrible state of his hair.

And last, we will show you free,  
If they will quiet be,

## BIRTHDAY 1892

A pair of kittens imported straight  
From Cheshire beyond the sea.

Like love birds, side by side,  
Demure and sanctified,  
Their Cheshire grins subdued and sweet,  
Their conduct cut and dried,

Behold the heavenly grins  
Of that couple of cherubins;  
The unsurpassable, unapproached,  
Unspeakable, Motley twins.

The audience who attend the show  
Contains some names you ought to know.  
That nobleman—observe his nose,  
Descendant of the great Montrose.<sup>21</sup>

(Oh! by the way, three hours ago  
Young Connell<sup>22</sup> knocked—and wished to know  
If 't was the proper caper now  
When his name was called, to make a bow.)

Then Johnny Bones has come disguised  
As Baron Playfair, different-sized,  
And there's a little creature who  
'S called Billy Rogers,<sup>23</sup> number two.

And talking of this subject now  
I'm sure you all remember how  
No poem ever could get on  
Without some reference to John.<sup>24</sup>

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Alas! the *peaceful* John's no more,  
In Greek I fainted on the floor  
To hear him lead in accents flowery  
A chorus all about the Bowery.

And Moncure — <sup>25</sup> Ah, poor! so sad to endure.  
The curl of his hair has departed, sure,  
    And a curly nose  
    Is all he shows.  
    But every one knows  
    'T was football blows,  
And I think he's much to be commended  
For the way his work this year was ended.

The music of this charming show  
Is furnished by a pianó,  
Performed by Signor Scotti's <sup>26</sup> skill  
'Neath leadership of Billy Will.<sup>27</sup>

While Sullivano <sup>28</sup> and Herr Schmitt <sup>29</sup>  
Tweak fiddles till our ear-drums split.  
And Migolini <sup>30</sup> trills and warbles  
Much like as when a turkey gobbles.

And to complete the Sixth's Sextet,  
Jerry <sup>31</sup> makes whine the flageolet.  
And till one's weary of one's life,  
Most all the others play the fife.

But front seats ever at our festal ring  
Shall occupy our old boys whom I sing.

## BIRTHDAY 1892

We've followed you wherever you might be,  
With hearts that missed you fellows terribly.

We're glad old Bob's<sup>32</sup> left off one minute's rushing  
On Harvard's end—we miss old Howdy Cushing.  
We miss Zabriskie<sup>33</sup> and the Chaunceys three,  
The band of Potters and old George Rublee.

Some are in Europe, some are in life's race,  
One Master sits not in his wonted place.  
While two are taken from our earthly view,  
And wait us there where we are travelling too.

Old Eli had a job for Corbin<sup>34</sup> hard,  
To join her Varsity and play right guard.  
And though he must stop playing and is here  
To help us start upon our School's new year,

Right guard is ably filled—the place still thrives.  
They've got their oarsman—Groton's own Bill Ives.  
We hope that soon we all shall meet once more  
When Scottie whacks St. Mark's like days of yore.<sup>35</sup>

And you, whom now we welcome back to Groton,  
For whom our eight full years are unforgotten,  
Who've changed boy's innocence for strength of  
men,  
Once more to-night you're boys with us again.

God bless our Country with content and peace,  
And bless our Groton as its years increase.



## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> *Joseph Alsop.*
- <sup>2</sup> *Le Grand C. Griswold.*
- <sup>3</sup> *J. C. Waterbury—temporary vacation.*
- <sup>4</sup> *G. D. Cushing—an umquhile Democratic orator whose speeches in Groton Town Hall produced a net loss for his candidate (Cleveland) of five votes.*
- <sup>5</sup> *Julian Gerard.*
- <sup>6</sup> *W. Whiting—known as Fish.*
- <sup>7</sup> *Austen Fox.*
- <sup>8</sup> *G. C. DeWolf.*
- <sup>9</sup> *P. Whitney.*
- <sup>10</sup> *C. Thomson.*
- <sup>11</sup> *D. S. Hawkins.*
- <sup>12</sup> *W. B. Cutting, Jr.*
- <sup>13</sup> *A. P. Baugh—sometimes pronounced Bug, sometimes Boar.*
- <sup>14</sup> *Le G. C. Griswold.*
- <sup>15</sup> *A. R. Sargent.*
- <sup>16</sup> *C. E. Brinley.*
- <sup>17</sup> *Hugh Auchincloss.*
- <sup>18</sup> *J. L. Saltonstall.*
- <sup>19</sup> *C. B. Curtis.*
- <sup>20</sup> *A. Middleton.*
- <sup>21</sup> *C. M. Connell.*
- <sup>22</sup> *H. C. Converse.*
- <sup>23</sup> *W. B. Rogers of N. Y.*
- <sup>24</sup> *J. S. Rogers.*
- <sup>25</sup> *M. Robinson.*
- <sup>26</sup> *H. D. Scott.*
- <sup>27</sup> *C. H. Williams.*
- <sup>28</sup> *J. A. Sullivan.*



## NOTES

- 29 *P. L. Smith.*
- 30 *F. G. Thomson—"Miggs."*
- 31 *S. K. Gerard.*
- 32 *R. W. Emmons, 2nd.*
- 33 *G. Z. Gray.*
- 34 *W. R. Cross.*
- 35 *Thirty-four to ten.*



# CHRISTMAS

1892

[FRAGMENT]

HAVE you any idea  
At the close of the year,  
Of the fearful state of mind  
Of Boston, New York and Philadelph?  
Nor to these is it all confined.

A raft of boys  
For their Christmas joys  
Is launched at these helpless cities.  
Ah! poor New York! Poor Beans! Poor  
Pork!  
'T is really a thousand pities.

The Pilgrim's home  
With its gilded dome  
Pays penalty for its sins,  
And terrible times are caused by the  
crimes  
Of the terrible Motley twins.<sup>1</sup>

When the Cochrane pair<sup>2</sup>  
Do take the air  
For rest and repose from their labours,  
Kid fights galore and plentiful gore  
Raise havoc among the neighbours.

! L. & C.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

An ominous sniff—of a sudden Miff

And Roguey<sup>3</sup> appear in sight.

That dreadful man

With his dreadful hound!

How the citizens take to flight!

And ah the girls!

With their golden curls;

What a state of continual flutter!

When Ames<sup>4</sup> cuts a dash with his pussy  
mustache

And smile that would hardly melt butter.

And the Adamses two,<sup>5</sup>

How the Avenue

Looks forth as the twain walk by!

For it's heard the fame of the football game<sup>6</sup>  
And dotes on a damaged eye.

While Roy Ball Baker parades the streets

No hayseed—that's an error.

Quite the other way,

The good townsfolk say

Beware of the Bunco terror.

The Gray<sup>7</sup> boys' shrieks

For the couple of weeks

Make people with awe enquire,

"What to goodness is it? Great grief—  
not a visit

We hope from the Groton Choir."

CHRISTMAS 1892

But Bobo, ah, Bobo<sup>8</sup>—a balm benign  
From his much persuasive smile,  
And his squint to see  
If you 're onto he  
Spreads peace for many a mile.

And dear old Jones<sup>9</sup>  
With his rattling bones,  
And Boblets<sup>10</sup> and Rubynose,<sup>11</sup>  
And Saltonstall and I don't know who all  
To mar the old Hub's repose.

But I'd better shut down,  
For this tiny town  
Don't merit such lengthy talk.  
I would hear from you what the brethren do  
When they swoop like a storm on New York.

'Tis time to change cars and the metre forthwith,  
At Springfield drop Hawkins, at Worcester drop  
Smith.<sup>12</sup>

They'll wake the old echoes, yet leave us enough  
To teach the great city just who's up to snuff.

The air has grown thick in the streets of New York.  
Wherever you turn, flying fragments of talk  
You must dodge, or they'll batter your ears or your  
head.

Great pieces of drool fill your spirit with dread,  
And baskets of hat talk, the boldest will quell.  
No dodging, no refuge, no mercy—it's Bell.<sup>13</sup>

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Terror thrills through the breast of the bold million-  
aire

When he sees bearing down on him fierce Dennie Hare,  
With request for a gift of a thousand or two  
For the Groton School Golf Club, to see the scheme  
through.

Though the said millionaire will take comfort, I'm  
sure,

When approached for the Camp Fund by hustling  
Moncure.<sup>14</sup>

But New York welcomes back to the land of his birth  
That learned and virtuous person of mirth,  
And at last the true accent's bestowed on each word  
By the chirpy, the perky, the fat little Bird.<sup>15</sup>

But one of the choicest of all of these shows  
Is Moncure as he smiles, and makes curtsies and bows  
To his own lovely image beheld in a glass,  
To see whether he in Fifth Avenue'll pass.

The Garden of Madison Square's enlarged,  
Enormous admission I'm told is charged  
For to hear the sweet flute and Bull fiddle at play,  
Paderewski Gerard<sup>16</sup> and the Spectre, Herr Gray.<sup>17</sup>

They're the chief drawing-card of the Christmas fair,  
Being held to purchase a change of air  
For poor Jack Adams, who's going South  
To study Deland,<sup>18</sup> and raise down on his mouth.

CHRISTMAS 1892

The Burden<sup>19</sup> brothers I'd have you know  
Are holding an auction of Wilmerding's<sup>20</sup> Clo'.  
At another table O'Roberts<sup>21</sup> sells  
His "Sayings and Doings of British Swells."

And Billy Hare's simply on exhibition—  
You'll agree he is worth the whole price of admission.  
And Julian<sup>22</sup> presides at a gay Christmas tree,  
With birds, cats and dogs for his dormitoree.

Good poet, now 't is time to tune up higher,  
And tell the flutter of Philadelphía.  
This pretty rhyme I thought up all myself, yer  
Must see it's hard to rhyme with Philadelphia.  
That somewhat sleepy city of the Quaker  
At last has something that will really shake her.  
When Baugh<sup>23</sup> invades her, arm in arm with Rawle;<sup>24</sup>  
And Forbes<sup>25</sup> appears at the Assembly ball,  
With Scottie,<sup>26</sup> our own Scottie in the swim—  
We know what Philadelphia thinks of him.

Then Brinley<sup>27</sup> puts the citizens to flight;  
A lovely Brindle cow he got last night,—  
From Migs'<sup>28</sup> and Julian's<sup>22</sup> Christmas tree his share,—  
And now he leads it forth to take the air.  
And sounds of merry-making wafted are  
From yonder house in Merion<sup>29</sup> afar.  
Nay, Philadelphia, 't is no sound appalling,  
It's nothing but the dear old Cat<sup>30</sup> er wauling.

But time on my swift-flowing verse lays embargo,  
Or I'd tell of the terror brought home to Chicago

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

When Pat<sup>31</sup> landed there with his truculent mug,  
And his fierce-looking two-twenty-five dollar Pug.  
How the Hookers<sup>32</sup> diversified Washington's gloom,  
Since the recent elections as glum as the tomb.  
Nor without tribute glowing I'd ever pass o'er  
How Horatio Lorenzo<sup>33</sup> impressed Baltimore.  
But the savour of chocolate steals on the air,  
And your poets withdraw to partake of their share.  
With a right Merry Christmas and Happy New Year,  
For the Homestead, our hosts, and for every one here.

. . .

Yes, Christmas is come, Merry Christmas once more,  
With its message as new as in ages of yore,  
Of gladness and peace by the seraphim sung,  
That bright morning of old when the earth was still  
young.  
Of home and belovéd ones gathered again,  
Of Glory to God and of good will to men.  
Each hearth shines in welcome, each door is thrown  
wide,  
Each hall decked with green for the merry Yule-tide.

For the holly and laurel no winter can kill,  
No storm wind the glow of home love ever chill.  
The people in darkness have seen a great light,  
The Daystar has risen upon the world's night.  
In Bethlehem's stable a King has been born,  
Death's shadow is past and the darkness is gone.  
For His sake, my boys, in the gladness of home,  
Forget not the homeless to whom no joys come,



## CHRISTMAS 1892

For He, too, was lonely and friendless and poor;  
What is done for the least is for Him, too, be sure.  
And Christmas, old Christmas, bring numberless joys  
To you now and always, my dearest old boys.

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> *J. L. and E. Motley.*
- <sup>2</sup> *F. D. and J. S. Cochrane.*
- <sup>3</sup> *G. H. Mifflin's pet dog.*
- <sup>4</sup> *Lothrop Ames.*
- <sup>5</sup> *J. and H. Adams.*
- <sup>6</sup> *Groton 10, St. Mark's 6.*
- <sup>7</sup> *E. and H. S. Gray.*
- <sup>8</sup> *A. R. Sargent.*
- <sup>9</sup> *H. C. Converse.*
- <sup>10</sup> *W. B. Emmons.*
- <sup>11</sup> *A. L. Devens, Jr.*
- <sup>12</sup> *P. L. Smith.*
- <sup>13</sup> *B. F. Bell.*
- <sup>14</sup> *M. Robinson.*
- <sup>15</sup> *W. B. Cutting, Jr.*
- <sup>16</sup> *S. K. Gerard.*
- <sup>17</sup> *A. R. Gray.*
- <sup>18</sup> *On Football.*
- <sup>19</sup> *I. T. and W. A. M. Burden.*
- <sup>20</sup> *E. C. Wilmerding.*
- <sup>21</sup> *M. O. Roberts.*
- <sup>22</sup> *J. M. Gerard.*
- <sup>23</sup> *A. P. Baugh.*
- <sup>24</sup> *J. A. Rawle.*
- <sup>25</sup> *F. M. Forbes.*
- <sup>26</sup> *H. D. Scott.*
- <sup>27</sup> *C. E. Brinley.*
- <sup>28</sup> *F. G. Thomson.*
- <sup>29</sup> *The Thomsons' country place.*
- <sup>30</sup> *Clarke Thomson.*

## NOTES

<sup>31</sup> *J. M. Patterson.*

<sup>32</sup> *R. and H. S. Hooker.*

<sup>33</sup> *H. L. Whitridge.*



## CHRISTMAS

1893

O H, three times three has a merry sound,  
And three times thrice we cheer  
For the Homestead Hall where we gather round  
This merry time of year.

For we are a three times three-year-old,  
And the Muses numbered nine,  
So to ask indulgence I'll be bold,  
For this little song of mine.

Old Hesiod, as you know, I see,—  
I mean the older boys,—  
Says the best Muse was Calliope,  
Or the Muse of the beautiful voice.

So at this tenth glad festival,  
I'm sure you won't refuse  
A three times three for the songs to-night  
Of our tenth melodious Muse.<sup>1</sup>

I feel a little like a man  
At the end of a telephone,  
Who carries on a half a talk,  
All by his mournful lone.

For the oracle who provides replies  
Is in Delphi or Dodona,  
In Greece collecting fresh supplies,  
And's a mighty poor telephoner.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

So if my questions stay unsolved,  
    Unechoed my sweet trillings,  
My rhymes unfinished—metre short,  
    You must write to Mr. Billings.

'T was hard, I admit, on the kids old and young  
That our birthday went by and their deeds were un-  
    sung,  
That I let such a good opportunity pass  
To make famous the freaks of our entering class—  
Why Miffy<sup>2</sup> and Chit<sup>3</sup> and those heavenly twins  
For full ten days before were on needles and pins,  
Lest I should be found to be not so severe,  
As I was upon *them* in the poem last year,  
And Miffy wrote home, "Send me Roguey<sup>4</sup> at once,  
Tie his hair in pink ribbons, don't mind if he grunts,  
I always am sad when the jokes fly about,  
If Roguey, my Roguey, by chance be left out."  
And the Motleys and Chittenden wrote to their pop-  
    pers,  
"Don't mind jokes on us, they are all of them whop-  
    pers,  
Just wait till you hear Mr. G. sit on Morse,  
On Hadden and Peabody, Lord and of course  
On Demi-John Rogers<sup>5</sup>—and satire in torrents,  
Poured out on the heads of three freaks all named  
    Lawrence."

    " Oh quel est le nom  
    Of Monsieur du Pont?"<sup>6</sup>  
(*Of a Bridge*, it is translated)

CHRISTMAS 1893

“Don’t you think that Bridget  
Would suit that midget?”  
The seer I interrogated.

Oh, who, oh, who,  
Has n’t heard of Markoe,<sup>7</sup>  
And of his hypnotic trance heard?  
Is it stomach-ache,  
Or a piece of cake?  
But the question remains unanswered.

Does he talk to himself  
In Philadelph,  
And take his friends out sleighing?  
Does *she* go too,  
Miss You-know-who—  
But the oracle is n’t saying.

Polly Wharton<sup>8</sup>  
Went from Groton  
On a winter’s day,  
When Polly met his stern papa—  
What did his parent say?

I never knew,  
But black marks flew,  
And Waterbury got one,  
And even Minturn got a pair,  
But pretty Polly not one.

If Fifth Form scraps  
Should cause mishaps,

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

When Walt <sup>9</sup> and the Cat <sup>10</sup> get sassy,  
Will Dennie <sup>11</sup> just *loft* the two over the  
fence,  
Or *drive* them away with his *brassey*?

While the rest of the *cleek*  
Look *niblick* and meek,  
Save Haughton,<sup>12</sup> who always is *mashy*;  
Tommy <sup>13</sup> *putters* around  
The battle-ground,  
With eyes glued on his volume trashy.

When Monny <sup>14</sup> returned from a lunch at the Hub,  
Where a chef had provided most exquisite grub,  
And dear Mrs. So-and-So, sweet Mrs. Blank,  
Filled up all his time writing letters to thank,  
He found a relation, long lost and long missed,  
Whom at once with effusion he almost had kissed,  
When the cousin exclaimed, "Are you sure I'm the  
right one,  
Was the cousin you meant the brunette or the light  
one?"  
"Are n't you Mrs. Charley?" Moncure asked in haste,  
As he quickly withdrew his right arm from her waist.  
"Oh, dear, no, I'm only her cousin-in-law."  
"Ah, then, I don't know you. Alas, what a bore!"

There was a little man,  
And his name was Nigger Dan,<sup>15</sup>  
Did he ever get those nice warm gloves, I wonder,



## CHRISTMAS 1893

When he wrote to tell his ma  
How Jack Adams was a star,  
And made St. Markers twice as mad as thunder?

He is captain of the seventh,  
Of a team he 's one-eleventh,  
And he 's quite a poet I would have you know too;  
Have you read his little jig,  
On the cockatoo and nig?  
If you praise it, he will coyly bid you "go to."

When grandpa <sup>16</sup> roamed the prairies wild,  
Untamed, untutored, savage child,  
Some five and sixty years ago,  
Ere he was caught—he was, you know,  
A cow-puncher of no mean fame,  
And Dunbar Ferdinand his name.  
But now, alas! he 's grown so old,  
He whispered once, "'T would be too bold  
To ask the question, but I really  
To be informed would love it dearly.  
Oh, *do* you think 't would be too rash—  
The Rector, could he raise a m'stache?"

The oracle answers never a word,  
So I 'm going to pack up a bag,  
And send him for Christmas a lot of old junk  
In my cast-off box marked Wag;  
And if he will sort it and kindly send back  
A careful explanation,  
I 'll send him Will Shakespeare's statuette,<sup>17</sup>  
To mark my appreciation.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

And first I'll put in at the top of the pouch  
A thing never known of,—a Faculty grouch;  
Then a pair of my shoes—I don't wear any more,  
Silk stockings are quite good enough for a thaw.  
George Clarke sends a clicking and flying machine,<sup>18</sup>  
Sully Cochrane a mouse—they all think it real  
mean

That they can't give a dance in the school-room at  
night.

Mr. Griswold gives black marks and says it's not right,  
And Mr. Woods,<sup>19</sup> too, claims he's right in the  
*push*;

"And he's blessed if he will," then exclaims Mr.  
Cush;

We send him a hair out of Ching Lee's chin whisker,  
He's paid for his food and wants things passed round  
brisker;

Then a fine suit of clothes such as Wilmerding  
wears,

And one of his well-bred unparalleled airs;  
Then a pair of uncouth calisthenic commotions,  
Which Burden performs with conflicting emotions,  
With pantings and puffings and squirmings and giggles,  
A pair of his graceful renowned body-wiggles.  
Then some good things to eat just to fill up the whole,  
Soup à la St. Mark's, bringing joy to the soul,  
With a couple of pies known as Ayrault ends over,<sup>20</sup>  
A species of very delicious turnover.

Some cocoa and porter which Monny provides  
For the afternoon teas o'er which Converse<sup>21</sup> presides,  
Where the Faculty gather and peacefully snore,

## CHRISTMAS 1893

While Jack Adams reads poems—which they think a  
bore,  
While a triplet of Willies sit trying to look good  
hard,  
Will Whitney, Will Williams and little Will Wood'ard.  
For game—since the Bird<sup>22</sup> has become long and  
scrawny,  
A tender young Swan<sup>23</sup> and a Dabchickney<sup>24</sup> brawny,  
With a slice from the plump Bird o' Round Robin  
Reddy,<sup>25</sup>  
While Plawps rounds off the meal just to make it set  
steady;  
And finally just as a sort of a hoax,  
Two trifles, absurdities, couple of jokes,  
To fill up the bag and to round it out well,  
Put in Douglas Cochrane and fat Skippey Bell.

. . .

The blessed time once more is here,  
The Christmastide has come,  
The gladdest days of all the year,  
The sacred days of home.

Forget not in your Christmas joys  
That He the Lord of all  
Was homeless when He came, my boys,  
His bed the ox's stall.

Never before has rung so loud  
Within our ears the cry  
Of poverty and homelessness,  
And want, with Christmas nigh.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Let us the message of good will  
With these our brothers share,  
So shall we follow in His steps  
Who chose the manger bare.

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> *Mrs. James Lawrence.*
- <sup>2</sup> *G. H. Mifflin.*
- <sup>3</sup> *S. B. Chittenden.*
- <sup>4</sup> *Miffy's Dog.*
- <sup>5</sup> *H. P. Rogers.*
- <sup>6</sup> *H. du Pont.*
- <sup>7</sup> *H. Markoe.*
- <sup>8</sup> *W. P. Wharton.*
- <sup>9</sup> *W. L. Cutting.*
- <sup>10</sup> *Clarke Thomson.*
- <sup>11</sup> *D. M. Hare.*
- <sup>12</sup> *P. D. Haughton.*
- <sup>13</sup> *Stuart Heintzelman.*
- <sup>14</sup> *Moncure Robinson.*
- <sup>15</sup> *George Draper.*
- <sup>16</sup> *D. F. Carpenter.*
- <sup>17</sup> *A bust of Shakespeare, the property of Mr. Billings, of which he vainly tried to get rid in Europe, Asia and America.*
- <sup>18</sup> *A knee brace worn by Clarke. A precious tool for breaking up Evening School.*
- <sup>19</sup> *Mr. C. S. Griswold—"Push Face."*
- <sup>20</sup> *Responsible for the first touchdown in the Ten to Six game.*
- <sup>21</sup> *Deadly revenge for the Rector's Sixth Form poetry evenings.*
- <sup>22</sup> *R. B. Cutting.*
- <sup>23</sup> *J. R. Swan.*
- <sup>24</sup> *George Dabnèy.*
- <sup>25</sup> *C. Preston—"Reddy."*



## BIRTHDAY

1894

**B**EGINNING about twelve months ago,  
We thought the time was here  
To celebrate by a spree or so  
The School's Decennial Year.

The Homestead Concert was the tenth  
As stated at the time,  
And Prize Day was spun out at length  
When spring was at its prime.

And yet would one but calculate,  
'T was not exactly right,  
For, to be really accurate,  
We're just ten years to-night.

I pause for a minute to gather wind;  
My verse is always windy.  
I need cast-iron lungs and a throat well tinned  
To celebrate this shindy.

I fain would touch upon stories such  
As are told about Nigger Dan,<sup>1</sup>  
About Thorndike<sup>2</sup> small, about Goddard<sup>3</sup> tall,  
Of Robeson,<sup>4</sup> and Captain Mahan.<sup>5</sup>

Of Burnham's<sup>6</sup> renown and Archie Brown,  
Of Blagden and Bowditch's brothers;  
Of Moseley and Derby and Goodrich and Hare,  
And dozens and dozens of others.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

From Demijohn's <sup>7</sup> whiskers to Mr. B's <sup>8</sup> beard,  
And Billy Post's fine head of hair.  
Some gags on Moncure are expected, I'm sure,  
He's a joke in himself — look there.

To pour heaps of flattery on Mr. Slattery,  
And the rest of the Faculty new,  
Including the pair of our own old boys,  
Is a thing I should like to do.

But I've got to wait till another date,  
For Christmas is drawing near,  
And really, I've got to save something to say  
Of our Unidecennial Year.

Ten years is really a good long time  
To have spent in vain endeavour,  
To make boys learn section 127 <sup>9</sup>  
And find that they do so never.

To keep on patiently trying to prove  
To each new generation  
That triangular methods must be employed  
For a really good translation.

That *will I* is never the right thing to say,  
That marks are but japes and vanity,  
That to cancel or talk of changing signs  
Is algebraic profanity.

I've seen strange sights in these ten long years,  
But I'd give ten guineas sterling



## BIRTHDAY 1894

If some one would show me a stranger sight  
Than Bobo<sup>10</sup> when dressed for girling.

His dainty mustache, his necktie flash,  
Is quainter than anything going;  
He's a combination of turtledove  
And elephant out a-beauing.

But his breakfast toilet surpasses far  
The most exquisite London fashion;  
A pair of pijamas with trimmings to match,  
And a rather perfunctory wash on.

I've seen fresh kids in these ten long years,  
Even Craighead was fresh when he came;  
Even Miffy was fresh and the Motley twins;  
Berty Bell a bit fresh, some claim;

And Coster<sup>11</sup> was fresh,—or his collars were,—  
Though they've been a bit mauled since then.  
Yes, I've seen fresh kids in these ten long years,  
But I could n't say honestly when

I've seen a kid so utterly free  
From embarrassment in class,  
As —— Here supply whom you're thinking of,  
The man with the cheek of brass.

I've seen learned men these ten long years  
As the Faculty larger grew,  
And first or nexter, our learned Rector,  
Of course I refer to the Br—<sup>12</sup>

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

And one who in Music and Dutch and Greek  
You'll agree is a regular howler.  
We wish though, alas! he were with us to-night,  
Of course I refer to the Gr—<sup>13</sup>

And one whose health is n't always good,  
Who has often one foot in the grave,  
But who comes up smiling at Faculty feasts,  
Of course I refer to the Br—<sup>14</sup>

And I've heard it said as boys go to bed,  
That discipline grows lax  
When one is away — so the mice can play.  
Of course I refer to M—<sup>15</sup>

And one who can make the football go,  
When he does n't Mr. Cush face,  
And is training a youthful but hopeful mustache,  
Of course I refer to P—<sup>16</sup>

If Dennie Hare's shoes are no more use,  
Let him carefully grease them with butter,  
Put rubber soles on them to stop the squeak,  
And present them to Mr. Nutter.

I've heard strange tongues in these ten long years  
From Dagos with monk' and banan';  
But DeKoven can beat, with his accent so sweet,  
The most talented hand-organ man.

But the sweetest thing in languages  
Is the French from across the pond

BIRTHDAY 1894

Jack Stedman uses when reading aloud  
Those love tales of which he's so fond.

I've heard of queer food in these ten long years,  
But I must expostulate  
With Delancey Jay, who partakes, they say,  
Each day of a heaped-up plate

Of the food delicious which I'd supposed  
Fifth Formers alone digested,  
Put up by Mellin, that sport who so  
In baseball is interested.<sup>17</sup>

I've seen queer flowers these ten long years,  
But for countenance round and merry,  
The human sunflower takes the cake,—  
Mr. Chadwick christened Gerry.

I've heard of dark deeds in these ten long years,  
Of masters base and cruel,  
Of black marks, detention, and squibs to write out,  
Of diets of toast and gruel;

But Connell avers that the cruelest thing  
Is the way Mr. Cushing acts.  
“You're an unjust man just because you're tall,”  
Is his view of the brutal facts.

I've seen queer football these ten long years,  
But the queerest kinds of trick  
Are those entitled Kill Barret,<sup>18</sup> Paw Cross,<sup>19</sup>  
Hustle Bobo, Push Cush, Tickle Dick.<sup>20</sup>

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

And one of the funniest football games  
May be witnessed in study hall,  
Five masters, ten graduates, twenty-five boys,  
Kicking rocks hidden in an old ball.

I've heard queer noises these ten long years,  
But hark to my gruesome story  
Of the horrid sounds that proceed each night  
From the downstairs dormitory.

A scuffle, a fight, when out goes the light;  
A struggle, a tussle, a murder;  
'Tis only the efforts for order at night  
Of the ever watchful Schroeder.

Or stay, it's not that, it's a Motley twin  
Overhead who has lately slain  
Jim Barney, who tried to play policeman,  
And never will try it again.

I've seen freaks of nature in these ten years,  
And several pairs of twins,  
But for wondrous resemblance commend me to  
The exactly identical grins,

And exactly identical tufts of hair,  
Which adorn young Krumbhaar's face  
And Stanton Whitney's, as well as the nose  
And other ideals of grace.

I've heard strange tales in these ten long years,  
But much the queerest yarn

## BIRTHDAY 1894

Is the tale of the wonderful laughing horse  
In Waterbury's barn.

He shrugs his shoulders, this marvellous beast,  
And winks with his left-hand ear,  
And bucks with his back, but it's when he sights  
Jack,  
So perhaps it's not quite so queer.

I've seen dear ladies these ten long years,  
But the lonely condition of Adam  
Before Eve was born was n't more forlorn  
Than Groton without the Madam.<sup>21</sup>

I've had sad partings these ten long years—  
Old boys, you don't know you're missed;  
But one of the hardest of all has been  
The one that stands last on the list.

It may seem strange to see such a change,  
But St. Mark's for once has gained  
At Groton's expense, and regret immense  
The prize they have lately obtained.

So good luck to St. Mark's in her new career,  
To her Master and Mistress new.<sup>22</sup>  
Though we'll still be happy to wipe up the ground  
With her teams as we always do.

I've seen kids come in these ten long years,  
And I've seen men go as well,

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

There's been much of laughter and little of tears  
In the story they have to tell.

I've seen them grow and I've seen them go  
To be captains of football or crew;  
To win renown and the athlete's crown  
As wearers of crimson or blue.

Bill Ives learned to row on our river, you know;  
Bob Emmons here made his first rush;  
Père Corbin's<sup>23</sup> first crew was a Squannacook two;  
Here Scottie St. Mark's did crush.

I've seen them go forth East and West, South and  
North,  
To college and business and life.  
One graduate bold — how it makes me feel old —  
Has even selected a wife.<sup>24</sup>

And Groton remembers her four dear sons,  
First fruits of her early love;  
Her morning stars, who were called to shine  
So soon in the world above.

Ah! ten long years of unnumbered joys  
Scarce dimmed by an hour of pain.  
Your memory bright cheers my heart to-night  
As I think of it all again.

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> *G. Draper.*
- <sup>2</sup> *J. L. Thorndike.*
- <sup>3</sup> *R. H. I. Goddard.*
- <sup>4</sup> *A. R. Sargent.*
- <sup>5</sup> *L. E. Mahan.*
- <sup>6</sup> *W. A. Burnham.*
- <sup>7</sup> *H. P. Rogers.*
- <sup>8</sup> *Grown in the Andaman Islands.*
- <sup>9</sup> *Irregular verbs.*
- <sup>10</sup> *A. R. Sargent.*
- <sup>11</sup> *E. C. Wilmerding.*
- <sup>12</sup> *The Bru — Mr. Billings.*
- <sup>13</sup> *Growler — Mr. Higley.*
- <sup>14</sup> *Brave — Mr. Ayrault.*
- <sup>15</sup> *Max — Mr. Gladwin.*
- <sup>16</sup> *Pushface — Mr. Griswold.*
- <sup>17</sup> *A champion nine to which the famous food company sent caps as an advertisement.*
- <sup>18</sup> *Cecil Barret.*
- <sup>19</sup> *W. R. Cross.*
- <sup>20</sup> *R. Wheatland.*
- <sup>21</sup> *Sabbatical year for Rector and family.*
- <sup>22</sup> *Reverend W. G. Thayer became Head Master of St. Mark's in 1894.*
- <sup>23</sup> *W. R. Cross.*
- <sup>24</sup> *H. A. Parker.*





## BIRTHDAY

1895

WE'VE reached a rev'rend age, my brethren dear,  
Whom once again I welcome round me here;  
The number most important under heaven  
In all our thoughts — a mighty fine eleven.

An omen — 't is a number you must know,  
Whose fame as far as Southboro shall go,  
And strike with dark foreboding on their ears—  
Beware the Infant of eleven years.

The Rector and the Madam have come back,  
And Mr. Woods's laugh no more we lack;  
While Mr. Higley looks — I won't say weird,  
But somewhat foreign in his flowing beard.

The Madam has brought home a cuckoo clock  
To drown the voices of her infant flock,  
Who fill the halls with music all the day,  
With Malcolm at the head in fierce array.

This mighty warrior and valiant man  
In free fight lately knocked out Sullivan.  
I do not mean John L.— Oh, no, Oh my, no !  
I mean that greater pugilist, Sullino.<sup>1</sup>

The graduates we are glad to see  
Can — some of them — still come here,  
Though they're getting engaged at a fearful rate—  
Five or six in a single year.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

And talking of this when the Fourth Form read  
Of the French young man who sat  
With the hand of his girl from eight to twelve,  
Jack Stedman exclaimed at that,

With exactness and promptness that well displayed  
His great mathematical powers,  
As well as his knowledge of lovers' ways,  
"Eight to twelve! Great Scott!—Four hours!"

Oh, habeo tu video  
The famous Groton School,  
The subject for the poet  
Of this, his annual drool.

Oh, habeo tu video,  
The Flitlets<sup>2</sup> saith — saith he;  
Or esse quam videri,<sup>3</sup>  
What is there here to see?

I'll take you for a stroll about  
As if you were some mother,  
Or new arrival being shown  
The sights by his big brother.

I'll take you round as Mr. Sedg-  
Wick took in Mr. Cutting.<sup>4</sup>  
Or Dibblee arm in arm with our  
New Master, Mr. Nutting.<sup>5</sup>

There is a little Club-room,  
One of the studies blue,

BIRTHDAY 1895

And if you 'd like to come along  
I'll take a glimpse with you

Of what goes on there every night  
When I stick in my head,  
To see if everything is safe,  
When boys are sent to bed.

There Jimmy Haha <sup>6</sup> gathers round  
His knees his Fifth Form chickens,  
And reads the House of Gables Seven,  
And other works of Dickens.<sup>7</sup>

I see fat Whitney <sup>8</sup> fresh and clean  
From numerous ablutions,  
And Davis <sup>9</sup> resting of his voice  
From wondrous evolutions

Performed in trying hard to reach  
The goal to which aspire  
Those Prima Donnas unrenowned  
Who've failed to make the Choir.

I next behold a Pepin Bird <sup>10</sup>  
Of plumage rich and rare,  
They do say 't was a Hoptoad once,  
Then grew a head of hair.

Then two thick legs — a pair of wings —  
Because he was *so* good,  
A grouch <sup>11</sup> so sweet, then all complete  
Forth to the world he stood.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Then resting from some wrestling bout  
Behold that pair of ponies,  
George Clarke and red-faced Lobster-Pot,<sup>12</sup>  
Called Venus and Adonis.

A huntsman bold is spinning yarns,  
Fish stories fit to stun one,  
And of the bear who chased him and  
Most gobbled our poor Bunyan.<sup>13</sup>

I bid good-night — ah, tristful sight !  
You 'd think it would have killed her;  
I see the separation scene  
Of Wotan<sup>14</sup> and Brunnhilde.<sup>15</sup>

The lady tall, the other small  
But very muscular man,  
Her first name I am told is Liz,  
His last name is Mahan.

How silent it is in the house these days  
When the boys have gone to bed.  
No sounds are heard from the sleeping-place  
As there used to be overhead.

For the Upper Sixth<sup>16</sup> has gone afar  
And taken the noise away  
Which used to fill Mr. Griswold's room—  
Such a charming place to play.

The truth was the Chicken made such a stir  
With the marvellous exercise

## BIRTHDAY 1895

He went through every single night  
To keep down his abnormal size;

And the clarinet and the twangolet,  
The fiddle and cornet and flute,  
Made it rather hard for the kids to sleep,  
So to settle the whole dispute

The orchestra simply has removed  
To a separate building now,  
With the Upper Sixth to their Country Club,<sup>17</sup>  
And there they can make their row.

There Puffy<sup>18</sup> can snore, and Bell<sup>19</sup> can jaw,  
And Vance<sup>20</sup> can explain to the Onion,  
As he did to the lady at dinner, how he  
Is Head Editor of the Grotonian.

While the orchestra fools with his<sup>21</sup> science tools  
And warbles a roundelay,  
For we all agree he is unexcelled  
In all species of Push play.

And once a week, the ignoble brute,<sup>21</sup>  
Alone in his glory there,  
Trots out a new tune on his dulcet flute  
And gets a new cut to his hair.

I'll take you to the dining-room—  
There smiling neat and fair  
Sits Coster<sup>22</sup>; I but gaze at him,  
He wiggles in his chair.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

I wag my baldness up and down,  
I never say a thing.  
I merely stare with haughty frown  
Upon his diamond ring.

He's since confided to his friends,  
He wished I'd stay away  
From meals, I make him laugh so much,  
In my engaging way.

He wants to get his courage up  
To face the awful bag  
He punches fiercely once a day,  
And cannot face a *wag*.

The triangle has lost its charm  
Since I have brought him woe,  
He roams round shouting *λύομαι*  
*κατέρχομαι*—to go.

Alas, I fear it is no cinch  
To sit at meals with me,  
And circulate the butter plate—  
Ask Shrubby<sup>23</sup>—he'll agree.

For when upon his elbow down  
He leans his weary head,  
If I my tumbler stir, with fear  
His very nose turns red.

And if I Birckhead should address,  
With fear he's well-nigh kilt,

## BIRTHDAY 1895

Lest I forget the rev'rence due  
To a friend of Vanderbilt.

He has the quaintest way, you know,  
Whenever he is mocked—  
He in confusion hides his nose  
To show that he is shocked.

I next proceed to see the kids  
So sportive and so merry.  
I pause and watch the gambollings  
Of Burnham and of Gerry,<sup>24</sup>

Of Morin Hare and Eugene Thayer,  
Moseley and Howard Cary,  
And pass on to the noisy throng—  
The new kids fresh and airy.

At my approach I see a youth,  
And note a gentle Breese,<sup>25</sup>  
As he remarks with haughtiness  
And manner quite at ease,

“I’ve asked for curiosity,  
But nobody will say,  
Pray, who is Peter Higginson?  
What is he anyway?”

They’re nearly all editions small  
Of well-known elder brothers,  
Krumbhaar and Derby, Bradley, Brown,  
And hosts and hosts of others.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

There 's Brick Top,<sup>26</sup> brother of the Black;  
Then come two little Rooks,<sup>27</sup>  
And nearer than a brother e'en  
A brother-in-law, named Brooks.<sup>28</sup>

And last to come, although not least,  
There 's Herman's little brother.<sup>29</sup>  
Another Davis — can it be? <sup>30</sup>  
Exists there such another?

And is n't there among them one  
Called Willie Mannikin?  
If I am wrong you 'll set me Wright <sup>31</sup> —  
To tease him were a sin.

I pass the bath-room by, and hear  
A fearful slippery splash,  
'T is Randolph,<sup>32</sup> who first soaps his tub,  
Then makes the awful dash.

I pass by Mr. Edward's <sup>33</sup> door,  
And hear the merry laughs  
Caused by the compliments received  
But lately on his calfs.

I pass the bed of Percy White,  
That flower unknown to fame,  
For in my poems till to-night  
No one has heard his name.

I just thrust in my head to see  
If Mr. Ayrault's got



BIRTHDAY 1895

Suggestions for the Varsity,  
And in my note-book jot.

For on my word, I think he's right  
In what he says of Haughton,  
If Harvard needs a quarter-back  
They want a man from Groton.

I find him trying on a pair  
Of bloomers for his bike,  
He tells me people think him some  
New Woman or the like.

I stop at Mr. Sedgwick's room,  
He's trying on, I find,  
The nose protector—special make  
He's recently designed.

How sweet he looks to-night—a wreath  
Twined in his raven locks,  
His trouser legs turned up to show  
His lovely crimson socks.

I next go by the sewing-room  
Where Sawyer<sup>34</sup>'s rubbing spots out  
With a prescription he has got  
For taking stains and blots out.

It's kept on tap not far away  
In the Infirm'ry closet,  
Pneumonia—excellent, he says,  
And now we know what was it.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

I pass the kitchen door, and see  
Reposing in a dish,  
With Mr. Billings bending o'er,  
A week-from-Friday's fish.

Let 's ask him ere this ball is o'er  
To give us all a chance  
To see him execute for us  
His famous song and dance.<sup>35</sup>

I cross the grounds 'mid storm and wind  
And tweakling, twickling wain,  
Twackling on wetched woad and woof,  
I wun with might and main.<sup>36</sup>

Exhausted by this awful job  
I then retired to bed,  
And so no doubt you 'd like to do,  
You must be nearly dead

Of this performance, so good-night,  
I 've made my best endeavour.  
Happy returns of this great date,  
God bless the School forever.

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> *Sullivan Cochrane.*
- <sup>2</sup> *E. N. Potter.*
- <sup>3</sup> *Motto on stained-glass window in Brooks House.*
- <sup>4</sup> *W. B. Cutting, Jr.*
- <sup>5</sup> *C. R. Nutter—by no means new.*
- <sup>6</sup> *James Lawrence, Jr.*
- <sup>7</sup> *As he asserts.*
- <sup>8</sup> *Stanton Whitney.*
- <sup>9</sup> *J. Bancroft Davis—author of the Quantitative Ideal of Choir Singing.*
- <sup>10</sup> *W. W. Hoppin, Jr.*
- <sup>11</sup> *“Monkey-wrench face.”*
- <sup>12</sup> *E. N. Potter.*
- <sup>13</sup> *Hugh Auchincloss.*
- <sup>14</sup> *L. E. Mahan.*
- <sup>15</sup> *F. Gordon Brown—“Lizzie.”*
- <sup>16</sup> *W. A. M. Burden—the Chicken or Onion.*
- <sup>17</sup> *Upstairs in Brooks House.*
- <sup>18</sup> *C. B. Curtis.*
- <sup>19</sup> *B. F. Bell.*
- <sup>20</sup> *J. M. McCormick.*
- <sup>21</sup> *i. e. Mr. Pushface Griswold.*
- <sup>22</sup> *E. C. Wilmerding.*
- <sup>23</sup> *A. L. Devens, Jr. “Circulatory” system started for his benefit. Water in the sleeve if he leaned on his elbow.*
- <sup>24</sup> *E. G. Chadwick.*
- <sup>25</sup> *Sidney Breese.*
- <sup>26</sup> *W. P., brother of C. Blagden.*
- <sup>27</sup> *L. and K. Rainsford.*
- <sup>28</sup> *G. Brooks—brother-in-law of R. W. Emmons, 2nd.*
- <sup>29</sup> *E. B. Krumbhaar.*

## NOTES

- <sup>30</sup> *Steuart Davis.*
- <sup>31</sup> *W. M. Wright.*
- <sup>32</sup> *A. B. Randolph.*
- <sup>33</sup> *Mr. E. Sturgis.*
- <sup>34</sup> *A. W. Sanyer.*
- <sup>35</sup> *Promised by the Rector and Mr. B. in case of a St. Mark's victory.*
- <sup>36</sup> *H. P. Rogers, loquitur.*

# CHRISTMAS

1895

[FRAGMENT]

THE Masters are popular in School and out,  
But sometimes it's very grotesque,  
The rivalry seen in the school-room about  
The seat that is nearest the desk.  
Some fellows are plain in their pref'rence and blunt,  
Though of chairs round about there's a host,  
They yearn for their turn in the one that's in front,  
Guy Cary first has it, then Post.

By the way, though, while we are a-speaking of Bill,  
They tell of a very good gag,  
With what do you s'pose that he saw fit to fill  
His alpaca dirty clothes bag?  
Bill's always a-thinking of books, he is—or  
Of music, his fiddles and lutes.  
He'd not an idea what a clothes bag was for,  
And so the lad filled it with boots.

. . . . .

A fearful decree goes forth  
As the winds 'gin to scream from the north.  
The children must not go out  
Head covering thick without.

I rush for my warm fur hat,  
And wonder where it can be at.  
The Peabody ladies wear flower pots red  
Turned upside down on each comely head.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

And Flits<sup>1</sup> puts on a derby,  
And Derby<sup>2</sup> wears a Potter,  
And Whitney<sup>3</sup> fat gets a little straw hat,  
And Bobo<sup>4</sup> a muff of otter,

And sends a telegram to town  
To summon his private tailor  
To make him a bonnet with ribbons on it,  
Or a sweet little thing à la sailor.

Puff<sup>5</sup> wears a knitted stocking,  
And the sight is really shocking,  
To witness Pat<sup>6</sup> in a Nestle's Food hat,  
And other sights worthy of mocking.

There once was a Captain of brave renown  
At skating, ice polo, and hawky,  
He got up a squad with Commodore Pot,<sup>7</sup>  
And Slino<sup>8</sup> and Emmons<sup>9</sup> and Bawky.<sup>10</sup>

He played so hard that a pain in his back—  
Just consequence of his polo—  
Crept up to his voice till it made it crack,<sup>11</sup>  
So he had to abandon his solo.

But Tiddledywinks<sup>12</sup> stepped into the breach  
Instead of the voice thus rusted,  
And sang in the place of that skater *brave*,  
And the hawky team since has busted.

The Prefects through the dining-hall are scattered.  
The other fellows sitting in their places

CHRISTMAS 1895

In their turn now make Mrs. P. feel flattered  
By challenges to croquette-eating races.

While Grandpa <sup>13</sup> looks so cunning in his specs,  
And eats until you really thinks he 's strangling;  
While in the air not reaching to the ground  
His jolly little legs are seen a-dangling.

It gave me joy the other day  
To hear a lady say,  
That the cunningest sight in the wide, wide world  
Was to see the lambs at play.

But the lambyest kids in the wide, wide world  
That ever the lady had seen,  
Were Burnham, the Guinea Pig,<sup>14</sup> frisking about  
And with him our honey Eugene.<sup>15</sup>

If you want to know the history  
Of any Hebrew mystery  
Connected with Jerusalem of old,  
Apply to Mr. Simmy one.<sup>16</sup>  
He offers to tell any one  
Whate'er in that connection's to be told.

In the lavatory splashing,  
The golden shekels flashing,  
He was caught when very busy t'other night,  
A-washing and a-rubbing,  
A-polishing and scrubbing,  
To keep de monna beautiful and bright.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Timmy Mahan,<sup>17</sup>  
The big fat man,  
With hair in a quaint style of taste,  
Is taking a course  
To increase his force  
And diminish the girth of his waist.

Each day in the Gym  
You may witness Tim  
In calisthenic contortions;  
He squirms and smiles  
In all manner of styles  
With wiggles of awful proportions.

My reverend friend  
Must really amend  
His habits of stealing and picking.  
He ate the chops  
And the lolly-pops  
Intended for Bill the Chicken.<sup>18</sup>

He hoped perhaps  
That these tender scraps  
Might make him grow tall and stout.  
But he's got a long way  
To travel, they say,  
Before he can work that out.

Though Burden and Burnham,  
The two big Bills,  
Got mixed up the other day,



CHRISTMAS 1895

And wore each other's shirts and pants  
In a highly becoming way.

We've got a skilled Practeshoner  
From Europe lately back,  
Woden,<sup>19</sup> the Mouse, F. R. C. S.—  
He's something of a quack.

For Demijohn<sup>20</sup> with a painful pain  
Besought him the other night  
For a little relief, but imagine his grief  
When the medicine made him tight.

At least, so he said, for all night long  
He said he'd Delivium tweemens,  
And howid convulsions and ghosts and things  
That wacked and wacked his dweamings.

And talking of dreams and midnight fancies—  
Have you heard of Jimmy Jackson,  
His charming every-night romances  
When candy brings attacks on?

Each night he's wedded to some fair  
And exquisite new charmer.  
Next morn he's clean forgot her name,  
And she's returned to marmer.

The English Department of Groton School  
Has started a Shakespeare revival.  
Macbeth is expounded by Wharton or Swan,  
Or some other shag-haired rival.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Alarms and excursions—a rumble of drums,  
Oh, horror! horror! horror!  
Enter Bergquist<sup>21</sup> white in a gown of night,  
And blacks the boots for the morrer.

I sit at table between a pair—  
I'm white, they're black<sup>22</sup> and red.<sup>23</sup>  
Though one is so dark and the other so fair,  
'T is singular, but 't is said

That the dark one bathes ev'ry morn, noon and eve  
No matter how most of us shiver;  
And when the tubs at the School give out  
He goes down and bathes in the river.

While the ruby one swallows a mouthful or two  
On an average twice in a fall,  
And thus works a combine on brushing the teeth  
And bathing and washing and all.

I should like to recommend  
The invention of a friend,  
'T is as simple as is eating bread and butter:  
A reform in underwear,  
All in one piece, made with care,  
And worn by Truly yours, C. Reinhardt Nutter.

You must get in from behind  
If the opening you can find,  
And Mr. Sedgwick then will lace you up.

CHRISTMAS 1895

He keeps them now in stock—he's  
Got caps, old books, and hockeys  
On sale at his new mission'ry Coöp.

He'll let you skates they tell us  
Cheaper than other sellers—  
They cost about ten cents a day or so;  
And he has another line, too,  
If such you do incline to,  
Of handkerchiefs at half a dime a blow.

The melodies entrancing,  
And the jolly coon's romancing,  
We heard from a young lady t' other day.  
They seemed to set on fire  
And the inmost heart inspire  
Of Farrington when he began to play.

His expression was ecstatic,  
His pose was most dramatic,  
It seemed as though his very soul was stirred.  
And Mr. Ayrault, frantic,  
At lyrics so romantic,  
Waved his handkerchief at every second word.

. . . . .

The year is ending, bleak and cold the sky;  
Brief sunshine, then the death of shortening day.  
Nature is sleeping, on the fair plains lie  
December's snows, the world is old and gray.

December, saddest of the months and drear,  
Icy and heartless, cruel and forlorn;

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Gloomiest, darkest month of all the year,  
Old age of time, symbol of life outworn.

Yet midst its gloom and darkness, lo, a light  
Streaming in radiance over earth and sky.  
Lo! songs of angels through the weary night,  
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emanuel is nigh.

Oh, Light of Bethlehem, Thy beams divine,  
Have turned December's darkness into day,  
Month of all months wherein the tapers shine  
And halls are decked with holly and with bay.

The Yule log crackles louder than the storm.  
Kind deeds through winter's gloom their light have  
flung.  
Though all without be frozen—hearts are warm,  
The world be old, yet hope forever young.

And home, most blessed place in all the earth,  
Made holier by the light of Christmas joys,  
Yet no home smiled for His most holy Birth,  
The homeless are His nearest ones, my boys.

Forget not them 'mid mirth of Christmastide,  
Forget not them when all is glad and jolly;  
And so farewell, a merry time be yours,  
And cakes and ale and mistletoe and holly.

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> *E. N. Potter.*
- <sup>2</sup> *Richard Derby.*
- <sup>3</sup> *Stanton Whitney.*
- <sup>4</sup> *A. R. Sargent.*
- <sup>5</sup> *C. B. Curtis.*
- <sup>6</sup> *J. M. Patterson.*
- <sup>7</sup> *E. N. Potter.*
- <sup>8</sup> *S. Cochrane.*
- <sup>9</sup> *W. B. Emmons.*
- <sup>10</sup> *Hugh Auchincloss.*
- <sup>11</sup> *D. S. Hawkins.*
- <sup>12</sup> *Edward Gray, Jr.*
- <sup>13</sup> *D. F. Carpenter.*
- <sup>14</sup> *W. A. Burnham.*
- <sup>15</sup> *E. V. R. Thayer, Jr.*—“*Honey No Nose.*”
- <sup>16</sup> *S. B. Chittenden.*
- <sup>17</sup> *L. E. Mahan.*
- <sup>18</sup> *W. A. M. Burden.*
- <sup>19</sup> *Dr. A. H. Woods.*
- <sup>20</sup> *H. P. Rogers.*
- <sup>21</sup> *E. Bergquist—Janitor.*
- <sup>22</sup> *C. Blagden.*
- <sup>23</sup> *A. L. Devens, Jr.*



## BIRTHDAY

1896

**T**IS the voice of the poet, I heard him declare,  
'T is October 13<sup>th</sup>, and I'm still in despair.  
For, look you, two days, and the guests have been  
bidden  
To hark to a poem that is n't yet written.  
Our years are advancing, our birthdays a dozen,  
'T is time the old laureate shut off his buzzin'.  
For speech it is silver, the proverb folks say,  
And silence is golden, and gold wins to-day.<sup>1</sup>

But speech may be golden at times, I suppose,  
Provided it only be written in prose.  
When Groton's Boy Orator<sup>2</sup> squashes out flat  
The other Boy Orator called "Of the Platte"  
(Better known as Boy Orator talking through "hat").  
So I sharpened my pencil, and parted my hair—  
My pencil! Two dozens I used in despair.  
Then sought round my class for a few dozens more  
That of late tried my nerves so when dropped on the  
floor.

But though my poor brains had been cudgelled about,  
No rhymes would appear, and the pencils gave out,  
For Wells<sup>3</sup> had exhausted the total supply  
In making curl papers—the School had run dry.  
I turned in my anguish to Prefects and kids  
To get an assortment of jokes and of squibs;  
But to give one another away they seemed loath,  
To reveal not a word they had taken an oath.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Frank Alsop declared with the tears in his eyes  
That Chadwick had grown to such corpulent size  
That he very much feared he would lick him if he  
Should reveal Master Gerry's dark secret to me.  
While Mr. Woods said he'd a squib full of wit,  
But that Black Dicky Derby would give him a fit.  
Jimmy Jackson was full of great jokes on the twins,  
But the Motleys had threatened to tell Jimmy's sins.  
Liph<sup>4</sup> told me to go to his brother and ask—  
"He's a terrible gabbler, 't will be no hard task  
To pump him;" but he would ne'er pardon me if  
I revealed what young Fuller revealed about Liph.  
Now, what is a poet to do in such case?  
My hearers,—just put yourselves into my place.  
If you fellows won't give one another away,  
What on earth is there left for your poet to say?  
There was one resource more, and I thought I'd try it  
To supply the material, furnish the wit,  
And right to my hand was a hint I had got  
From a Bird of the Sixth so well known for his  
p—figure.<sup>5</sup>  
"A little bird told me," we hear people say.  
The Pippin Bird said,—and himself gave away,—  
If the fellows won't tell, ask their sisters; they will.  
"I learned from his sister," thus quoth little Bill.  
So here's the result of my painful research,  
When the boys thus had left the poor bard in the  
lurch,  
I called on a sister, an aunt, or a cousin,  
And give of the facts that I heard half a dozen.



BIRTHDAY 1896

They tell me that Goodwin<sup>6</sup>  
Is Jack Waterbury's twin;  
That Bigelow and Moseley  
Get on together cosily.

That a new boy you have met  
Is named Charlie T. Brunette.<sup>7</sup>  
That Hoya<sup>8</sup> says that Bryan  
Says McKinley men are lyin'.

That Jack Stedman wants to know  
If he's cut out for a beau?  
Is his dressing really neat?  
For he's going girls to meet,

And he's filled with some dismay—  
Do please tell him what to say.  
And that Grizzly<sup>9</sup> people begs  
To admire his pretty legs.

And Drexel Paul they say  
Has a taste for the ballet.  
While Nat Emmons wants to know  
Where's his brother's cupolo?

That Miffy<sup>10</sup> sees sea snakes  
If of root beer he partakes.  
And that Hutchy<sup>11</sup>'s quite sure of it  
He in London saw the prophet

Which the famous Sargent painted,  
And which we, who are acquainted

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

With the Boston Lib'ry's halls,  
Always thought adorned *its* walls.

"Well," says he, "you won't dispute  
It's a handsome London suit.  
Fifteen dollars, greenish buff,  
And I tell you it's good stuff."

They will tell you of the three  
Tall and tough as a pine tree,  
Lean and lengthy, long and gawky,—  
Ivy,<sup>12</sup> Timothy,<sup>13</sup> and Bawky.<sup>14</sup>

Yes, they'll tell of kids and goats,  
Short-legged pants and long-tailed coats.  
Wherefore I will now rehearse  
What they told me, in my verse.

The lady fair with golden hair  
That about Dodo<sup>15</sup> told me,  
First praised the grace of his sweet face  
And then went on to scold me

Because I'd taught him that he ought  
When called on to translate,  
Use triangles, rules three and five,  
And also circulate.

And this he did as he was bid,  
If I'd been there, I'd lick'd yer.  
Sprechende Gleichniss, he declared,  
Was Dutch for "living Picture."

## BIRTHDAY 1896

And Farther Gaul, he told us all,  
If properly translated,  
Was Pater Gallia, a place  
Readers of Cæsar hated.

Said Wogers,<sup>16</sup> "When I'm gwown up, I  
A wazor weal shall have."  
To him, John Thlopth<sup>17</sup> thus made reply,  
"Thir! there 'th not muth to thave."

Wogers wetorted full of wath,  
With wepartee so nimble.  
Thlopth thaid, "You're thimply thounding  
brath,  
And a thilly tinkling thymbal."

George Clarke,<sup>18</sup> he is a beauty,  
At golf he is a terror.  
George Clarke he can play baseball,  
And never make an error.

But Learning is his strongest point;  
At Latin he is great.  
He says he *reads* it perfectly,  
Only he can't translate.

Great oaks from little acorns grow,  
I take it then for granted  
That Bigs's<sup>19</sup> acorn had a start  
When Bigs's oak was planted.

He needs at least a suit a week,  
And I would take my oath

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

It takes two beds placed end on end,  
To manage one night's growth.

"Oh, honey,<sup>20</sup> my no-nose, who is this lady fair?  
Who *is* this lovely lady? tell me, pray."  
"'T is but a tenth cousin, I have them by the dozen;  
No, really, it is not my fiancée."

How long does it take for a crew to row nine miles,  
When rowing at the rate of three an hour?  
"Unless you tell," quoth he, "just how long that  
stream may be  
To answer it is not within my power."

Now Biddle is a new Moncure,  
And, therefore, much he must endure.  
For in this annual rhyme  
Unless his name should find a spot,  
Like Monny Robinson's, I wot  
'T would wreck it every time.

And did you hear how he was wrecked?  
And could you, brethren dear, suspect  
How he a ship would save?  
Pulled out a plug with courage stout—  
'T was just to let the water out,  
She sank beneath the wave.

And now he's here, just come this year,  
You'd never think it, but I fear  
He's much too far ahead.

## BIRTHDAY 1896

He finds his Latin, oh, so slow,  
He wants to skip a book or so,  
That stupid stuff he 's read.

There 's a youngster in the School  
Who though small is not a fool,  
But who wishes very much indeed to learn.  
Mr. Parrish <sup>21</sup> is his name,  
He 'll be some day known to fame,  
For his mind has such a question-asking turn.

He really wants to know  
About Groton School, and so  
He enquired with an innocence extreme,  
Was it *Gordon Brown*, he wondered?  
Was it Archie? Had he blundered?  
Who was Captain of the Groton football team?

Oh, Roger Derby, it is said,  
Once on a time he lay in bed,  
When underneath a strange commotion  
Arose like heaving of the ocean.

Then Black-Eyed Susan <sup>22</sup> 'gan to shout,  
"Ah! what is this? I can't make out."  
But Fuller Potter heeded not,  
A heedless youth is Fuller Pot.

"Alas! you 're shaking me to bits;  
You 'll shake me thin and jar my wits."  
Next morn th' emaciated lubber  
Had lost quite twenty pounds of blubber.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Young Politics Wharton<sup>23</sup> considers that Groton  
Don't give the poor boys much to eat;  
So after supper, just go to that upper  
Room where he will give you a treat.

For Roosey<sup>24</sup> and he give an afternoon tea,  
The nurse is endeav'ring to train 'em.  
So Roosey gets fat — Polly always is that,  
And it's due to their diet of granum.

Oh, where is Coster,<sup>25</sup> our little dog beau,  
Our dear little Dachshund fat?  
With collar so high and with legs so low  
And presence as big as that?

He went to call at the Homestead Hall,  
And they promptly turned him out.  
Wrote to Wright & Ditson's to get him a belt—  
They had n't one, he was too stout.

At last he fled to the library,  
And there on a pillar high,  
They made him pose in his evening clothes  
As Mercury learning to fly.

Said Brown<sup>26</sup> to a Master,<sup>27</sup>—his name I won't say,—  
“We want a good guard and you really must play.”  
So the Master began, with the tears in his eyes,  
To knock off fifteen pounds of superfluous size.

Much work he performed, and but little he ate,  
And often he sighed and just gazed at his plate.

And the awful result, when he scarce was alive,  
Was a heft that would not go below sixty-five.

Take warning, my children, nor ask that the food  
Of the School, be it fish or corned beef, be eschewed.  
For his weight on that diet has gone up so fast  
That it reaches a fat round two hundred at last.  
And the size of his limbs would, I really think, shock us  
Were it not for the cut of his vast knickerbockers.

Now, fellows, let us give three balls  
For Groton. Hip! Hip! some one<sup>28</sup> calls,  
Carried away by zeal.  
Jerusalem, I did n't mean it,  
Why, any fellow might have seen it,  
'T is but the way I feel.

Poor Simmy one, is trade so bad?  
They tell me you are feeling sad  
About those fifty dollars  
You might have made if you'd but lent your  
Good cash to Mr. Cushing's venture—  
His shop run by the scholars.

There is a famous man in Groton town  
Who's going to turn poor Dr. Warren down.  
Although they say he's something of a *quack*,<sup>29</sup>  
Yet *brave*<sup>30</sup> men have employed him for their back.

But liniment of chloroform he should  
Avoid henceforth, for surely 't is no good.



## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Behold the truly horrible effect  
It made upon the rubicund aspect,

Upon the lovely nose of Mr. Devens,  
Ornament of the best of School elevens,  
Though some have said,—but really 't is absurd,—  
The beauty spot was pecked there by a bird <sup>31</sup>

That Shrubby <sup>32</sup> found in bed the other night,  
Which made his rosy face turn pale with fright.  
The bird had but escaped from yonder hall  
Where Mr. Griswold keeps his show this fall.  
A whole menagerie of birds, beasts, fishes,  
With smells as scientific as he wishes.

It's perfectly jolly to witness Colly <sup>33</sup>  
Engaged in eating cherries;  
To make it plain, 't is an endless chain  
Of those highly delicious berries.

The cherry goes in at the left of his chin,  
He's hardly had time to begin it,  
When the stone in sight appears on the right,  
He thus consumes ninety *per* minute.

There sits J. R., <sup>34</sup> and he really thinks  
That he is a regular sly old sphinx,  
And never a squib on him  
Shall grace the verse of a birthday night.  
We know he is lazy, we know he is bright,  
But that is material slim.



## BIRTHDAY 1896

We've heard of girls with their teeth of pearls  
And how Hoppin won mixed doubles.  
We've heard of sighs, red cheeks, blue eyes,  
We've heard Billy Burnham's troubles.

We've heard of the bride they would like to provide,  
A Master's heart to stir up.  
So DeKoven said, Mr. Gladwin fled,  
And but just is back from Europe.

But who would have thought J. R. was that sort  
If they'd not seen his conduct frantic  
Each day last spring the Swan spread his wing,  
And warbled his note romantic.

When afternoons are bright and fair  
How nice it is to take the air.  
How tiresome to have others say,  
"Let's take a Choir holiday."

Why should we marvel, therefore, if  
The inspiration came to Liph<sup>35</sup>  
That even he might eke aspire  
To join that noble throng the Choir.

His voice was tried—what need to tell,  
Pronounced as clear as any bell.  
A bell. Of course the question rises,  
Why like a bell? Cut short surmises.

Why is Liph like a bell? Why, he  
Has got a pull, so now you see.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

I think you'll agree that it's pretty near time  
To turn off my steam and to finish my rhyme.  
For Roosey says he has prepared a reply  
To my squibs, which he threatens to read by and by.

So let me retire and give him his chance.  
With thanks to the sisters and cousins and aunts  
Who gave me these points to make rhyme of and fun,  
And no doubt you'll be glad when the Poem is done.

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> *McKinley defeats Bryan.*
- <sup>2</sup> *W. P. Wharton.*
- <sup>3</sup> *R. Wells.*
- <sup>4</sup> *E. N. Potter.*
- <sup>5</sup> *Pot—W. W. Hoppin, Jr.*
- <sup>6</sup> *J. L. Goodwin.*
- <sup>7</sup> *C. T. Brown.*
- <sup>8</sup> *H. Hooker.*
- <sup>9</sup> *Le G. C. Griswold.*
- <sup>10</sup> *G. Harrison Mifflin—author of Nahant Sea Serpent story.*
- <sup>11</sup> *C. G. Hutchins.*
- <sup>12</sup> *R. H. I. Goddard.*
- <sup>13</sup> *L. E. Mahan.*
- <sup>14</sup> *Hugh Auchincloss.*
- <sup>15</sup> *G. D. Morgan.*
- <sup>16</sup> *Demijohn.*
- <sup>17</sup> *J. deK. Alsop.*
- <sup>18</sup> *G. C. = Golf Crazy.*
- <sup>19</sup> *F. B. Riggs—6 ft. 6.*
- <sup>20</sup> *E. V. R. Thayer, Jr.*
- <sup>21</sup> *J. C. Parrish.*
- <sup>22</sup> *Roger A. Derby.*
- <sup>23</sup> *W. P. Wharton.*
- <sup>24</sup> *J. R. Roosevelt.*
- <sup>25</sup> *E. C. Wilmerding.*
- <sup>26</sup> *F. G. Brown.*
- <sup>27</sup> *Mr. Abbott.*
- <sup>28</sup> *S. B. Chittenden.*
- <sup>29</sup> *Mr. Woods.*
- <sup>30</sup> *Mr. Ayrault.*

## NOTES

- <sup>31</sup> *J. R. Swan.*
- <sup>32</sup> *A. L. Devens, Jr.*
- <sup>33</sup> *H. L. Whitridge.*
- <sup>34</sup> *J. R. Swan.*
- <sup>35</sup> *E. N. Potter.*

## CHRISTMAS

1896

THE Homestead is crowded as never before  
In the good Groton days since the year 'eighty-four.  
'T is the season for holly and mistletoe berry,  
And Groton is feeling uncommonly merry,

And is rather disposed the good cheer to prolong  
By further indulgence in fiddle and song.  
But we crave your attention for some moments yet  
To the words of our annual rhyming duet.

One's reminded of one of those old-fashioned  
things—

A circus that only can boast of two rings;  
Don't you think it is time to enlarge it to three?  
For a new star has risen in Waterburee.<sup>1</sup>

As the autumn's advanced his fair hair has grown  
long,

And anon and again he has burst forth in song.  
Stray fragments of verse have been found on his desk  
From early romantic to modern grotesque.  
His beard all unkempt, his mustache got all curly,  
And Jack, bluff old Jack, become hopelessly girly.

The Homestead has gained since we last gathered  
here,

And Groton School lost in the same rolling year  
One ornament who, though I mentioned no names,  
Would be known as none else than our Varsity James.<sup>2</sup>

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

We've missed him at table, at work, and at play,  
Though we've seen him play guard in his lovely old  
way.

And we're all mighty glad since we can't have our  
Jim,

To come here and wish Merry Christmas to him.

Our old-fashioned orchestra, mournful to say,  
Has about dwindled down to a single *push*<sup>3</sup> play.  
So we've got up a new one with instruments queer,  
Which we all, I am sure, are enchanted to hear.

And as to the violin, why, Billy Post,  
At tweaking the strings, in himself is a host.  
And Glee Club and Choir, when rolled into one  
As a choral affair, simply captures the bun.

And for singing, we'd listen till aged and gray  
To our hostess, and ever once more we would pray,  
Just once more to sing, how the flag of the free  
Came homeward triumphant to old Tennessee.

But now to our business—to sit on our friends.  
If you knew, dearest brethren, how much it depends  
On your conduct ridiculous during the week,  
Ere you're called on to figure in verse as a freak,

You would n't have been so uncommonly sober  
As you were in the opening days of October.  
When I, as I thought of this evening, turned pale,  
And hastily went for instructions to Yale.

## CHRISTMAS 1896

For there I had heard of the duties so hard  
Which fell to the province of Sumner Gerard,  
Who must do as I do, for he's made class historian,  
Get off a squib discourse, a joky and gory one.

Said he, "Do as I do, put names in a hat,  
And invite Mr. Billings to draw lots from that.  
And if you discover he's bagged every freak,  
Just make him give half his collection unique."

So now, brother poet, just fire away,  
Select a few freaks and let them have their day.  
And perhaps later on, when your verse takes a rest,  
To slaughter some more I will then do my best.

The Head Master is generally heard when he speaks,  
His language and voice are both stately,  
But he talked in a whisper for more than two weeks;  
Has there been any trouble quite lately?  
There's some mystery there that I cannot see through,  
His voice disappeared for no reason.  
We were sorry of course; but yet it is true  
We had peace at the School for a season.

We heard voices pitched high in the study one night,  
And wondering what had transpired,  
In pity because of some pupil's sad plight,  
Charlie Clarke issued forth, looking tired.

I don't think a bit that it matters much  
That older the Faculty's growing,

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

The world appears better each day to our touch  
As the sands of time are flowing.

Human age is a relative thing, is it not?  
And the boys are all following after  
Us. By some we are being so nearly caught  
It's a constant source of laughter.

We've a club of old men, with three members, in fact,  
Who a dignity serious foster.  
One's older by far than he seems to act,  
The quite irrepressible Coster.<sup>4</sup>

Two others belong, there is Pin<sup>5</sup> and there's Liph,<sup>6</sup>  
Who talk much of life and duty.  
Who like serious things and work that is stiff,  
Such as Cicero's *De Senectute*.

"Oh, Doctor, come and barber me,  
My hair is red and long;  
The football season's past and done,  
I hope you're feeling strong."

Then Doctor Woods he seized the shears,  
And strength indeed displayed,  
Cut Shrube's<sup>7</sup> back hair like a winding stair,  
And an awful mess he made.

We have tried at the School to impress on the boys  
Their political place in our nation;  
How it ought to be one of their deepest joys  
To fill in their land a high station.



## CHRISTMAS 1896

But we did n't expect to affect the trustees,  
And it's so much the greater a pleasure  
To see them taking no thought of their ease,  
And to serious things give their leisure.

We've had Bishops and Pastors and Schoolmasters too,  
And a jurist most wise, so our fate's spun,  
And some great business men, but we none of us knew  
That we had on the board a fine statesman.

You can understand now that much safer we feel,  
The State can't hurt us now without pity,  
For our new representative<sup>8</sup> won't let them steal  
The loved river,<sup>9</sup>—that grasping old city!

Of prosperity now our old town will be filled,  
For oppression he views with abhorrence.  
We have got what we long have been wanting—a pull.  
So here's to our own Mr. Lawrence.

Oh, I will tell you no whopper,  
And don't you think it a fake,  
I know a fellow named Topper,<sup>10</sup>  
Called Clifford<sup>11</sup> till now by mistake.

And who is the fat little party  
Who eats so and waddles about?  
He cannot be Coster the hearty,  
He must be the Sister stout.<sup>10</sup>

My dear, will you tell me at once if you can,  
I'm ashamed that I can't quite remember,

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

What happened—I'm sorry I don't understand—  
Last month on the fourth of November?

I know that the world was agog at the news,  
And I wonder on sober reflection  
If it was n't the national joyous enthuse  
Over Major McKinley's election.

Men flung up their hats and they pulled off their  
coats,  
And together they shouted out su'thing;  
'T was perhaps the proportioned Electoral votes,  
They said—forty and six against nothing.

Old Oracle wise, it is not very oft  
That in questions of fact you're mistaken,  
But national matters at Groton were dwarfed,  
And our faith in your memory's shaken.

Why, that day it was Waterloo over again,  
But listen and I'll be explicit:  
'T was a furious struggle of men against men,  
For Southborough paid us a visit.

We'd twice in succession hard lessons been taught,  
And our fortunes had got to be mended;  
We had lost quite enough, even more as we thought,  
So on Brown and his colts we depended.

It was trying to wait for the ball to be kicked,  
But we held in our feelings and muzzled

CHRISTMAS 1896

Our shouts till we saw they were hopelessly tricked,  
And each individual puzzled.

'T was n't easy for Southb'ro to quite comprehend  
How the rules of the game all obeying  
We had lined up against them with so many men,  
But the boys in two places were playing.

The St. Markers tried hard, but more men are what  
wins,  
Men strong and compact and not gawky.  
We had two Billy Lawrences, three or four twins,<sup>12</sup>  
And several editions of Balky.<sup>13</sup>

May David's<sup>14</sup> new team be of just the same stamp,  
May they follow Brun's<sup>15</sup> lead and not falter;  
And ne'er may our coacher from Groton DeCamp,  
Decrepit, but foxy old Walter.<sup>16</sup>

Oh, won't you come to tea with me?  
And if you're good, perhaps,  
I may consent to *think about*  
Dispensing a few scraps.

You'll *possibly* be offered tea,  
But very likely not;  
There's just a chance some slops are left  
At the bottom of the pot.

And if you will not lie upon  
The divan in a heap,

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Nor the piano play, nor sit  
On chairs some twenty deep,

And if you will not steal the cake  
When I'm not standing by,  
You may "at last," as Devens said,  
Be allowed to say Good-bye.

I find this scheme does not please those  
Who really must have more grub;  
So they've started a band, and the idea is grand,  
They've formed the Come Every Day Club.

This Club wants to pour out the tea for themselves,  
To have *me* do it's really a shame;  
So when darkness descends, in the midst of my friends,  
I indulge in the number game.

There was a clergyman  
And he had a little gun,  
And his bullets they were made of  
lead, lead, lead;  
He takes a pair of friends,  
To the woods his way he wends,  
And a grand success he had, for so he  
said, said, said.

Four partridges so fat  
And a feather in his hat  
Were the spoils these hunters brought  
from the fray, fray, fray;

## CHRISTMAS 1896

And all went well until  
From the butcher came the bill,  
And we learned how much these hunters had to  
pay, pay, pay.

All this was long ago,  
For they waited, as you know,  
Till the birthday poem had been safely  
read, read, read;  
For they feared what I might write  
Upon Annivers'ry Night—  
Oh, their bullets they were money and not  
lead, lead, lead.

Let me give you an example  
How you can a school-room run;  
'Tis no other than our Madam  
Teaches how the thing is done.

“Helen, if again you do it  
You shall have no nice ice cream.”  
Up jumps Helen, promptly *does* it  
With a nonchalance supreme.

But observe the retribution  
On the deed—which follows fast.  
Hear the Madam's stern announcement,  
“Helen, you shall be helped last.”

Mr. E. Sturgis seems quite dejected and down,  
He feels that no longer he's needed.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

For Sam Hinckley's stern words of command and his  
frown

Quite as much as a Master's are heeded.

The boys choose some one fit and they put him in  
charge—

The dormit'ry's still, there's no hob;  
Their system is good with their Prefect at large,  
Poor Balky is out of a job.

But the mournfulest feature surrounding the whole  
I will leave for you all to guess;  
The thing which strikes down to the roots of the soul  
Is the "utter loneliness."

There's a man named Sidney Breese,  
And won't you tell him, please,  
The number of his street in New York town?  
He really can't recall  
Where he lives at all, at all,  
But thinks perhaps you might ask Jaky Brown.<sup>17</sup>

For the streets of the great city,  
'T is the truth, though 't is a pity,  
Remind him of arithmetic in class;  
He thinks Jake's such a terror,  
He can answer without error  
Questions he himself could never, never pass.

You can't be all over the school-room at once,  
And while a queer noise you're pursuing,

Or showing a point of *good use* to some dunce,  
You can't tell what the others are doing.

A Schoolmaster's life every good purpose serves,  
It's a pleasant life surely too, but a  
Most worrisome one if you're troubled with nerves;  
It is true, only ask Mr. Nutter.

One's nervousness also one cannot conceal,  
It's in vain you endeavour to mask it.  
But amazing relief teachers instantly feel,  
With their feet in a waste-paper basket.

When Charlie Lawrance *seems* to work  
With singular devotion,  
It's not his Latin nor his French,  
Oh, no, he's got a notion.

He's busy with the last details  
For crossing land and ocean  
On his new patent flying car  
Run by perpetual motion.

Oh, I might sing of many a thing:  
How Frinky<sup>18</sup> drove the ball—  
To beat the record, which he claimed—  
To where he *saw* it fall.

Alas, the boast, the ball was lost,  
But nothing daunted he,

GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Kept up his pride till he it spied,  
Two feet *behind* the tee.

I'd sing and coo like little Lou-  
-is White whose honeyed titter  
Restores the temper, though the joke  
On him be ne'er so bitter.

Of Mr. Abbott's rowing zeal,  
Jack Minturn's unknown age,  
And Rubber<sup>19</sup> Derby's new white pumps,  
And Richard's<sup>20</sup> jealous rage;

And all because old Santa Claus  
Had treated him so rough.  
Was n't his stocking hung all right?  
Are n't his feet big enough?

How Mr. Cushing keeps a shop,  
And how he sells thereat  
All kinds of exercising things,  
Including Anti-fat.

For since he's found the skating pond  
Refuses to bear him,  
Although it bears the whole School well,  
He must and shall get slim.

And now to ourselves we all offer a toast,  
And we pour out a gen'rous libation;



## CHRISTMAS 1896

For we've finished our work and we're leaving our  
post,  
And we're off for a two weeks' vacation.

To those who have passed and to those who have  
failed,  
We offer our congratulations.  
Some have headed their Forms and some others have  
failed;  
In all classes are various stations.

From our studies and text-books and such things we  
turn  
To a different species of pleasure.  
School is all very well and there's much that we learn,  
But you can't study on without measure.

The good cheer of this season as always forbids  
To impose on the fun any strictures;  
But there come to my mind of the homes of the kids  
Many deeply emotional pictures.

Up at School there's detention and dark-coloured  
marks,  
And punishment strictly is meted,  
And no one respects a kid's wonderful larks;  
He's as quite insignificant treated.

But at home he's considered at just his true worth,  
He's a really remarkable child.  
To call him distinguished from time of his birth  
Is only a-drawing it mild.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Young and old boys alike don't care much to roam,  
They're glad of vacation, they tell us;  
And they take a bee line just straight for their home,  
And we Schoolmasters are n't a bit jealous.

We, too, are all off very soon like the rest,  
We live much of our time among others;  
The School may be pleasant, but of all things the best  
Is home and our fathers and mothers.

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> *J. C. Waterbury.*
- <sup>2</sup> *James Lawrence, Jr.*
- <sup>3</sup> *Mr. Pushface Grisvold of the Laughing Horse clarinet.*
- <sup>4</sup> *E. C. Wilmerding—President of Old Man's Club.*
- <sup>5</sup> *W. W. Hoppin, Jr.*
- <sup>6</sup> *E. N. Potter.*
- <sup>7</sup> *A. L. Devens, Jr.*
- <sup>8</sup> *Mr. James Lawrence. Massachusetts Legislature, 1897.*
- <sup>9</sup> *Part of the Nashua was diverted for the Boston Water Supply. Much uneasiness was caused lest St. Mark's catch our river in the Southborough Basin.*
- <sup>10</sup> *See Dickens's Christmas Carol.*
- <sup>11</sup> *John Henry.*
- <sup>12</sup> *J. L. and E. Motley*
- <sup>13</sup> *Hugh Auchincloss.*
- <sup>14</sup> *D. S. Hawkins—Captain, 1897.*
- <sup>15</sup> *F. G. Brown—Captain, 1896.*
- <sup>16</sup> *Walter Camp Ayrault.*
- <sup>17</sup> *L. Brown.*
- <sup>18</sup> *F. J. O. Alsop.*
- <sup>19</sup> *Roger A. Derby.*
- <sup>20</sup> *Richard Derby.*



## BIRTHDAY

1897

YOU see, you 've got the same old bore yet,  
The wordy, windy poet laureate,  
Returned from foreign shores in time  
To perpetrate his annual rhyme.

His Pegasus he found in Venice  
Had all but changed his name to Dennis,  
For in a gondola, no horse  
Gets proper exercise, of course.

And poets in the selfsame wise  
Grow stale from lack of exercise.  
No kids he knew of deeds absurd,  
Of freaks and squibs he ne'er had heard.

No dormitory rows and fights,  
No school-room hob on Prefect nights.  
And when he lay enwrapped in sheets,  
The only dreams he had were skeets.

Thus he is driven to invent,  
For truth of squibs cares not one cent.  
He 's only sure that if Dave Hawkins  
Declares there 's nothing in the talkin's

About his doings up in Camp,  
And Motley<sup>1</sup> swears 't was not the damp  
That drove him home when sand gave out,  
And Jimmy Jackson casts a doubt

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Upon the tale he saved a life  
Of one,— perhaps his future wife,—  
You, knowing Jackson, Mouse and Dave,  
Just nod your head with gesture grave.  
And if not quite you trust my verse,  
It's 'cause the truth's just ten times worse.

When I returned from Dago land,  
What do you suppose I found?  
Why, Dago Morse,<sup>2</sup> none other, of course,  
Had hired some dozens of Dago cousins  
To dig a long hole in the ground.

Luigi DeKoven was hovering near  
With monk' and banan', and smiled.  
He jabbered Italian till all the battalion  
Pronounced him a bello ragazzo—fine fellow,  
Or beautiful infant child.

When I returned from Europe's shores,  
Who do you suppose, I pray,  
Had taken charge of my blackboard large,  
Rubbed out my squibs and jabbed my ribs,  
And said he was going to stay?

My cousin Coolidge,<sup>3</sup> it was no less,  
But your Uncle B. said "Fudge."  
He may weep or wepine, he may wage or wesign,  
He may send out the fish or any old dish,  
But he cannot get me to budge.

## BIRTHDAY 1897

When I returned from foreign lands,  
Who else do you think was here  
To give sweetness and light to our birthday night,  
To fill a warm place in our hearts and add grace  
To our circle for many a year?

Why, you see Mr. Abbott was sadly in need  
Of advice in the care of the crews;  
He'd perfected his fours in the use of the oars,  
In tub and in boat and whatever would float,  
And he thought he would like to row twos.

We think he needs coaching, however, himself,  
To give him some notion of time.  
For by missing a train,—I confess it with pain,—  
On the very first day, after marriage, they say,  
He abandoned the theme of my rhyme.

I also found when I reached these shores  
That Sweden had sent a friend,<sup>4</sup>  
To make the infirm old Faculty squirm,  
And make them jiggle and body wiggle,  
And stoop and contort and bend.

He's found that Clifford<sup>5</sup> has classic toes;  
That Coster<sup>6</sup>'s the chest of a guard;  
That Ivy's<sup>7</sup> feet are a kilometer;  
That any one willing should box Mr. Billings,  
"But don't hit the little man hard."

That Timmy's<sup>8</sup> two legs are n't *quite* the same,  
But the *average* girth of his calves

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

If compared with Chitty<sup>9</sup> of Brooklyn city  
Exceeds his rating of chest inflating  
By a kilogram cut in halves.

He finds that Starr<sup>10</sup> is a little too thin;  
That laughing is good for digestion.  
Hence Wharton's liver, if made to quiver  
By the laughter merry one hears from Gerry,<sup>11</sup>  
Would be cured beyond all question.

He therefore advises jugglers' tricks,  
The Wagdog as model to take.  
And ere going to bed to stand on his head  
And measure the space if his shoes are in place,  
For untidiness keeps him awake.

There's nothing so bad as clothes half dry,  
So when Biddle<sup>12</sup> got one pant wet,  
He advised him to throw in the other also,  
For the drying might be uneven, you see,  
And the dear child a cold might get.

He says that Hemenway must have rolls,  
And always must have them hot;  
The Masters no doubt can do well without;  
Dr. Woods, I am told, prefers them cold—  
At least, that is all he got.

He said Mr. Griswold is quite fagged out,  
And advises a trip to Klondike.



## BIRTHDAY 1897

He must get himself quick an Ispravnik  
Tagblatt Russikanisches, which word in Danish is:  
“Spend your sabbat on a bike.”

He finds the table can be supplied  
From the lower half of the School;  
And he recommends to the use of his friends  
The following diet and begs them to try it,  
Made up by the following rule:

One pound of *Bacon*, one pound of *Fish*  
To be got from the good man Friday.<sup>13</sup>  
Many pounds of fat Ham<sup>14</sup>—while Turkey and Cran-  
Berry sauce Turkey Low<sup>15</sup> they say will bestow,  
And a Robin<sup>16</sup> will come in tidy.

For sausages take the little red dog,<sup>17</sup>  
The brother is he of the black one.  
To freshen things, pop in a slice of fresh Hoppin,<sup>18</sup>  
While golf-balls will do for a fish-ball or two  
If the bill of fare happens to lack one.

Let the Sargent<sup>19</sup> keep order and see that each boarder  
Eats just twice as much as he wishes.  
Miss Mary Ann Haight<sup>20</sup> on the table can wait,  
And Hinckley<sup>21</sup> we hope has at last got some soap,  
In which case he can wash up the dishes.

When I came back from Italy,  
The land of the Roman gods,

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

I found Fuller Potter had gone and got a  
New phraseology for mythology.

Here are some ends and odds:

The father and mother of gods and men  
You must not, my brothers, confuse.  
King Jupiter courted fair Io and thwarted  
Queen Juniper you know—she used to be Juno—  
And Venus wears wings on his shoes.

I found Neddy Krumbhaar had brought a twin,  
To tell you it is my duty;  
That eloquent Squushy<sup>22</sup> became quite gushy—  
He says that he knows no face like Greenough's  
For truly remarkable beauty.

There entered the school-room one morning quite late  
A youth looking scarcely alive.  
The Master enquired what could have transpired  
To make him so late; but the youth answered straight,  
"From the Doctor just now I arrive."

But when questioned why he did n't go to recite,  
It was found by the puzzled inspector  
That young Master Ladd<sup>23</sup> had merely been bad  
And had just been trun out, while the Doctor, no doubt,  
Was Doctor Peabody, the Rector.

When I returned to School once more,  
I knew, for I'd felt it in dreams,

## BIRTHDAY 1897

I'd find Mr. Nutter preparing to utter  
Some tyrant decree in this land of the free,  
And he did—it was daily themes.

The victims step up with new stories each day.  
My! it must be delightful reading.  
The ears to tickle, and like a nickel  
They drop in the slit, and he reads them—nit.  
And this is the whole proceeding.

When I returned to this fair land,  
What sound assailed mine ear?  
'T was Charlie Lawrance performing a dance  
On the tuneful cornet in delightful duet,  
Which indeed was enchanting to hear.

I scarcely need tell—for you all know him well—  
Who was *pushing*<sup>24</sup> the keys of his flute.  
And if Charlie's music has slightly made you sick,  
Request him to read you his poem—a bijou—  
At verses he's simply a beaut.

I heard John Richards described one day  
As naught but an old steam-roller.  
Said he, "Little Little,<sup>25</sup> if you were n't so brittle  
I hereby advise you I'd macadamize you,  
You poor little thin bean-poler."

If you'd been where I was some nights ago  
You'd have heard the paint-pot splash.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

For they found Euey Thayer could n't raise any hair  
On his cheeks or his chin, so they painted some in,  
And for once he'd a lovely mustache.

Rubber<sup>26</sup> Derby gets words twisted once in a while,  
And a little bit mixed in the letters,  
And opines that young Farr,<sup>27</sup> though no doubt he's a  
star,  
Would be nicer if he would endeavour to be  
More respectable towards his betters.

An Anglomaniac in his view  
(It shows a compassionate feeling)  
Is a much nicer word—at least so he has heard—  
To use of a thief who's at last come to grief  
For common or garden stealing.

Afflicted with spavin, for succour he begged,  
And said in his leg he'd a spasm.  
But Mr. Cigar Stump<sup>4</sup> answered, "Ha! ha!  
Be sure it's not that; it's a layer of fat—  
These troubles; there's others that has 'em.

A new style of learning's appeared at the School,  
"J-u-j must spell judge," says Larned.<sup>28</sup>  
J-a-w-j spells George, I say,  
One forty six oughts in one answer he sports,  
And then in despair says, "Darn it."

Mr. Billings announces that he is a wiz,  
But his meaning precise we lack.

## BIRTHDAY 1897

Mr. Ayrault explains that all of the pains  
He suffered to-day in refusing to play  
Are n't as bad as one twinge in his back.

There's Harry John Mifflin who says he must have  
Some tribute in words polite.  
But I'd less than a jiffy to write about Miffy,  
So he must n't be lonely, he is n't the only  
Golf-ball on the tee to-night.

When I returned from lands afar,  
And many things seemed strange,  
I tell you it was pretty nice  
To find some things don't change.

To find the skin on Shrubby's <sup>29</sup> nose  
Had been rubbed off once more.  
To see old Dave <sup>30</sup> go round the end,  
And just pile up the score.

To see Jo-ar <sup>31</sup> look wise and grave  
When he is n't so a bit,  
But meditates another try  
At forty-six to nit.

It's good to see the double pass  
Performed by Motley twins.  
While Waterbury yanks the ball,  
And Hoya <sup>32</sup> guards his shins.

To see the ancient graduates  
Perform the shoe-string trick.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

While Patten darts down half the field  
Backed up by Paddlequick.<sup>33</sup>

They tell me that to-morrow, though,  
We're going to find it torrid  
When we buck up 'gainst Hoppy's men,  
So just let 's lick them horrid.

It's good to see our Catcher Bold<sup>34</sup>  
Is with us once again,  
For when the swallows sing next May  
He'll cause St. Mark's much pain.

And I can tell you it is good  
When any dear old grad  
Comes up to grace our birthday feast,  
For we have missed them bad.

Yes, years may come and years may go,  
One finds the same old fire  
Burning as brightly as of old,  
Or warmer still, and higher.

We're thirteen years of age to-night,  
Older than some new-comers;  
We've got to set a lively pace,  
For those old grads were hummers.

God grant that you be worthy of  
Our black and red and white,  
And may you live to celebrate  
Many a birthday night.

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> *E. Motley.*
- <sup>2</sup> *A. H. Morse. Foundations of School House begun.*
- <sup>3</sup> *Mr. J. L. Coolidge.*
- <sup>4</sup> *Mr. Skarstrom or Cigar Stump. Inventor of Addyhumps.*
- <sup>5</sup> *J. H. Clifford.*
- <sup>6</sup> *E. C. Wilmerding.*
- <sup>7</sup> *R. H. I. Goddard.*
- <sup>8</sup> *L. E. Mahan.*
- <sup>9</sup> *S. B. Chittenden.*
- <sup>10</sup> *Louis Starr, Jr.*
- <sup>11</sup> *E. G. Chadwick.*
- <sup>12</sup> *Moncure Biddle.*
- <sup>13</sup> *Stuyvesant Fish, Jr.*
- <sup>14</sup> *Gorham Brooks.*
- <sup>15</sup> *G. C. W. Low.*
- <sup>16</sup> *W. D. Robbins.*
- <sup>17</sup> *Wendell P. Blagden.*
- <sup>18</sup> *Bayard C. Hoppin.*
- <sup>19</sup> *F. W. Sargent, Jr.*
- <sup>20</sup> *J. McV. Haight.*
- <sup>21</sup> *J. Hinckley.*
- <sup>22</sup> *E. B. Krumbhaar—said to resemble Carroll Greenough.*
- <sup>23</sup> *C. Ladd.*
- <sup>24</sup> *Mr. Griswold.*
- <sup>25</sup> *P. Little, Jr.*
- <sup>26</sup> *R. A. Derby.*
- <sup>27</sup> *T. H. P. Farr.*
- <sup>28</sup> *A. C. Larned—poet.*
- <sup>29</sup> *A. L. Devens, Jr.*
- <sup>30</sup> *D. S. Hawkins. Seventeen to two.*
- <sup>31</sup> *J. R. Swan.*

## NOTES

<sup>32</sup> *H. S. Hooker.*

<sup>33</sup> *R. Wheatland. The shoe-string trick produced the only score for the Alumni team.*

<sup>34</sup> *Mr. S. W. Sturgis—"The Bold."*



## CHRISTMAS

1897

[FRAGMENT]

WHEN the days grow dark and shorten,  
And there's chicken-pox at Groton;  
When the football team's disbanded,  
And the game is safely landed;  
When the athletes have no job,  
And the kids raise merry hob;  
And the Come Each Evening Club  
Has exhausted all my grub;  
When the hard-worked phonograph  
Hardly serves to raise a laugh,—  
Some of us—it may seem strange—  
Think we'd rather like a change;  
And with curious aberration  
Feel we'd quite enjoy vacation.  
Thus it is that yew and holly  
Seem particularly jolly,  
And the Homestead Hall to-day  
Looks unusually gay;  
And the music sounds so sweet,  
And it's simply bliss to eat,  
And our Christmas seems each year  
Doubly merry, doubly dear,  
For this annual occasion  
As a send-off to vacation,  
And a proof how strong the tie,  
Stronger still as years go by,

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

That unites the Homestead's Yule  
With the hearts of Groton School.

'T was on a winter's evening I was pondering what to  
say,  
When hopping o'er my window-sill appeared in plu-  
mage gay  
A Bird,<sup>1</sup> a Swan, a Crow it was, a Dodo or a Duck,  
It might have been a goose, perhaps, we'll call him so  
for luck.

Said I, "Here is some seed for you, come try it, Birdie  
deary."

Said he, "You give me such a pain, in fact you make  
me weary."

He said he'd come from Utica and flown on angel's  
wing,—

A lark more likely or a turtledove or some such thing.

He chirped and said, "Just call me any name you like  
on earth,

To make the brethren laugh and to contribute to the  
mirth.

Call me a wren, a buzzard or an odd ornithorhyncus.  
We birds don't really care so much what other people  
think us,

Call me a pelican, an owl or non extinctus aar,  
Call me a jay if you insist, but don't call me J. R."

Rub-a-dub Blubber<sup>2</sup>'s a nobleman,  
Tell you his pedigree? Yes, sir, he can.

CHRISTMAS 1897

He knows every word from the earliest hour  
When his ancestors sailed on the good ship Wall  
Flower.

The first Rubber Blubber was lower-deck scrubber.  
The others were seasick like any landlubber.  
And if you have gazed at the passenger list,  
And find that the name from its pages is missed,  
With countenance beaming your doubts he will veto —  
Why, all the nobility came incognito.

There once was a youth who would fain beseech,  
Even as you and I.  
So he *Pushed* through the crowd and he made his  
speech,  
But could n't obtain reply.

The Master was busy, he could n't attend  
To a thousand things at once;  
So a bystander whispered, "Sam,<sup>3</sup> my friend,  
Take my advice, don't be a dunce.

"If you wish to the favour of men to climb  
O'er the heads of the noisy and lesser,  
Don't wait for the order of 'One at a time,'  
But sweetly say, 'May I, Professor?'"

Sam catches the point and he takes the advice  
And alters his form of address;  
"Professor," says he, and there comes in a trice  
From the midst of the crowd a "Yes."

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

The weather's getting chilly as the winter time advances,

It's hard to keep a class-room very warm,  
And suffering and shivering 'mid Masters' songs and dances,

Distract the close attention of a Form.

But pity the poor sinners who are blowzy with their dinners,

Poor, gaunt and fragile creatures that they are.  
The two who cried, "We're freezing, we are wheezing, we are sneezing,"  
Were thin Richards<sup>4</sup> and emaciated Starr.<sup>5</sup>

—*Now let's look at Dupont.*—

Archie Brown has got an uncle  
Who admires Archie much;  
He confided to your poet  
Archie's golf just beat the Dutch.

He may look a tender stripling,  
But his uncle merely begs  
You'd observe below his middle  
He has got stupendous legs.

Last summer when Burnham was crossing  
The wild and restless sea,  
The soft-shell crabs and the tossing  
With his happiness did n't agree.

CHRISTMAS 1897

But to brighten his restless pillow,  
Beside him sat Markoe,  
And life on the ocean billow  
In every detail he knew.

Poor Burnham grew fainter and paler,  
Markoe never got out of breath,  
And Burnham may be a good sailor,  
But he nearly was talked to death.

Meantime on the Bay of Murray  
A rubicund epicure<sup>6</sup>  
Declared that a hog in a hurry  
Was one thing he could n't endure.

And our courtly society Gerry,  
After whirling a maid in a waltz,  
Abandoned the company merry  
(He swears that this legend is false).

But as I have heard the story,  
When once he his arm had placed,  
He forgot in the midst of his glory  
To remove it at all from her waist.

They've been building in the Gym of late a sort of  
prison grill,<sup>7</sup>  
With benches for the inmates whose behaviour has  
been ill.  
At least I'd so supposed at first, but had to stir my  
stumps,

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

When I found myself involved in the mad rush of  
addyhumps

However, I have learned at last it's neither this nor  
that,

But intended as a cage to keep our Happy Fam'ly  
at.

There are first, the jolly giants, Major Biggs<sup>8</sup> and  
Gen'ral Cush,

And Astral Swann<sup>9</sup> projected and the Infant with the  
Moosh.

I refer, of course, to Colly,<sup>10</sup> who don't care a single  
button

For anything but horses and for ladies and for  
mutton.

There's a great Brute of a Black Dog<sup>11</sup> and two  
little red dogs sweet,

And next year there'll be a White Dog<sup>12</sup> and our  
colours are complete.

And a little Brute's included, not a dog, but just a  
Mouse,<sup>13</sup>

And when the dogs and mice do scrap there's music  
in the house.

To add to the Museum there is Smokes's<sup>14</sup> long-lost  
smile;

Speak the magic word and watch his collar swelling  
out the while.

And just to add perfection to this perfectest of shows,  
Joe Grew exhibits daily his elastic skin and nose.

CHRISTMAS 1897

And Hugh Minturn shows his samples of a full line of  
cosmetics,  
Four little tubes of various kinds and lectures on  
æsthetics.

And the Showman, ah, the Showman of this Happy  
Familee,  
Is Frank Alsop, who, they tell us, is a sight worth  
while to see.  
He's a human sheep, they tell us, and he bleats  
"Just luke at that,"  
As he points out the exhibits and he passes round  
the hat.

—*Look at our Jim.*—

. . . . .

Hey diddle diddle,  
Pray, where is Biddle?<sup>15</sup>  
I've sought till I'm out of breath.  
Is it possible he finds his food disagree,  
Or only a case of Black Death?<sup>16</sup>

Old Rip Van Winkle,  
We're onto your wrinkle;  
It increases the winter's quickness  
If you sleep night and day;  
The time passes away,—  
This accounts for your curious sickness.

A sound of war is heard afar,  
A fight 'twixt Drexel Paul,



## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Competing for young Gracie's <sup>17</sup> smiles  
With his deadly rival Rawle.<sup>18</sup>

While Banty Emmons <sup>19</sup> holds the sponge,  
And cries, "Dawawn't lick me,"  
When young McCormick <sup>20</sup> makes attack  
Upon his dignity.

Sidney Breese is always famous for adherence to the  
truth,  
And he does n't mind conversing on the subject of his  
tooth;  
He takes it out quite cheerfully and shows it to his  
friends,  
And keeps it on his bureau among other odds and  
ends.

But the other day he lost it, and his worriment, I'm  
told,  
As he sought 'neath bed and bath-tub, was most pain-  
ful to behold;  
He'd cherished it like Minturn's watch or like some  
keepsake locket,  
But just as he had given up, he found it in his pocket.

Addie Humps! Addie Humps! a continual shriek,  
These days at the School we must mention.  
It is n't Choctaw and I know it's not Greek,  
Mr. Skarstrom's new call to attention.

You should see his gymnasium classes some day  
When there's kicking and jumping Buck.



## CHRISTMAS 1897

Not a bit of allowance is made for your age,  
But you somehow get through with good luck.

In that floor-stretching motion poor Richards gets cast,  
And has got to be helped to his feet, and a riddle  
It is as to what that strange boy has done last,  
The loose-jointed and absent-of-mind Rip Van  
Biddle.

We're very much straighter at last than we were,  
And for that we're in debt to our Swedish Instructor;  
On the road to sound health and strength physical,  
sir,  
You have been a most helpful and pleasant conductor.

There is a handsome stripling and the glory of his  
Form,  
And at managing the sliding-seat I tell you he is  
warm;  
He may not make the Varsity at college, he admits,  
But then he knows of other boats wherein the athlete  
sits.

"Can it be possible," says Jack, "you've never heard  
them tell  
There are such things as Freshman boats that often  
do quite well?"  
"The Varsity," says Minturn, "may not know where  
it is at,  
But there is left the Freshman boat—I'll row four  
years in that."

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

I've oft heard visitors exclaim  
Upon the beauty rare  
Of Groton landscape and the Joy  
Of breathing Groton air.

But in our Upper Sixth you've found  
A truly lovely picture,  
That is, unless the owner's run  
Amuck and nearly licked yer.

Notice the atmosphere of *Joy*,  
Observe the *Ivy*<sup>21</sup> twining,  
Just what the work of art depicts  
Is wholly past divining.

Shrube Devens is held quite a musical shark,  
We've all of us heard him warble;  
He knows Wagner and Schubert apart in the dark,  
And if they the truth don't garble.

They say his excitement this evening was great  
As he took in with rapture each tune;  
But he fervently begged that his neighbour would  
state  
Who was it who played the cocoon.

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> *J. R. Swan.*
- <sup>2</sup> *Roger A. Derby.*
- <sup>3</sup> *S. N. Hinckley.*
- <sup>4</sup> *John Richards.*
- <sup>5</sup> *L. Starr, Jr.*
- <sup>6</sup> *E. G. Chadwick.*
- <sup>7</sup> *Mr. Skarstrom's Stall bars.*
- <sup>8</sup> *F. B. Riggs.*
- <sup>9</sup> *A. Swann.*
- <sup>10</sup> *H. L. Whitridge.*
- <sup>11</sup> *Crawford and Wendell Blagden and W. Grosvenor.*
- <sup>12</sup> *F. Meredith Blagden.*
- <sup>13</sup> *E. Motley.*
- <sup>14</sup> *J. H. Smith.*
- <sup>15</sup> *Moncure Biddle.*
- <sup>16</sup> *Compulsory retirement to bed in Infirmary.*
- <sup>17</sup> *A. Gracie King.*
- <sup>18</sup> *H. Rawle.*
- <sup>19</sup> *N. Emmons—the Bantam Chi-icken.*
- <sup>20</sup> *C. B. McCormick.*
- <sup>21</sup> *R. H. I. Goddard—attentive to a fair neighbour.*



## BIRTHDAY

1898

WHEN the bloom is on the apple,  
And the field beside the chapel  
Once more echoes with enthusiastic cheers,  
I'm reminded of my duty  
To compose a rhyme of beauty  
As I've done so many times these fourteen years.

When the oyster feast is ended,  
And each belt a bit distended,  
And the leafy crowns are hanging somewhat lax,  
When you're satisfied with stuffin',  
And you've put more than enough in,  
You're invited to consider certain facts.

There's an awful lot to talk about,  
I only have to walk about  
Collecting the material for my mince;  
But I find the whole collection  
Turns out after close inspection  
To be little else than one vast squib on Prince.<sup>1</sup>

The new kids are a legion,  
And they permeate the region,  
And no doubt they're very laughable each one;  
But whene'er I ask a question,  
I receive the same suggestion,  
Freddie Prince, oh, have you heard what he has  
done?

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

This extraordinary being  
Goes to sleep when you're not seeing—  
The Rector hurls a book which gives some pain;  
But the very moment after,  
In the midst of all the laughter,  
He sweetly smiles and just drops off again.

Though upside down they stand him,  
And a seat uneasy hand him,  
In spite of warning kick or timely cough;  
Though they treat him as a loafer,  
Though they prop him on a sofa,  
It's no use, he is always dropping off.

On one foot he wears a slipper,  
Arctic on the other flipper,  
I pitied him and asked the cause what was it?  
"Two pairs nabbed by the old feller  
What keeps order in the cellar,  
And the rest were in the consecration closet."

"The man what runs the music  
Says his singing would make you sick,  
He is n't any use, his name is Mud;"  
So his sojourn in the Choir  
Was, he feared, a failure dire,  
And he dropped it with a fairly hasty thud.

"The Revenue what preaches,"  
And the other man what teaches,  
Made him look and find the value of twice zero.

## BIRTHDAY 1898

He thinks the name you spell  
Double E-y-r-a-l,  
But he 's certain that you must *pronounce* it hero.

I wondered as I glanced along the list  
Of names I had selected for my verse,  
If some one even quainter could exist,  
I found I simply went from bad to worse.

A youth I saw of open mien and frank,  
Expansive, beaming, protoplasmic Heaton<sup>2</sup>;  
And in his hand he held an order-blank,  
A blank indeed, for not a word was writ on.

This youth, it seems, was trying to procure  
From Mr. Cushing's shop a large inflator  
With which to blow himself up, for the poor  
Young thing was thinner than a peeled potater.

While sauntering the other day  
Through quiet study hall,  
I noticed that the Sixth Form talk  
Ran wholly upon ball.

"Ah, now," said I, "I'll get some points  
Concerning pigskin hunting,  
Concerning Brown's or Minturn's runs,  
Or Tiny Biggs's<sup>3</sup> punting."

But no, I found to my dismay  
It was n't that at all.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

The Sixth Form's minds were running on  
Another kind of ball,—

A ball where maidens fair are found,  
The pastimes of last summer,  
Upon which ball field I am told  
Dick Derby wooed a hummer.

She thought he was a Freshman grand—  
At least, so some one said;  
But when she found where she was at,  
This lady cut him dead.

They told how Philip Wharton said  
He could n't go to sail;  
It was n't that he was n't big,  
Nor dared not face the gale;

That future Groton youth is brave,  
He steers and reefs and furls,  
But there's no room for such as he—  
"Willie takes out the girls."

They told of Minturn, how he took  
Two hours to two miles,  
That secret long casino path  
With frequent waits 'tweenwhiles.

They told me how his cousin Hugh  
Counts *his* affairs by dozens;  
How all the girls in Murray Bay  
He claims are just his cousins.



## BIRTHDAY 1898

How Waterbury would n't go,  
With Mr. B. as witness,  
To help him tie the nuptial knot,  
In spite of his marked fitness.

'T was not worth while unless he could  
The blushing bride salute,  
But Whitridge stepped up like a man—  
Yes, Collie is a beaut.

He wanted to inspect "the Road,"<sup>4</sup>  
And that was why he went.  
Craighead inspects the selfsame road  
On engineering bent.

They told how Jackson gave away  
School ribbons to a dame  
Of certain age who rescued him  
When he in peril came.

How Lord<sup>5</sup> can't bear to talk to girls,  
"He gets so darned familiar."  
And Morin Hare his lady fair  
Describes in terms to kill yer.

She has an Irish upper lip,  
A graceful Jewish nose,  
And likewise upon either cheek  
A dainty whisker grows.

That Loving-kindness Turkey Low<sup>6</sup>  
Adores a fair soprano.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

And, oh, Markoe can ne'er forget  
His own dark maid of Arno.

She sought him over Alpine snow,  
This Signorina haughty,  
Barefoot she went to meet her beau,  
The Princess Pillicotti.

Oh, sing to me heigh diddle Biddle,  
And sing how he drops on the ball,  
And sing how he smote Brittle Little,<sup>7</sup>  
Who stood on his head in the hall.

By the overturned foeman he lingers,  
And whispered, "Oh, can he be dead?"  
He placed on the corpse his two fingers,  
And "down" was the word that he said.

"Down, down, down, down," cries Biddle,  
"That makes four downs, 't is known:  
To enlarge my chest when I take the strength test  
I indulge in massage with cologne."

The curly-haired black Leetle Beetle<sup>8</sup>  
Inherits this fierceness of race;  
He came near being hanged for the murder  
Of a coachman who worked on the place.

He held up a dagger beneath him—  
"Sit, Charles, sit," cried this juvenile thug.  
Charles sat—to the rapture unfeigned  
Of tiny black Beetle, the Bug.

BIRTHDAY 1898

Little Bayard Sturgis,  
Sitting 'neath the pump,  
Scorning it, defying it,  
Calling you a chump.

Heed the fate of Thorndike,  
Pumped by Mr. Nutter,  
Or the lot in store for you  
I refrain to utter.

Mr. Woods has asked him—  
Just to write him out  
Six or seven hundred stars  
At a single bout.

Up and at him, Sturgis—  
Smite him, that's the stuff;  
If you punch him in the head  
He'll see stars enough.

'T was once a privilege to dwell—how foolish—  
In swell apartments in the Country Club.<sup>9</sup>  
The discipline was—well was rather Coolidge,  
And there was lots of chance for secret grub.

In days gone by 't was thought the house was haunted,  
Some rat or cat upstairs, some pig below.  
'T was never seen, we only took for granted,  
It was a ghost, and so thought Bigelow.<sup>10</sup>

But, oh, the terror when the phantom seized him  
With iron fist, and large and larger grew;

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

He leaped from bed and 'mid the awe that freezed  
him  
Beheld the fearsome features of Markoe.

Since then, he sleeps not, smiles not, laughs not, eats  
not,  
An indigestion is his one excuse;  
Such risks he thinks a kind that one repeats not;  
For Country Clubs he has no further use.

Chickadee, dee, dee,  
Up in a twee,  
My wipsome, wopsome, willy willy woan.  
My twinxome, twanxome thwush,  
My diminutive end wush,  
My wollicking and weesome twee Toad Sloane.<sup>11</sup>

When Charlie Brown, big Charles I mean,  
Was staying down at Quogue,  
It chanced one eve an ancient dame  
Fell headlong in a bog.

Gordon and Charlie heard her shrieks,  
Ran at her wild alarms;  
They gave a yank, the dame came out,  
And swooned in Charlie's arms.

Then Charlie turned from Brown to red,  
But, ah, this damsel ripe  
Found it too dark to see his face,  
So Gordon <sup>12</sup> got the pipe.

## BIRTHDAY 1898

Old man Scrooge,<sup>13</sup>  
He deals in Rouge  
And rich tonsorial cream,  
And Sidney Breese his treatment took—  
It acted like a dream.

Screw Cryder scarce a drop had poured,  
Made Breese his head in vain bow,  
When with a leap his hair did sprout,  
All colours of the rainbow.

He seized on Friday's Psyche<sup>14</sup> knot,  
One which none dares insult,  
He said 't was bear's grease of the best;  
But look at the result.

There are two strange Whitneys lately come,  
A thin one and a fat.<sup>15</sup>  
The fat one finds our football slow  
And rather dull at that.

Accordingly he does n't feel  
He's called upon to cheer,  
But let him heed, thin Whitney's found  
A place for him next year.

For in the building going up  
Are sundry horrid spaces,  
Which Whitney (thin) thinks just the thing  
For similar disgraces.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

He's sure these holes are nothing else  
Than boot-boxes enormous,  
Enough for fat men who won't cheer  
Even when Second Formers.

When Blubber<sup>16</sup> visited the coast  
They thought that he was Spanish;  
Well, his complexion, I admit,  
Is rather black-and-tannish.

He felt his little brother's<sup>17</sup> pulse,  
And with a face appalled,  
Said, "You are ill and your complaint  
Is diagnosis called."

They sailed away for Labrador,  
Then Lloyd began to quake;  
He seemed to find much interest  
In gazing at the wake.

"Alas," said he, "I feel so faint,  
My cheeks have lost their roses.  
Say, brother, do you really think  
That this is diagnosis?"

Speaking of strength tests, have you heard  
Frank Sargent's eager question,  
When Mr. Richards bade him heed  
His very kind suggestion?

"When at the lifting test be sure  
You're careful not to haul

BIRTHDAY 1898

So hard that you are hoisted off  
The ground both feet and all."

Said Sargent, "Is it really true  
That sometimes men can be  
So very, very strong as that—  
Might it occur to me?"

I fain would indulge in a lengthier rhyme,  
But to do so I fear would consume too much time,  
To tell of the nicknames your wisdom bestows  
On new boys, and old boys, as every one knows;

The good ones and poor ones to carefully winnow,  
To decide whether little Fish should be called Min-  
now,  
Or just be called Saturday or Psycholetta,  
Or whether just Fisholene might not be better?

And perhaps a good name  
For young Breeselet the small  
Would be just The Zephyr,  
Or even The Squall.

To choose for young Pierrepont<sup>18</sup> some nickname like  
Subs.

Lloyd Derby would fain be diminutive Blubs.  
Should the new Ladd from Texas be simply named  
Laddie?

And should the young golfer Charles Brown be called  
Caddie?

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Would Button Head Billy<sup>19</sup> be happy as Buttons?  
And would Mr. Abbott be glad to be Muttons?  
I'd tell of McCormick<sup>20</sup> so startlingly plain  
That the sight of his face once arrested a train.

I'd sing of young Higginson's<sup>21</sup> necktie display,  
How he never puts on more than two in one day;  
How Swan went to sleep just when School had begun,  
And did n't appear till a month was nigh run.

Of the strange little demon beneath the School stair  
Who published the banns 'twixt the innocent pair:  
Thomaso Henricus Powerius Farr,  
And Gracie,<sup>22</sup> and lots upon lots about Starr.

Of Hinckley the younger who sat on a cheese,  
So strong that it held him with infinite ease.  
How Hadden's<sup>23</sup> bust nose really caused him some  
pain,  
And how Hammy<sup>24</sup> drinks only the wettest champagne.

How Thorndike's too light for to play on the first,  
How Weakly got strong till his shirt collar burst.  
I'd describe Mr. Jefferson's India bowls  
Made in England—but well, I will spare these poor  
souls.

And just a farewell for the present I'll say,  
And wish many happy returns of the day.



## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> *F. H. Prince, Jr.*
- <sup>2</sup> *Perry Heaton.*
- <sup>3</sup> *F. B. Riggs.*
- <sup>4</sup> *Leading north from G. S.*
- <sup>5</sup> *J. C. Lord.*
- <sup>6</sup> *G. C. W. Low—brought up at home on loving-kindness.*
- <sup>7</sup> *P. Little.*
- <sup>8</sup> *G. Biddle.*
- <sup>9</sup> *Upper apartments in Brooks House.*
- <sup>10</sup> *Cleveland Bigelow.*
- <sup>11</sup> *M. D. Sloane.*
- <sup>12</sup> *Tobacco pipe sent in gratitude to F. G. and C. T. Brown.*
- <sup>13</sup> *Ogden Cryder.*
- <sup>14</sup> *Stuyvesant Fish, Jr.—Friday-Fish, or Psyche.*
- <sup>15</sup> *George and James S. Whitney.*
- <sup>16</sup> *Roger A. Derby.*
- <sup>17</sup> *J. Lloyd Derby.*
- <sup>18</sup> *S. L. Pierrepont.*
- <sup>19</sup> *W. Grosvenor.*
- <sup>20</sup> *Chauncey B. McCormick.*
- <sup>21</sup> *J. J. Higginson.*
- <sup>22</sup> *A. G. King.*
- <sup>23</sup> *W. A. Hadden.*
- <sup>24</sup> *G. Brooks.*



## CHRISTMAS

1898

THE papers that we read are full of talk about expansion,  
sion,

But for a marvellous example contemplate this mansion.  
sion.

It does n't seem to terrify the hostess in the least,  
Whether the School has fifty boys to celebrate the  
feast,

Or nearly thrice that number; be it hundreds, be it  
ones,

It only is a question of some more ice cream and buns.  
The School is growing older and the School is growing  
bigger.

Our little Dan is 'most a man, our chirpy Sixth Form  
nigger.<sup>1</sup>

And Riggs, though once diminutive, or so his nurse  
declares,

When standing in the cellar finds his head some flights  
upstairs;

And even you, O brother bard, are certainly not  
smaller,

And with a wig to make me big, I also should be  
taller.

But time may go and we may grow, it makes no sort  
of trouble.

The Homestead's smile is twice as wide, its welcome,  
too, is double.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

The Christmas log burns brighter yet, the greens look  
even greener,  
The hostess even charmer than we before have  
seen her.  
And though our hearts will not forget the merry  
times of old,  
We write the record of to-night in extra brilliant  
gold.

Well, Oracle, here at the Homestead again  
We stand in these halls where we sung  
Our questions and answers so long ago when  
You and I and the others were young.

And now we will sing some new squibs for the  
boys.  
We're glad they continue to ask.  
And we'll add what we can at this time to their  
joys;  
It's a part of our regular task.

This annual concert's the fun of the year  
For all of us now at the School.  
And some graduates, too, it is not very queer  
To turn up here make it a rule.

I remember a Yale man a few years ago—  
I've forgotten just now who it was—  
Appeared without warning, so much indeed so  
I asked him to tell me the cause.

He answered he knew he had come a long way,  
And that while he was fond of the place,  
That was n't the motive that brought him, to say  
That it was so he had n't the face.

At New Haven he'd hurried to do everything,  
And then he had got out his bag,  
And come to entreat Mrs. Lawrence to sing  
That glorious Tennessee Flag.

Here's a question to answer, my erudite sage,  
The matter has bothered me much;  
But I'm always quite sure that a man of your age  
Understands every mystery such.

Tell me why is it true that American Schools  
Are so different—their purpose and aim  
Are similar quite—and so, too, are their rules,  
And the eye mark they take is the same.

For example, Southborough's not like us up here  
(There's a school in that township, you know);  
Their idea of sport and their standard is queer.  
I don't mean at all that it's slow.

They discountenance football, for instance, while we  
All prefer it—but argument's futile;  
Little science in games such as that can they see,  
And matches they call very brutal.

They have no objection in gen'ral to sport,  
But they don't care for this sport at all.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Apparently golf and such things are their forte,  
And they show quite a knack at baseball.

Now such things as those seem to us very tame—  
Rather slow; their attractions are few;  
But we've always been fond of our great autumn game—  
Why does n't St. Mark's love it too?<sup>2</sup>

Ah, but boys must be able in case of defeat  
On the spot to recall to their mind  
Some games in past seasons that they themselves beat,  
So as hope for the future to find.

And St. Mark's you and I even see—it is sad—  
Have n't any such hope—do not laugh.  
They only have won in the past—it's too bad—  
Out of twelve matches, two and a half.

This autumn if Aleck<sup>3</sup> had only been slow,  
And Jack<sup>4</sup> had n't kicked quite so straight,  
They say that to win they'd have had a fair show;  
But, however, it now is too late.

We thought through the fall of our invalid team  
As it got invalider each day,  
And we feared it had not in reserve enough steam  
For one half very fiercely to play.

But November the second they came on the field,  
And forgot all their pains and their aches;  
At the referee's whistle their sweaters they peeled,  
And their injuries seemed to be fakes.

For Jack had no throbbing pain up in his head,  
 Harry's<sup>5</sup> hip was in need of no aid.  
 And as for that harnessed-up shoulder of Ned<sup>6</sup>—  
 Do you remember the tackle he made?

No boy in the game was much hurt, and we had  
 No need to call in the reserves.  
 At times during play, though, they felt pretty bad,  
 And Charlie Brown shattered his nerves.

The result at the end was eleven to six;  
 We suppose that it might have been more;  
 But crippled so much we were in a bad fix,  
 And we're satisfied quite with the score.

We're sorry, dear Jack, that you now have got through;  
 We should like to keep such fellows nigh;  
 May success in life's greater things still go with you  
 And your team—so we wish you good-bye.

Now we're looking for wonders from Captain Eugene.<sup>7</sup>  
 He'll win if he can, and he ought.  
 He has veterans tried and new candidates keen,  
 And he's certain of Groton's support.

But speaking of captains and giving them praise,  
 We must see that we do not encroach  
 On the merit that in many indirect ways  
 Belongs to the hard-working coach.

A coach rarely's specially strong in physique,  
 But his business he never will shirk;

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

He performs conscientiously, even though weak,  
All his burdensome <sup>8</sup> *back-aching* work.

Yale College—and now quite in earnest I am—  
May have Walter, her greatest Eli,  
And Harvard in confidence cling to her Cam,<sup>9</sup>  
If Groton may keep her own Guy.

Oh, what will Arthur Swann do  
Through all the long vacation?  
Will skating on a pond do  
For Christmas recreation?

Or will he do as others do  
And swoop upon New York,  
And how the little brothers do  
With sisters will he talk?

Or will he go to Washington  
And see that town's delights?  
The famous library that's there  
And all the famous sights?

Oh, yes, he'll take the whole thing in,  
A dollar you can bet,  
Especially the parties where  
They dance the mignonette.

And Congress's great library,  
A building truly national,  
'T will be a pious sight to see,  
It *is* so congregational.



CHRISTMAS 1898

Blubber Dubber<sup>10</sup>'s going to sea,  
Silver buckles on his knee;  
Admiral, at least, he'll be,  
    Pretty Blubber Dubber.

In the distant Philippines,  
He'll command our new marines;  
Breaking hearts of Malay queens,  
    Pretty Blubber Dubber.

What's he going to do it for?  
Isn't he well off ashore,  
Selling stocks or grinding law,  
    Like a born landlubber?

Isn't it enough to reach  
Not the ocean, but the beach,  
As a pebble or a peach,  
    Pretty Blubber Dubber?

No, you see that mathematics,  
Conic sections and quadratics,  
Throw him into such ecstasies,  
    Pretty Blubber Dubber,

That he wants to serve the nation,  
Showing problem or equation,  
As applied to navigation,  
    Pretty Blubber Dubber.

He would fain among the Fijis  
Pepper forts and manage sieges,

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Scrubbing decks with bloody squeegees,  
Scrub her, Blubber, scrub her!

Like his grandsire, who he swore  
Lived on man meat at Samoa,  
Blubber, too, would like *some more*,  
Pretty Blubber Dubber.

Tell me, Oracle, what are these noises we hear  
Everywhere in the houses these days?  
They sound very weird and capricious and queer,  
Is the School getting into bad ways?

Down the library wing in the big house by day,  
And in the old building at night,  
You hear "thoo tha thay, thoo tha thay, thoo tha  
thay" —  
Are there people that do it for spite?

Why, if a Schoolmaster a heavy voice owns,—  
For control is a question of voice,—  
He sees that an order pronounced in deep tones  
Does n't leave to a boy any choice.

So the Masters at Groton are learning to sing,  
And the sounds that they make are quite queer;  
But their voices are getting a musical ring  
That is really a pleasure to hear.

There 's a danger that black marks tho', we are afraid,  
If applied in a sugary tone,

CHRISTMAS 1898

Will be very much less of a punishment made,  
And to mischief the boys will be prone.

A boy probably now will excite a big row  
And possibly try to show cheek;  
And purposely get misdemeanour marks now  
That a honey-voiced Master may speak.

By the way, now we're speaking about a good voice,  
It is à propos just at this place—  
If a man were informed he'd be given his choice  
Should he choose a good tenor or bass?

Lydig Hoyt, he can tell you—'t is said he confessed  
As he looked our society o'er,  
Though himself fond of bass, that a tenor was best,  
You attract all the ladies far more.

Shivering Ben Moseley,  
Shaking on the stoop  
Of the cold gymnasium,  
Catching grippe or croup.

Wherefore does he cower so?  
What can ail the lad?  
Walking apparatus so  
Very lightly clad.

Ben was doing exercise  
Of the Swedish nation.  
Knickybocks got whisked away  
Into confiscation.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Mr. Skarstrom then departs,  
Takes the train for Boston;  
Therefore, Ben appears in clothes  
Somewhat lightly tossed on.

Poor Harry Markoe was feeling blue;  
What ailed the luckless feller?  
I've heard it said as he tossed in bed,  
He raved about Isa——.

You visited him, the rumour runs,  
As he lay in the quarters cheerful  
They call the Infirmary—popular spot—  
Did you find his condition fearful?

I took his hand and felt his pulse,  
“Poor boy, what symptoms ail yer?”  
“’Tis nothing,” he moaned, “I’m afflicted with  
A plain case of heart failure.”

I wish to make a catalogue  
Of Varsity affairs—  
A list of all the graduates,  
The captains and the players.

’T would be a very lengthy list  
To get in all the heroes—  
The deeds they’ve done, the races won,  
The seventeens to zeros.<sup>11</sup>

Now whom do you advise me to  
Consult on these details?

CHRISTMAS 1898

Who is the great authority,  
Whose memory never fails?

Ask fiery Jack, young Higginson,  
The fighter and authority.  
This athlete crank can rattle off  
In order of seniority,

Extending back full fifteen years,  
'Mid thunders of applause,  
The glorious roll with date and times  
And all the glorious scores.

Have you any idea why the head of the School  
Refuses to wear riding gaiters these days?  
I know in the saddle 't was always his rule  
To wear them—then where did he get his new ways?

I've noticed the same thing exactly as you,  
And I think that I know the entire reason why—  
A stranger appeared on the grounds just a few  
Days ago, and since then of that dress he's been shy.

The stranger he looked at the Head Master grim,  
And examined his gaiters with care. "If I can  
I must speak to the janitor of the School Gym,"  
So he said—"Ah, it's likely that you are the man."

When Gaspar Bacon goes to bed  
And idle dreams do fill his head,  
The foolish little goosey,

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Do you suppose he 's feeling lonely,  
Or is it heavy breathing only  
That makes him murmur "Lucy"?

Oh, no, 't is no surprising fact  
If you could see how some folks act,  
Throughout the livelong day.  
Charles Appleton and Auchincloss  
And Brownny, you 'd not be at loss  
At aught that he may say.

If A <sup>12</sup> loves D and tells to B  
The state of C's affections,  
No wonder B should mention names  
In slumber's recollections.

'T is but a sum in algebra  
That 's running in their head;  
These love-sick swains their alphabet  
Repeat each night in bed.

And each in turn one photograph  
Beneath his pillow places;  
They pass it round and dream of it—  
I wonder whose the face is?

Oh, have you heard the style of thing  
That wily Woolsey wears? <sup>13</sup>  
How his binomial biceps are  
Encased from winter airs?

CHRISTMAS 1898

I know that Linzee Woolsey is  
A kind of fuzzy stuff,  
But for the cruel winter term  
'T is surely not enough.

Oh, yes, his shapely person,  
From collar down to toes,  
From heels to head, is swathed in red  
Tomato underclothes.

T'other day people say there was glorious fun  
At the pond—were things there in bad straits?  
Or why did the fellows come down on a run,  
Not to see Texas' brother<sup>14</sup> on skates?

Yes, that I can tell you was sport quite enough,  
Though William he called it not nice;  
On the Western prairies—that's why it seemed  
rough—  
He informs us they never have ice.

A sandy young man, so he joined the first squad,  
But their pace was too fast, "dear me suz!"  
He muttered, "What chance for one's life in the  
horde?  
Good gracious, and how they do buzz."

But swifter and swifter they seemed to fly round  
Until all bewildered he grew;  
And he yelled when a friendly visage he found,  
"Mr. Abbott, oh, save me—won't you?"

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Have you noticed Polly Wharton?<sup>15</sup>

He's the oddest thing in Groton;

He wanders round distracted through  
the halls.

He hunts in every cranny

Like a regular old granny,

And examines all the chinks in all the  
walls.

With a most distracted air

He will overturn his chair,

And say he's only hunting for some  
spiders.

His locks are wild and shaggy,

And his pants are getting baggy,

And he'll soon be growing quite a pair  
of siders.

Don't worry, brother poet,

He's all right, though he don't know it,

He's only lost his antiquated hat.

Santa Claus to get the size

Stole it 'neath his very eyes,

And his Christmas stocking will take care  
of that.

And next term his dormitory

When he comes in all his glory,

And they hear his deep bass voice and  
warning cough,



CHRISTMAS 1898

Shall quake when he displays it,  
And on his head arrays it,  
When he goes to bed and kicks his slippers off.

Sam Crocker wants to buy, please,  
A belt of Groton colours,  
A piece he 'd like to try, please,  
Not worth too many dollars.

Now tell me, brother songster,  
How big a strip would span  
The waistband that belongs ter  
The friend of this young man?

He surely must have tested  
And probably knows well,  
Perhaps the friend requested  
That Sammy would n't tell.

But really now he can't, sir,  
Conceal it from a bard;  
The tintype gives the answer,  
The measure's just one yard.

Mr. Sturgis was absent from Groton one week  
And we know not what he was a-doing.  
Johnny Richards, however, and some of his clique  
Said they guessed that he 'd gone off a-wooing.

Now Johnny's so expert, I don't take his word—  
Was it nothing but gossip talk?

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Has there anything happened, or what have  
you heard  
Of the luck that he had in New York?

Yes, Johnny was right, he was off on a search  
For something too scarce here,—a wife.  
Quite successful he was and not left in the lurch,  
He found one to tie to for life.

There's one point in the matter that I would  
remark:  
Any man can be secret who tries.  
You kept all your friends, Warrie, quite in the  
dark,  
The announcement was such a surprise.

At last we congratulate now that we may,  
And while we perceive your consarns  
Are your private affairs, yet at least we can say  
She belongs to all Groton, Miss Barnes.

Will you give her a welcome for us, if you please,  
We promise she'll love it up here,  
And she'll learn just as we have learned all of  
these years  
Our surroundings to hold very dear.

While wandering in study hall  
I observed a scene of ruin—  
The pictures nicked, holes punched in the wall,  
What have the boys been doing?

CHRISTMAS 1898

I timidly venture to thrust my head  
In the Senior Prefect's door,  
To find him doubtless absorbed in Greek  
Or some such improving lore.

But no, my head I had scarce thrust in  
When I hurriedly drew it back  
In time to escape a sudden death  
From the innocent hands of Jack.<sup>16</sup>

For round like a windmill his weapon flew —  
My ear it had barely missed.  
What do you suppose our Prefect's at?  
Is he trying to limber his wrist?

Ah no, he's afflicted, he's slightly daft,  
So we just shut him up in there.  
And give him a driver and just let him loose  
To make slices and pulls at the air.

He mutters in language uncouth and weird  
About putting holes, where can he dig 'em?  
He never reads Homer or Shakespeare or Scott,  
He murmurs quotations from Whigham.

While off in a corner there cowers Monsieur,<sup>17</sup>  
And dodges and ducks and quivers.  
While Jack is expounding some point, observe,  
Of the merits of rival drivers.

I'd like, if I had time, to ask  
A lot of other questions;

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

And get my brother bard's advice  
And many kind suggestions.

I'd like to know what happened when  
Jack Peabody, 't is said,  
Once took a drive with a fair maid  
Until his horse fell dead.

I'd also, for Luigi's<sup>18</sup> sake,  
Be very glad to see  
If next year's first eleven pads  
Quite thick enough will be.

For Perry Osborn's sake I'd ask—  
To keep him in the dark—  
How many latenesses it takes  
To equal one black mark?

To ascertain the final fate  
Of Richards who got stuck,  
When cruel brethren bootboxed him,  
And left him there for luck.

But I really must stop,  
I am ready to drop.  
To all a good-night  
And holidays bright.

Merry Christmas to all and a glad Christmas greeting,  
So farewell to you now till our next merry meeting.

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> *Nigger Dan*—G. Draper.
- <sup>2</sup> *Eleven to six.*
- <sup>3</sup> *A. Craighead.*
- <sup>4</sup> *J. C. Waterbury.*
- <sup>5</sup> *H. S. Hooker.*
- <sup>6</sup> *E. Bowditch, Jr.*—later known at Harvard as *Peter the Great, Czar of all the Rushers.*
- <sup>7</sup> *E. V. R. Thayer, Jr.*
- <sup>8</sup> *Head Coach Ayrault* suffered cruelly from his back about this time.
- <sup>9</sup> *Cameron Forbes*—Head Coach at Harvard. *Walter Camp*—Head Coach at Yale.
- <sup>10</sup> *Roger Derby.*
- <sup>11</sup> *B. H. Dibblee's* score against Yale.
- <sup>12</sup> *A = Appleton. D = ? B = Bacon. C = Charles S. Brown, Jr.*
- <sup>13</sup> *H. M. Woolsey.*
- <sup>14</sup> *W. Ladd*—brother of *Texas Carolyn.*
- <sup>15</sup> *W. P. Wharton.*
- <sup>16</sup> *J. C. Waterbury.*
- <sup>17</sup> *H. DuPont.*
- <sup>18</sup> *L. H. W. DeKoven.*



# GROTON CLUB OF HARVARD

DINNER AT HOTEL SOMERSET

1899

I WONDER if you remember  
The mystic sign K. I.,  
Which made the poor kid to tremble  
And the fountains fill his eye?

Well, that was what came to me, sirs,  
At a rather late hour last night,  
From the Rector's study awful,—  
An old-time Kompulsive Invite.

In consequence here you see me,  
A crushed and broken thing;  
He sentenced me without pity  
To open my mouth and sing

A song in Groton's honour  
At special request of Ben,<sup>1</sup>  
And I've had three recitations  
And a tooth pulled out since then.

So if my lines are hasty,  
Pray think of the notice short,  
You've heard my rhymes by the thousand,  
And these are the same old sort.

In modern times we hear much talk  
Of needful annexation.

GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

From great to greater grew New York,  
And so with this whole nation.

And thus to show as years go on  
That old times are n't forgotten,  
The Faculty hereby salute  
You, of the Greater Groton.

And greater still as years go on  
We, too, expect to grow,  
Although subscriptions seem to come  
Unusually slow.

Yet there are other kinds of growth  
We celebrate to-night,  
My girth, for instance, this past hour  
Has made my waistband tight.

My heart enlarged has likewise been  
By all these genialities,  
By Harvard welcome, Harvard cheer,  
And Harvard hospitalities.

Which leads me to remark whate'er  
I think of Filipinners,  
I heartily approve of this  
Expansion *via* dinners.

So hoping I'll be asked again,  
And pretty fairly often,  
I'll mention half a dozen names  
To get some squiblets off on.



GROTON CLUB OF HARVARD 1899

On such an occasion as this  
One's expected to reminisce,  
So in memory fly to the days gone by,  
The days of childhood's bliss.

Behold an animal fair,  
The kids and the goats are there.  
And Rex Hædorum, the King of the Kids,<sup>2</sup>  
Is occupying the chair.

I incline to think that it'll  
Surprise you to know how brittle  
And fragile a thing was this kidlets king,  
In the days when we *called* him little.

Whoever'd have thought it then  
That he'd come to be king of men,  
That this chicken, this young un, this fat little  
Onion,  
Would succeed to the post of Ben?<sup>3</sup>

Of Ben the midget who  
On the msteenth twenty-two  
Would wriggle and squirm like a Dibbleeized  
worm—  
A marvel at getting through.

Ah, who would believe to-day,  
With his temples crowned with bay,  
So handsome he'd look in the Madam's scrap-  
book—  
And beneath what the newspapers say?

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Of course, we always knew he  
Whatever he tried would do; he  
Was just that kind, but what words do we find?  
He's a greater hero than Dewey.

At this animals' fair the third  
Was known as the Phililoo<sup>4</sup> Bird,  
A very diminutive quaint little cuss  
With intellect quite absurd.

And to-day when boys are blunderous,  
And the skating is tempting under us,  
A half holiday is declared straightway,  
For Bayard's done something wondrous.<sup>5</sup>

Besides the Phililoo,  
Another Cutting, too,  
Was known for his quips and his merry jests,  
But he could n't add three and two.

And Haughty<sup>6</sup> could twirl the sphere  
Even then in that early year,  
And diminutive Doug<sup>7</sup> in those days could slug,  
In those days forever dear

To my heart—why need I say,  
For him who is far away?  
Our gentle, unselfish Tiny Tim,<sup>8</sup>  
Ah, would he were here to-day.

The kids grow big, and in their places,  
Behold, a row of genial faces.

GROTON CLUB OF HARVARD 1899

Instead of Douglas, Ben and Walt,<sup>9</sup>  
There 's Bobo,<sup>10</sup> Pete,<sup>11</sup> and Johnny Salt.<sup>12</sup>

Each in his several sphere is famed,  
I meant the whole gang to have named,  
To tell the history of each kid  
From oldest graduate down to Bid.<sup>13</sup>

Describe the antics as a child  
Of Grandpa <sup>14</sup> in the forests wild.  
How little Rook <sup>15</sup> was sometimes Huffy,  
How very quaint indeed was Puffy.<sup>16</sup>

Of Howard Gray and also Teddy,<sup>17</sup>  
And of the tiny coxswain Steady.<sup>18</sup>  
How Farrington and Clark e'en then  
On baseball fields were famous men.

Of Lawrences and Postlethwaite,  
And Stanton Whitney's bustle weight.  
I'd turn out couplets in a jiffy  
Describing Sully, Smokes or Miffy.

There's lots and lots of things to tell  
Of Black Dog, Shrube, or Bertie Bell.  
I might immortalize the sins  
Of the enchanting Motley twins.

But as I wrote this in the train,  
I found that I must eke refrain,  
For though the train was hardly fast,  
It really did arrive at last.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

And so I came to sudden end,  
And now must ask my worthy friend  
To make the Gone Club<sup>19</sup> sing their ditty,  
They're gone from School, the more's the pity.

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> *B. H. Dibblee—President of G. C. of H.*
- <sup>2</sup> *W. A. M. Burden—the Chicken or Onion.*
- <sup>3</sup> *Captain elect of Harvard University Eleven, vice B. H. Dibblee, recently victorious over Yale.*
- <sup>4</sup> *W. Bayard Cutting, Jr.*
- <sup>5</sup> *John Harvard Scholarship and Half Holiday at Groton.*
- <sup>6</sup> *P. D. Haughton—pitcher in 5-2 and 6-5 baseball games vs. St. Mark's; later Captain of Harvard Varsity Nine.*
- <sup>7</sup> *F. D. Cochrane.*
- <sup>8</sup> *Clarke Thomson.*
- <sup>9</sup> *W. L. Cutting.*
- <sup>10</sup> *A. R. Sargent.*
- <sup>11</sup> *F. L. Higginson, Jr.*
- <sup>12</sup> *J. L. Saltonstall.*
- <sup>13</sup> *M. H. Birkhead.*
- <sup>14</sup> *D. F. Carpenter.*
- <sup>15</sup> *R. S. Rainsford.*
- <sup>16</sup> *C. B. Curtis.*
- <sup>17</sup> *Edward Gray, Jr.*
- <sup>18</sup> *J. W. Stedman.*
- <sup>19</sup> *Successor of Groton Quartette and Predecessor of Go-on Club and Go-away Club.*



## BIRTHDAY

1899

SOME fifteen years it was ago  
A small and lusty brat  
Arrived upon this scene of woe,  
Healthy, and strong, and fat.

The friends and sponsors gathered round  
Pronounced the child no fool,  
The infant was, as you 'll have guessed,  
None else than Groton School.

The Masters were a youthful three,  
The dark one had no beard.<sup>1</sup>  
The great one's <sup>2</sup> figure still was thin,  
The third's <sup>3</sup> thick hair looked weird.

So thick that Carroll Greenough when  
He saw our photograph  
But yesterday said, "Who's that man?  
His topknot makes me laugh."

And one there was whose warning voice  
Made all those Masters hurry;  
The School's presiding genius she,  
Our Madam dear McMurray.

The infant grew, its prowess spread,  
And in the dormitories  
Have oft repeated been the tales  
Of all its early glories.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Of Lancaster and Worcester town,  
Of fifty-two to zero.  
Emmons and Ives and Popper Cross,  
And many another hero.

But finally it grew so great  
That to a larger mansion  
It had to move to celebrate  
This era of expansion.

We moved last Wednesday from a scene  
Of horrible compression.  
And after many, many weeks,  
At last we're in possession.

The building,<sup>4</sup> I would have you note,  
Has bunches of facilities  
To give us scope to carry out  
Our truly great abilities.

I've got a room with walls so thick  
That when I raise my voice—  
A thing I *very* seldom do—  
The Rector hears no noise.

And Mr. Abbott has been put  
Some passages away,  
His gentle whispering don't clash  
With what *I* want to say.

No longer kids in school-room hours  
Upon the floor are stood.



## BIRTHDAY 1899

Those brackets are the very thing  
To stand on when not good.

And Mr. Griswold says at last  
He's got a lab'ratory.  
In future, physics class will be  
A very different story.

Ah, different indeed 't will be,  
In fact, the only trouble  
Appeared to be it is so big  
He wishes he were double.

Accordingly he is resolved  
No longer to stay single.  
Hurrah, then, for the wedding bells,  
And merry may they jingle!

In Europe when we saw him not  
His conduct was so sly  
That when we heard of those boquets,  
We winked the other eye.

We learned he'd gone upon a tour,  
A party of professors;  
But of their *daughters* not a word  
Vouchsafed he to the guessers.

Ah, little did we reckon then—  
How could we then divine—  
That in a few short weeks we'd hear  
Th' enraptured cry, "She's mine!"

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

But when we saw his London clothes,  
And noticed on his mouche  
That extra twirl, we were prepared  
To welcome Mrs. Push.

A royal welcome, too, we'll give,  
These halls with cheers will shake,  
For judging by experience  
When to themselves they take

A wife, the Faculty is blessed  
With wonderful success.  
The Bold<sup>5</sup> deserved the Fair he won—  
So here's to Mrs. S.

But you'll wonder what I'm doing  
If I don't brace up and say  
A thing or two about the kids,  
The heroes of to-day.

For on these birthday festivals  
The kids first learn with pain  
What quaint young animals they are,  
And don't do so again.

My usual course in composing these rhymes  
Is to tackle my afternoon guests,  
On Sundays and such other festival times,  
And ask them for points and for jests.

Last Sunday, however, on trying this scheme,  
I found when I entered my hall

## BIRTHDAY 1899

That the Third and Fourth Forms had just grabbed  
at the grub,  
And fled without making a call.

In future I must be compelled to rely,  
When trying to get up my jokes,  
On the heaviest eaters, who're sure to stand by,  
Such eaters, for instance, as Stokes.

For behaviour I'm sure the First Form takes the cake,  
Whatever the Third Form may do.  
Why, Prince<sup>6</sup> thinks so much of these afternoon teas  
That he's nicknamed me Mr. Googoo.

And Hadden,<sup>7</sup> the youngest, prepares him and prinks,  
And brushes his ivory teeth  
With carbolic soap of the kind the dogs use—  
For cleanliness give him the wreath.

McMichael takes pains for a whole week ahead  
To practise society's airs.  
He thinks it is wise to acquire the art  
Of gracefully sitting on chairs.

So he tried in the class-room to tilt back his seat,  
And with horror his kind teacher saw  
(The *chair* lost its balance, it was n't *his* fault)  
He'd McWiggled himself to the floor.

While Tilney adorns his new golden-haired doll,  
And Newbold his nanny-goat decks

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

With a brass-studded collar engraved with an "N,"  
And brings it to pay its respects.

The nanny's not his, to be sure he declares,  
It only belongs to his sister,  
And, oh, so respectful are Hickup and King,<sup>8</sup>  
And Osborn calls Hemenway "Mister."

While little boy Buttons<sup>9</sup> puts on his best coat,  
And the latest boy Butler they name him.  
If he thinks that the pun is a trifle remote,  
I'm sure I'm not going to blame him.

And the little White Dog<sup>10</sup> trots along of himself,  
To do justice to cake and to tea.  
And Leander the Plummer, with cast-iron back,  
Is n't backward in joining the spree.

I travelled wide, I travelled far,  
When summer days were here,  
To see whatever I might see,  
And hear what I might hear.

Where'er I went, all people talked  
About the devious ways  
Of the mysterious Kissing Bug,  
Myotis Picipes.

But 't was n't till I had returned  
At last I came to know,  
The Kissing Bug was caught at last,  
Its name was Turkey Low.<sup>11</sup>

## BIRTHDAY 1899

His maple-sugar kisses were  
The sweetest thing on earth.  
Like Roosevelt <sup>12</sup> at the candy pull  
When maidens in their mirth

Threw the molasses at his face,  
Or Randolph,<sup>13</sup> whom they say,  
Southampton maidens greeted in  
A most effusive way.

Heart failure was his ill, he said.  
They held him by the hand  
To feel his pulse,—these maids declared,—  
And Bertie thought it grand.

And now he asks that some kind friend  
Will place at his disposal  
The very latest formula  
For making a proposal.

And Alvah Crocker, too, 't is said,  
To follow the example  
Of Mr. Griswold is prepared,  
And we're not sure but the scamp will.

We all allow the new boy Howe <sup>14</sup>  
Of learning is a star.  
But spelling turnip's not his forte,  
He writes it t-i-r.

I hear lots of talk from way back New York,  
That Lipton can't get any race

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Because of the calm as dead as a clam,  
And he thinks it's a shame and disgrace.

If he'd only ask me, I could furnish him free  
Any kind of a wind that he pleases;  
For with Jimmy and Sid and Bobby the Kid,  
We rejoice in no less than three Breeses.

When Lawrance <sup>15</sup> is n't building some new boat  
I wonder how he occupies his hours?  
Except that his creations will not float  
They seem to have all kinds of wondrous powers.

A cat-boat or some other kind of skiff he  
Will turn into a full-rigged ship or brig,  
Flying machine or proa in a jiffy,  
Just twice as slow as in her former rig.

But when beneath his keel no longer gurgling  
Is heard the water, then he comes to land,  
And straightway to the gentle art of burgling  
This versatile inventor turns his hand.

With mask and lantern and unloaded pistol  
His guests he holds up in the dead of night,  
And rifles all their money, while his whistle  
Osborn <sup>16</sup> awaits half paralyzed with fright.

The victim, as a little bird reported,  
Had been forewarned and did n't mind a bit,  
And so the horrid purposes were thwarted,  
But Lawrance was nigh scared into a fit.

BIRTHDAY 1899

We must set Leaky <sup>17</sup> on this bold bad villain,  
For he is just the man to catch a thief.  
The trouble is that Leaky's never willin'  
To testify and cause a robber grief.

Twinkle, twinkle, Louis Starr,  
My! how beautiful you are.  
When you go to do your shopping,  
Right and left the prices dropping,  
Prove what your good looks can do  
When the shop-girls glance at you.

They call him of Brooks House the Vicar,  
The hero I celebrate next;  
Perhaps I shall get through the quicker  
By taking this loftier text.

McVickar <sup>18</sup> of Brooks House suggested  
He'd got this new nickname of late,  
Because he was called Parson Leggy,  
Instead of plain Mary Ann Haight.

While Richards, thin stripling, protested  
This title was perfectly bully.  
This slinging of epithets, look at his curls,  
Why should n't they call *him* Red Wully.

But now to return to my Vicar,  
The Reverend Billings, I mean,  
He's tired of sitting at table  
On a chair where he cannot be seen.



## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

So he got him a carpenter busy  
Who made him a high-chair straightway.  
And now from this altitude dizzy,  
He leads the Blue Bottle affray.<sup>19</sup>

There was once a Beetle, his name was Moncure,<sup>20</sup>  
His age seventeen, but his shooting was poor.  
He managed his gun in a manner peculiar,  
And when he took aim he was likely to fool yer.

Now was the gun loaded? Just there was the puzzle.  
He grabbed at the handle and gazed down the muzzle.  
Ay, laugh at his conduct eccentric and queer,  
It's all very well, but *we* did shoot that deer.

One summer morning as I was yawning  
And longing for diversion and variety,  
As chance directed, my eye selected  
The sheet which tells the doings of society.

And there unheeding, as I was reading  
I saw a picture of a Four in hand.  
And on it sitting in costume fitting  
Quite the most skilful whip in all the land.

The paper said it must give the credit  
To one who drove much better than most men.  
And all must own, sirs, that Tweedle<sup>21</sup> Sloane, sirs,  
Can drive a coach, though he is not yet ten.

What will become I wonder much  
Of Stockton<sup>22</sup> when he dies?



## BIRTHDAY 1899

This question has been asked of me,  
And this is my surmise:

If Ducky is but lucky  
I see no good excuse  
Why he should not develop to  
A beautiful white goose.

When to these halls of learning we returned,  
We found no gasoline at Brooks House burned,  
And Mr. Billings nearly had a fit.  
When by some lucky freak upon the scene,  
Boot-black McCormick chanced to intervene,  
And some one straightway had a flash of wit.

Said he, "My brethren, I am much surprised  
That no one yet has ever utilized  
The flow of natural gas that streams from Chauncey."  
And with the word he quickly struck a match,  
Applied it to McCormick with despatch,  
And dazzling was the glare, as you may fancy.

A solemn ceremony,  
A dread initiation,  
More horrible than funny  
Occurred on one occasion.

Hark! while I tell you of it;  
The idea makes me clammy;  
The awful veiled prophet  
Was only gentle Hammy.<sup>23</sup>

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

They swathed him with dissembling,  
And then the luckless kid  
With quaking and with trembling  
He kissed him, yes, he did.

We're pleased to notice Harrison <sup>24</sup> —  
How is that dear old foggy?  
His guide, philosopher and friend —  
How is he, how is Roguey? <sup>25</sup>

I'd like to talk another hour  
Now that I've got you in my power,  
And tell of Pot <sup>26</sup> the woman hater;  
Perhaps I'll do so somewhat later.

Of Bawky's <sup>27</sup> shirt and Whitney's <sup>28</sup> socks,  
How Thayer <sup>29</sup> breaks through and Minturn <sup>30</sup>  
blocks.

How Mr. Gladwin and the Brave <sup>31</sup>  
Both tried their best the Choir to save.

And when they both had done their best,  
They sang, "Who doth not crave for rest?"  
Of Sawyer, <sup>32</sup> Chuchu's <sup>33</sup> little brother,  
Who said to Woden, <sup>34</sup> "You're another."

How Norman Prince at tether ball  
Found Hollister <sup>35</sup> no fun at all.  
How glad we are that Mr. Marvin  
Is in our mongst to do the carvin'

## BIRTHDAY 1899

For lively kids like Paris Green,  
Or Grosvenor Red, or Margarine,<sup>36</sup> —  
A name well earned by Hodges fat,  
A very walking butter-pat.

How Psyche<sup>37</sup> treats his mastiff badly,  
And Testy<sup>38</sup> Parrish goes round sadly  
Hunting for golf balls, midst the Heifers  
Who used to be in Sparta Ephors.

G. Beetle's pawn shop in his mug,  
Robbins's puffs when going to slug.  
How Kobbe sailing, found a bore  
Got sea-sick, longed to get on shore.

Of Charlie Appleton's queer clothes,  
All of one piece from nose to toes.  
How Mr. Gladwin fed the whale,  
How Draper, too, enjoyed that sail.

How Mr. Woods declined to laugh  
In spite of all the brethren's chaff.  
How Dunky<sup>39</sup> likes to be conspicious,  
And Larned's nose looks somewhat vicious.

How Webb and Whitney measured legs,  
And how thin Whitney humbly begs,  
And Watson Webb doth eke intreat,  
The size I'd not tell of their feet.

How Ewey Thayer congratulated  
The kid by his good luck elated.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

His birthday was the same as Ewey's,  
Of Blubs <sup>40</sup> and other future Deweys.

How Dooney Humpy <sup>41</sup> and Miss Kelly <sup>42</sup>  
Both loved a maiden christened Nelly,  
And bushels of such other stuff,  
But really I have said enough.

The School is old, 't is fifteen year  
(The jokes are ancient too, I fear);  
But 't is the same old place we know  
Who knew and loved it long ago.

And better still 't will be, I ween,  
When it has finished sweet sixteen.  
Thus rising still from good to best,  
I leave it—you may take a rest.

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> *Mr. Billings.*
- <sup>2</sup> *The Rector.*
- <sup>3</sup> *The Author.*
- <sup>4</sup> *New School Building used for the first time October 11, 1899.*
- <sup>5</sup> *Mr. S. W. Sturgis.*
- <sup>6</sup> *F. H. Prince, Jr.*
- <sup>7</sup> *H. F. Hadden.*
- <sup>8</sup> *Edward King.*
- <sup>9</sup> *G. Butler.*
- <sup>10</sup> *Meredith Blagden.*
- <sup>11</sup> *G. C. W. Low.*
- <sup>12</sup> *J. R. Roosevelt.*
- <sup>13</sup> *A. B. Randolph.*
- <sup>14</sup> *George Howe.*
- <sup>15</sup> *C. L. Lawrance.*
- <sup>16</sup> *A. Perry Osborn.*
- <sup>17</sup> *R. R. Leaycraft.*
- <sup>18</sup> *J. McV. Haight.*
- <sup>19</sup> *Birthday Song of the Fifth Form.*
- <sup>20</sup> *M. Biddle.*
- <sup>21</sup> *M. D. Sloane.*
- <sup>22</sup> *Howard Stockton—"Ducky."*
- <sup>23</sup> *Gorham Brooks.*
- <sup>24</sup> *G. H. Mifflin.*
- <sup>25</sup> *Roguey, his pet dog.*
- <sup>26</sup> *J. W. Fuller Potter.*
- <sup>27</sup> *J. Auchincloss.*
- <sup>28</sup> *G. Whitney.*
- <sup>29</sup> *Captain E. V. R. Thayer.*
- <sup>30</sup> *J. W. Minturn.*

## NOTES

- 31 *Mr. Ayrault.*
- 32 *A. W. Sawyer.*
- 33 *W. P. Blagden.*
- 34 *Mr. Woods.*
- 35 *Buell Hollister.*
- 36 *Carroll Hodges.*
- 37 *Stuyvesant Fish, Jr.*
- 38 *J. C. Parrish.*
- 39 *J. R. Hooper, Jr.*
- 40 *Roger Derby.*
- 41 *R. Duane Humphreys.*
- 42 *Shawn Kelly.*

## CHRISTMAS

1899

[FRAGMENT]

Good brother bard, I fear that my report  
Upon the School affairs is somewhat short.  
For tonsillitis, fever, aches and pains  
Have carried off three quarters of my brains.

And how could I obtain the needful points  
To write about, when in my aged joints  
Such havoc reigned that I have not been able  
To fill for weeks my wonted place at table?

And learn from Hollister the latest squibs;  
While Sidney Breeses, Blubber<sup>1</sup> tends the jibs,  
And all the rest just pour into my ears  
The doings of the brethren—and their dears.

Of other deers I hear as well from Biddle.  
The deer *we* shot—the guide played second fiddle.  
The head's been stuffed and that's enough to prove  
it—  
Aspersions on his marksmanship—remove it!

He catches trout as well, he'd give you warning.  
He cast his fly and hooked the luckless Corning.<sup>2</sup>  
Yes, as I say, I've not been in the push,  
And to make matters worse e'en Mr. Cush

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Spends many days away in the great City,  
Getting elected to the School Committee,  
Telling the lady voters 't is their duty  
To recognize size, gallantry, and beauty.

And as I must depend, dear brother bard,  
On your assistance in my problem hard,  
Just tell me what *you* 've heard about each lad,  
Brilliant and stupid, good, and even bad.

. . . . .

I'm deeply pained to learn that kids  
Fail duly to respect  
Their Masters' wondrous qualities,  
For all can recollect

How Josephs, when he first arrived,  
Said Groton was all right,  
Only that Mr. Nutter failed  
To meet requirements quite.

"You see he's really very nice,"  
Young Josephs thus began,  
"But then, you see, that he is such  
A nervous little man."

He took a bath one winter night  
To cure him of some chills;  
Half boiled, he fainted and in fright  
The nurse prescribed two pills.



CHRISTMAS 1899

And Mr. Gladwin really ought  
His purchases to hide—  
A case of Pollywater came  
The other eventide.

And Roelker, Mr. Ayrault finds  
A specimen unique,  
Who talks quite decent English  
For a man who's really Greek.

While others say that down the road  
No longer times are merry,  
For Mr. Marvin's quite cut out  
By fascinating Gerry.<sup>3</sup>

The latter soon will quit the field.  
They say that at the Boulders,<sup>4</sup>  
The name of the new Sturgis house,  
The joy of all beholders,

That Gerry lately has applied,  
And will not be rejected,  
To fill the place of housemaid, nor  
Could better be selected.

Do you know the Rector's nephew<sup>5</sup>  
With the big round head?  
He lately had a birthday  
And came out half dead.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

His brains, I fear, are shattered,  
For in physics class—  
How does he test the flotage  
Of a piece of brass?

. . . . .

McWiggle<sup>6</sup> in the school-room slouches  
And will not sit up straight.  
The Master, in the worst of grouches,  
Begins him to berate.

“Unto your desk sit up,” he cries.  
McWiggle, with an air  
Of somewhat indolent surprise,  
Steps up into *his* chair.

*Upon* the desk he proudly sits.  
His graceful, tiny feet,  
Directed by this prince of wits,  
Rest gently *on* his seat.

Of course Mr. Abbott was just getting square  
With McWiggle, who said with an innocent air,  
That good Mr. Abbott was just financé;  
He was sure it was true, spite of all they might say,  
For he saw the whole School in half-holiday whirl,  
And he knew Mr. Abbott had just got a girl.

. . . . .

Randolph is getting a big boy now,  
Have n't you noticed the little eye-brow

CHRISTMAS 1899

Darkly adorning his uppermost lip,  
And the deep bass voice of his worthy-ship?

He likes a big voice when the owner is small;  
'Tis better, he holds, than a tenor when tall.  
And the great event of the bygone week  
Was the first shave applied to his manly cheek.

He'd better beware of the shaving brush<sup>7</sup>;  
Joe Burden he mounted and off with a rush  
He galloped upon an old nag of that name,  
And Joseph since then speaks of brushes with shame.

They're a fair lot of scholars, though some are not  
strong;

Their notions concerning some lessons are queer.  
And it's not very easy to show them they're wrong,  
They've a mind of their own as to studies, I fear.

Bobby Breese, for example, believes for a fact  
That the ancients had habits not unlike our own.  
He can see in their words and beneath ev'ry act  
They were flesh of our flesh, just as bone of our  
bone.

He surprised the Head Master a few days ago  
As he answered in class with intelligent look,  
He was certain who Castor and Pollux<sup>8</sup> were both,  
They were people who'd written a modern hymn-  
book.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Do you know why Captain Leaky<sup>9</sup>  
Was so hoarse he scarce could speak? He  
Felt really very wretched, weak and ill  
With spinal meningitis,  
Chicken-pox or tonsillitis,  
He really had a most alarming chill.

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> *Roger Derby.*
- <sup>2</sup> *E. Corning.*
- <sup>3</sup> *E. G. Chadwick.*
- <sup>4</sup> *S. W. Sturgis—nicknamed "The Bold."*
- <sup>5</sup> *Harold Peabody.*
- <sup>6</sup> *P. McMichael.*
- <sup>7</sup> *Mr. B.'s horse.*
- <sup>8</sup> *Query: Moody and Sankey?*
- <sup>9</sup> *R. R. Leaycraft.*



## BIRTHDAY

1900

ON this festival occasion  
As I tune my twangolet,  
I would wish you good digestion,  
Trust you have n't overate.

And remarking that these verses  
Are not always strictly true,  
I would deprecate your curses  
If the joke seems up to you.

For a poet only jots down  
As his Muse may chance t' inspire.  
Merely, then, consider what's down  
Echoes of Apollo's Liar!

'Tis unusually festive,  
Such a crowd we've never seen,  
For the School is somewhat guestive,  
And our age is sweet sixteen.

And we welcome with emotion  
An occasion such as this is,  
When our dear old boys are with us,  
And just here and there a Mrs.

Et quant au petit Warwick,<sup>1</sup>  
Groton School's first hopeful grandson,  
Nous lui donnerons un gateau,  
And a table for to dance on.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Did it ever occur to any one here  
How exceedingly funny it is  
To run through the catalogue, boy by boy,  
And write some such poem as this?

Sam Crocker's a fusser and Alvah's a flirt,  
Joe Burden's a masher as well;  
And Balky<sup>2</sup> has added a waist to his shirt  
That the ladies may think him a swell.

They whisper indeed that he loves a Princess,  
And on Sunday in gorgeous array,  
He woos a king's daughter, while others confess  
Of their projects he stands in the way.

And Randolph chews sen-sen and longs to be told—  
If you kindly would add to his knowledge—  
Whether fellows in love need to wait till they're old,  
Or can they be married in college?

And under his chin he applies vaseline  
To encourage the growth of his beard;  
And though there is not very much to be seen,  
That little looks just a bit weird.

Macdonald<sup>3</sup> objects to a dog-collar belt  
When it circles a maiden's slim waist.  
He declares he knows well, for last summer he felt,  
And it was n't at all to his taste.

Butter Pat<sup>4</sup> is so bashful, he merely looks neat;  
His fair one must think him a dandy;



## BIRTHDAY 1900

He climbed the car window and hurled on the seat  
Beside her his tribute of candy.

And Stillman would not be outdone by such stunts,  
Took one hundred girls out in a carriage,  
And his confidence to them he gave all at once,  
And his blushes show that must mean marriage.

And poor Judge McMichael, who wounded his hand,  
Pursued a fair lady to-day,  
And asked her to hold it, 't would give him relief,  
The anguish it sure would allay.

She held it one hour, the Judge murmured "More,  
'T is beginning to feel something like."  
The lady, alas, 'gan to think it a bore,  
And bade him, "Ta ta." Tough luck, Mike.

While Meredith Blagden continues to pine,  
He 's kept eight months all but a day,  
And pinned all his hopes on a dear Valentine,  
And never will throw it away.

When Greenough<sup>5</sup> goes out for a knockabout race,  
Completely obscured is his rail  
By a line of gay parasols, adding much grace  
And an area big to his sail.

He wants to get back for this merciless whack  
By assaulting the three Derby brothers,  
Who ran on a rock with a terrible shock,  
And he likewise remarks, "There are others."

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Oh, those Islesboro boats, they're the best thing that floats,

And their cabins are all fitted out  
With smelling-salts bottles when passengers faint,  
And implore that they'll please come about.

And as to North-East, it is rumoured, at least,  
That Corning is fond of the lades,  
And lest Walter Bradley should chance to feel badly  
I believe he, too, favours the maids.

But really, my friends, unless this business ends,  
These hundreds of jokes about girling,  
When I ask for a jest I must really protest,  
It sets my poor bald head a-whirling.

So since you deny me the needed supply  
Of squibs and adventures and jokes,  
I needs must invent, and perhaps you'll repent,  
So let's turn our attention to Stokes.<sup>6</sup>

Behold that slim and graceful form,  
Behold those movements spry—  
The figure of a fairy sylph,  
But figures sometimes lie.

He started from the School door once  
With airy, skipping tread;  
He fain would reach the football field  
Ere daylight should have fled.

## BIRTHDAY 1900

But on arriving there at last  
He found he was n't in it;  
It took him, though he ran so fast,  
Three hours and one minute.

There 's a youngster most ingenuous,  
Whose behaviour 's somewhat strenuous,  
To punch a fellow's head he 's always ready.  
Always revelling in gore,  
Always wiping up the floor  
With some other kid—this sweet thing's name  
is Teddy.<sup>7</sup>

When he left his happy home  
And his mouth began to foam,  
There was weeping and a-wailing 'mongst his  
pets;  
They consist of fighting fleas,  
And a pair of stinging bees,  
And another pair of biting parroquets;

And a pair of turtledoves,  
Who to manifest their loves  
Scratch their eyes out every other day or so;  
But they wept and wailéd sore  
When the mighty man of war  
To a boarding-school invited was to go.

The dormitory walls  
Now reëcho with the falls  
Of the brethren who've his violence endured.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

He had only one more foe,  
But some Master he said, "no,"  
And the bout was stopped, and so his record  
Sewered.<sup>8</sup>

His thoughts are all expressed in the language of the  
West.

For when morning's rays their golden light reveal,  
He calls the witching time when the buzzer 'gins to  
chime  
The merry hour when the chickens squeal.

Joe Potter went with Wode<sup>9</sup> to hunt  
When summer days were hot;  
A still hunt was the form of sport  
Best suited to the spot.

Alas, poor Joe returned without  
A single bit of luck.  
(Though Woden's guide shot Woden's gun,  
And Woden claimed the buck.)

But why did Potter fail to win  
Some trophy of his skill?  
You see it was a *still* hunt, and  
Joseph could not keep *still*.

I hear there are two rich voices who  
Are bold enough to aspire  
To add one more throe to Nutter's woe  
By carolling in the Choir.

## BIRTHDAY 1900

A very deep bass comes forth from the face  
Of the solemn and serious Plum.<sup>10</sup>  
And its echoes roll and they move the soul  
Like a cruelly treated drum.

And Appleton<sup>11</sup> quavers with voice that savours  
Of misery lost and lone;  
A tremulo, simply buried in woe,  
A most exquisite barytone.

Chump Chesterfield Perkins, Jack Higginson bold—  
For these are his full Christian names, I am told—  
Is quite an authority, so he declares,  
On race horses, records, and sporting affairs.

His riding experience counts but one fall,  
Though his enemies say he can't stick on at all.  
They advise him to cultivate matters aquatic,  
And say that he dives like a lobster rheumatic.

Thomas Henry Powers Farr,  
How original you are.  
How you horrified each soul  
When you dashed for your own goal.

You were tackled just in time  
To insert in this, my rhyme,  
Otherwise, L. Josephs would  
On this eminence have stood.

Joe, you know, is good at study,  
Even when his clothes are muddy.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

When he rushes with the ball,  
He is geometrical.

"Lost five yards," the linesman cries,  
"What's the matter with your eyes?"  
Mr. Ayrault cries with pain,  
"Never run like that again."

"Why this wiggling, wandering gait?  
Don't you know a line that's straight?"  
"Certainly," said Josephs while  
Beamed his somewhat dopy smile.  
"You yourself have said in class,—  
And I'm sure that any ass  
Could reply without assistance,—  
'Twixt two points the longest distance."

This same gentleman would fain  
Have some person tell him plain—  
"Could it possibly be true  
That to-night we'd have on view  
For the first time in our lives  
*Each* old boy with *all* his wives?"

We wondered why this afternoon  
No black marks were read out,  
And why the Rector seemed so queer  
And looked a bit put out.

Surely School duties must go on,  
Justice must conquer pity,

BIRTHDAY 1900

E'en if it is a festal day,  
With folks up from the city.

I asked him why he'd put it off  
Till Monday afternoon?  
He answered by a nervous cough  
A trifle out of tune.

Next Monday will reveal the truth  
That cough revealed to me.  
He does n't wish to shame a youth,  
And Malcolm he has three.

When Charlie Brown<sup>12</sup> went out to drive  
One dark and ghostly night,  
Two highwaymen his coach attacked,  
But Charlie felt no fright.

He merely drove with headlong speed  
And hid himself in bed.  
(The highwaymen were Jimmy Breese  
And Tow Head Potts,<sup>13</sup> 't is said.)

But Charlie's teeth were chattering,  
His heart gave painful thumps,  
To look at him you might have thought  
He had callipyjumps.

He said the ruffians were a gang  
Of seven robbers bold;  
The youngest of them was, he knew,  
At least nineteen years old.



## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Perry Osborn rides a horse,  
Tall and lank and bony;  
Perry is a pretty sight,  
Sitting on his pony.

"Tell me, faithful coachman, tell,  
Who is the best rider?"  
"Miss Virginia, sir," said he,  
"No one else beside her."

"How about myself?" he cries,  
With some slight vexation,  
Clinging to his pony's mane  
In his indignation.

"Sure, sir, you," the stupid groom's  
Answer came quite ready,  
"'T is the weight of your huge feet  
That maintains you steady."

'T was Jimminy Christmas Gignoux<sup>14</sup>  
Or little Joe Coolidge who  
Were not quite certain, they could n't swear,  
But still they believed they knew—

So announced with demeanour grave  
And an air which assurance gave  
That a lady they saw in the parlour one night  
Was certainly Mrs. Brave.<sup>15</sup>

Joe Coolidge is so polite  
That when on a recent night



## BIRTHDAY 1900

He refused the pudding, he called the maid back  
To say that he realized quite

Her kindness in making the proffer,  
Though obliged to reject her offer.  
His words were so kind and his air so refined  
That she could n't have thought him a scoffer.

He declares that when he sees  
In football togs. S. Breese—  
Oh, Gee! but Sidney looks tons more fierce  
Than at table at breakfast and teas.

Sargent<sup>16</sup> is a noisy youth;  
When the mornings dawn  
He proclaims the tidings glad  
With his nasal horn.

And when evening shadows fall  
As a parting toot,  
Whisking out his handkerchief  
Trumpets a salute.

He is skilled in foreign tongues,  
Thinks my trusty henchman  
Who the empty teapot fills,  
Surely is a Frenchman.<sup>17</sup>

So with accent rare and strange  
One can hear him say,  
"Monsieur Percy, if you please,  
Donne moi de la lait."

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Bacon <sup>18</sup> is a Frenchy too,  
Thinks that I don't dare  
To get off a joke on him,  
But he will not care.

Being French doan understand  
What I would be at.  
When I squib him says with glee,  
"Oh, que je suis fatte."

At midday dinner once a week  
The corned beef and the pork  
In ancient days produced some pain  
And not a little talk.

Mrs. McMurray was resolved  
Our appetites to quicken,  
And so to our intense surprise  
She's substituted chicken.

Imagine then our wild delight,  
Think of our gluttonie,  
When we, instead of toughish pork,  
Are served with fricassee.

They talked of lifting her aloft,  
To bear her on the shoulder,  
While some encouraged by the change  
Have bolder grown and bolder,

And now suggest a new idea—  
They wish more frequent pie days,

## BIRTHDAY 1900

And if it would n't seem too queer  
She'd give us steak on Fridays.

Have you ever seen how  
Hiram<sup>19</sup> handles his cow  
Without either stirrup or saddle?  
He clings to one horn  
And aloft he is borne  
In a graceful and elegant straddle.

But, alas, for his luck,  
For the cow 'gins to buck,  
And his seat it gets wobbly and wibbly;  
Poor Hiram turns pale  
And slides over the tail,  
And that is the last of poor Sibley.

The Masters, they say, are getting gray;  
One advantage of hair like mine  
Is nobody'll know how old I grow,  
'Tis silky, they say, and fine.

But poor Mr. Cush when he gives a young kid  
Black marks which he does n't deserve,  
Serenely states the kid's conduct grates  
Upon his sciatical nerve.

Mr. Abbott is known to take leave of his wits  
In the midst of a lecture in class;  
While the brethren nervously glance at the door  
And wonder if they can pass.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

He took leave of his wits on an automo-trip—  
Last summer some wicked deceiver  
Beguiled him to pilot poor Bertie and Charles<sup>20</sup>  
To the shores of the Lake of Geneva.

When asked if Jim Jackson could run fast as he,  
With scorn he retorted, "Why, that man,  
He would n't be in it an instant with me—  
Yes, he runs fairly fast for a fat man."

Oh, you should have heard Mr. Marvin discourse  
When suffering 'neath the delusion  
That a carload of kids were Grotonians new,  
And making a lot of confusion.

He lectured them sharply and said that such noise  
Was not what we do at this School;  
But they came from St. Paul's, and not Groton at all,  
So he felt just a bit like a fool.

And young Morton Prince, without e'er a wince  
And never a muscle did flinch,  
Leaned over the table and loudly exclaimed,  
"Say, ain't Mr. Ayrault a cinch?"

And poor Mr. Gladwin's the easiest thing  
You've met with for many a year.  
A hard-hearted youth had a Brooks brothers box  
And was struck with a brilliant idea.

The clothes he took out, and with string tied about  
The box on the floor did deposit.

## BIRTHDAY 1900

And my! how Max<sup>21</sup> pounced on it, seized it with  
glee,

And whisked to the confiscate closet.

One word more at parting. These sixteen long years  
Have been full of deep joys, many smiles and few  
tears.

The School has grown great in contentment and peace  
And the love of her sons as her seasons increase.

But deepest of all of our deep-treasured joys  
Is our pride in the record of Groton's old boys.  
Old boys, we have missed you, our own hearts know  
best

The tie that unites us, nor needs be expressed.  
And though years may roll on, and though old we  
may grow,

The flame still burns warm as in days long ago.

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> *Warwick Potter II*—emerged from cake at dinner and said *Bon Soir*, as he could n't speak English.
- <sup>2</sup> *J. Auchincloss.*
- <sup>3</sup> *Gordon MacDonald.*
- <sup>4</sup> *Carroll Hodges.*
- <sup>5</sup> *C. P. Greenough.*
- <sup>6</sup> *H. P. Stokes.*
- <sup>7</sup> *Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.*
- <sup>8</sup> *Seward Webb.*
- <sup>9</sup> *Mr. Woods.*
- <sup>10</sup> *Leander A. Plummer, Jr.*—"Clam."
- <sup>11</sup> *F. R. Appleton, Jr.*
- <sup>12</sup> *C. S. Brown, Jr.*
- <sup>13</sup> *Howard Potter.*
- <sup>14</sup> *G. C. Gignoux.*
- <sup>15</sup> *First person singular, future perfect passive of mitto.*
- <sup>16</sup> *F. W. Sargent, Jr.*
- <sup>17</sup> *Percy Gordon.*
- <sup>18</sup> *R. L. Bacon.*
- <sup>19</sup> *Harper Sibley.*
- <sup>20</sup> *Randolph and Lawrance.*
- <sup>21</sup> *Mr. Gladwin.*

## CHRISTMAS

1900

THE sight of this laurel and holly,  
The general atmosphere jolly,  
The common delight of this festival night,  
Inspires poetical folly.

So once more, respectable pardner,  
Just put on your jaw muscle hardener,  
And tune up your lyre, ye Muses, inspire  
Bard Billings and Oracle Gardner.

The cruel exams are all ended,  
Results have been something quite splendid;  
And for those in the soup, there 's a chance to recoup,  
For vacation by one day 's extended.

Thanksgiving, you see, is so festive  
For boys whom School food has made restive,  
That 't was feared that the Hub with inferior grub  
Might damage their organs digestive.

To avert, then, this threatened disaster,  
Up here we ate more food and faster,  
With a fine minstrel show and a warble or so  
And attacks on a bald-headed Master.

While the chimes with their clashing and banging,  
Their dinging and donging and whanging,  
Excited the Bold<sup>1</sup> and the Brave<sup>2</sup> and the Young,<sup>3</sup>  
And doubtless will end with the hanging

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

In a musical true lover's knot  
Some day the unfortunate ringing artist.<sup>4</sup>  
He says that each chime is in exquisite time,  
And others again remark, "Rot."

But enough of this tragedy fearful.  
To-morrow we part—oh, how tearful—  
For eighteen long days on our several ways,  
And to-night we are feeling quite cheerful.

Can you solve for me the riddle  
Once propounded by G. Biddle,  
That chatterbox impossible to squelch?  
Can you tell if Powell's rabbits,  
Just to judge them by their habits,  
Are genuine, or are they merely Welsh?

Biddle, of course, supposes,  
By the wiggling of their noses,  
Those rabbits are indisputably foreign.  
For wherever they are found,  
They are always wobbling round  
In a fashion that recalls their cousin Morin.<sup>5</sup>

No, child, the cuspidor,  
When the savage bull doth roar,  
Is not the feller managing the show;  
Nor is the good corned beef,  
Of the bill of fare the chief,  
Quite the same as sirloin roast, I'd have you  
know.



CHRISTMAS 1900

Inform me, wise seer—for I know that you can—

Why Professor <sup>6</sup> remains here at Groton so much?  
Last year every month to New Haven he ran—  
Did he want with the students to get into touch?

Oh, no, 't was n't men that he cared about so.

Professor knew well what he wanted down there,  
And got it, so now he's no reason to go.

We've seen that the Fräulein has come to the  
Herr.

Why are certain lives with such luck always filled?

There are others we know, as fine-looking men, too  
(The gen'ral,<sup>7</sup> for instance, just think of his build),  
Old bachelors still, spite of all they can do.

Don't grumble, dear fellow, we're very young yet,  
Just wait a few years till the loneliness ends;  
For the present remember the comfort we get,  
The pleasure we take, in the wives of our friends.

So every new wife we are glad to see come,  
Frau Griswold we welcome, our liking is plain.  
We're glad she has come up to stay with us here,  
New Haven has lost, but Grotonians gain.

Tell me, poet, if you're able,  
What disturbs the weighty Lummo<sup>x</sup><sup>8</sup>  
When we're sitting at the table  
Putting things inside our—waistbands?

GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Though the room be rather chilly  
And unlighted is the fire,  
Like a beet he looks,—poor Stilly,—  
And commences to perspire.

He's a sensitive young creature,  
And since Gaspar Bacon's near him,  
LummoX cannot stand red pepper,  
And Tabasco seems to queer him.

But a mound of mashed potato  
With a sprig of parsley in it,  
If applied when hot and tempting,  
Will restore him in a minute.

Oh, Turkey Low<sup>9</sup> is such a beau,  
Why is his razor blunt?  
Has he been carving names with it,  
Or doing some such stunt?

Nay, but the bushy, bushy brows  
That shadow Turkey's forehead,  
He tried to shave to make them thick,  
I think he would look horrid.

I hear in the city of Greater New York  
They're full of all kinds of diseases unclean.  
But why in the country is there so much talk  
Of injection of something—they call it vaccine?

You feel much discomfort, your arm it gets sore,  
Of skating and hockey you lose all your share.

## CHRISTMAS 1900

The boys, I should think, would regard it a bore—  
What is it that causes this terrible scare?

I guess I've a tip that will help you a bit,  
They'd worked Dr. Warren as well as could be.  
To do what they did was n't decent or fit,  
It suited their purposes, though, to a T.

They got him to say it was helpful to skate;  
The virus, because of the falls and the bumps,  
Would take all the better. He said, though, he'd hate  
To have them attempt to go through Addyhumps.<sup>10</sup>

The doctor is popular, every one knows,  
It's nice to be given instructions by him.  
But here is the risk—what the Rector says goes,  
And I noticed the patients went straight to the  
Gym.

Webb says that Boyer's sandless if he has n't kissed  
a girl,  
But what is Webb's own catalogue of crime?  
Whitney and Monkey Fay<sup>11</sup> upon last Thanksgiving  
Day  
Were each kissed by three fair maidens at a time.

But Boyer loves the ladies at so much per pound of  
weight,  
A hundred and ten pounder is his style;  
And if the damsel fail at this point to tip the scale,  
He throws a mournful languish of a smile.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

But tell me, brother poet, if Sam Crocker has reformed  
Since the Birthday poem labelled him a fusser;  
In the dormitory high have you kept on him an eye?  
Is he better now, or is he growing wusser?

When the brethren have retired and the lights are  
all put out,  
And Sargent breaks the darkness by his snore,  
And F. Biddle's strange demeanour with his laugh like  
a hyena  
Adds a horror to his neighbours on that floor,

Then Sam is heard to murmur in the visions of his  
sleep  
One name and many episodes of bliss;  
So we're on to his affairs, and he now no longer cares  
To conceal the fatal passion which is his.

For he cannot read the writing of his fair one's billet-  
doux,  
So he seeks a kindred spirit, Billy Ladd.  
Ladd shows the bright bronze hair he is known to  
always wear  
In a locket next his heart—oh, it is sad.

So Sam just guzzles candy and thus tries to drown his  
woes,  
But even that small comfort is denied;  
For you see the Master knows with the assistance of  
his nose  
Certain facts that may be taking place inside.

## CHRISTMAS 1900

“Oh, who is that old gentleman  
Who reads the Christmas tale?”  
Said Gavin Hadden Sunday evening last.  
I really cannot tell a  
Naughty fib—he said “old fella” —  
But I feared the truth might make you stand  
aghast.

“That’s Mr. Peabodee,”<sup>12</sup>  
Rae Rogers cried with glee.  
“He and the Rector look like one another  
So very much that he  
A relative must be,  
The Rector’s nephew, or at least his brother.”

But the little Lawrence girl,  
Her brain was in a whirl,  
And without a bit intending to be naughty,  
When Sam Hinckley came to-night  
With a transport of delight,  
She greeted him, “Why hello, Uncle Cottie.”

A new little lady, a new little gent,<sup>13</sup>  
Have come to the School, though they can’t read  
or write.

Do you think they have any idea what is meant  
By the talk of the boys who get up to recite?

Oh, bless you, my friend, they are not here to learn,  
But just to give favours in some jolly way.  
Young Jeff’s reputation he yet has to earn,  
But Susan began with a half holiday.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Miss Susan 's all right, and we hope t' other one,  
When his bearings are got and he knows what is  
called  
Important, will do just as Susan has done.  
Here 's health to young Jeff—may he never grow  
bald.

I often give squibs to the Sixth Form H  
On Homer and kindred matters.  
They don't always do them, but nobody cares,  
Their knowledge is made up of smatters.

One day the three graces appeared in the verse;  
I told them the sweet names of two,  
But could n't remember the third, so I said,  
"I'll leave, then, the question to you."

Now Disgustus Hummingbird<sup>14</sup> thinks that he knows  
A good deal about the three graces,  
So he hunted with diligence page after page—  
Can you tell what he found in all places?

One name, one name only, confronted his view,  
Though he searched through a mountain of books;  
Though two graces might differ, yet ever the third  
Rejoiced in the surname of Brooks.<sup>15</sup>

With a shave of his whiskers and general prink,  
And his charming society smile,  
This third of the graces sits yonder, I think;  
You could tell 't was a grace half a mile.

CHRISTMAS 1900

I've often been puzzled and never have learned  
Why Richards is growing so stout.  
He sits next to Heaton; I've thought it might be  
'T is catching, but never found out.

The question what fills him is simple enough—  
I heard him exclaim last Thanksgiving,  
With one of his well-known poetical bursts,  
"I'm filled with the pure joy of living."

Why is n't the School more concerned at the fact  
That meat has gone up in its cost all around?  
It was thought we should feel very bad when we  
heard  
We had to pay more by just five cents a pound.

Yet nobody seems very worried, for meat  
Is put on the tables the same as before;  
But somehow we cannot compel boys to eat,  
Do they think we'll go bankrupt in case they take  
more?

Oh, no, it's not wholly regard for the School,  
They're thinking of health and physique, and  
they've heard  
That to grow big and strong they must make it a  
rule  
To give up their meat and their fish—it's absurd.

Twelve biscuits a day, that is all that they want;  
The School thinks it's great, for it's cheaper, I  
ween.



## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

It's a sort of sour milk and of sand that they take,  
A wonderful thing, Brother Miles's Protein.<sup>16</sup>

It makes no allowance for study, one sees;  
You walk many miles and play fives, but I wish  
Boys knew that for brains and exams and degrees,  
For things such as those there is nothing like fish.

Do you understand the language  
Of the dainty summer girl?  
Sign language is a thing I've never learned;  
But a maiden once last summer  
Set my pulses in a whirl.  
She held her left hand out, I felt concerned.

But though I asked the question of my little friends  
at School,  
What the gesture meant, what token did it hide,  
No one could tell the answer, why, not even Seward  
Webb  
Had known it from his dusky Indian bride.

Ask Dooney,<sup>17</sup> he can tell you, when a girl her left  
extends,  
And offers you her dainty little fist,  
It means that she is willing just to be the best of  
friends,  
Though Dooney says it means she's to be kissed.

"I've heard of culling grapes from thorns  
And figs upon the thistle,



## CHRISTMAS 1900

But there's a Thorn who owns a plant  
More quaint by far," says Kissel.<sup>18</sup>

Now Latin roots I do not doubt  
He digs when he has leisure,  
But out of all his garden strange  
What plant's his special treasure?

The tree which flourishes the best  
In his plantation stony,  
Producing fruit three times a week  
Is called the macaroni.

One point's in my mind that I want to suggest  
Of things in the future; and you, famous bard,  
Are wise in those matters, it's part of your task  
To answer me whether it's easy or hard.

This new year that's coming, how full will it be  
Of victories for Groton—decided ones too?  
Will boys take a brace, and again shall we see  
Some Brown or Dave Hawkins or Harry Markoe?

Defeats, my good friend, if they do not last long,  
Are good for the character—steady us all.  
Our Groton's still Groton, the spirit's still strong,  
I'll show you my meaning next spring and next  
fall.

November the seventh's a very sad day,  
But the School's been united, of that we're agreed,

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

And sixteen to nothing's a cheap price to pay  
If all the boys rally to help the School's need.

Our prospects have never more fav'able been,  
We'll pull all together the boys and the men.  
The captains are fine ones, we surely shall win,  
Here's a rousing good health to both Lydig and  
Ben.<sup>19</sup>

Lloyd Derby is so silent, so mature, and so profound,  
That I fear that something's happened to the lad.  
What makes him look so glum and rubber listlessly  
around?  
What is it, brother poet, makes him sad?

Is it Islesboro he's thinking of and summer and its  
joy?  
Or has he, do you think, a painful pain?  
Perhaps he does n't like it to be called an older boy,  
It may be Mr. Ayrault could explain.

Yes, poet, you have hit it, for misled by his mustache  
With the older brethren once he him did mix;  
Beguiled by his appearance, and though maybe it was  
rash,  
He caught him Tuesday night and slapped him six.

Of Charlie Lawrance I fain would know  
About his automobile.  
Will moonbeams really make it go?  
Or is the whole thing a steal?

## CHRISTMAS 1900

For he's offered me shares, and Ed Corning declares  
That the outfit's straight, he's sure.  
He has been down to Ayer, seen the factory there,  
And would buy one if not too poor.

Not moonbeams, good poet, but wind makes it mote.  
If he wants it to Bubble with ease,  
He'll just blow on the cornet an ear-splitting note,  
And Sidney will furnish the Breese.

When autumn rains began to pour  
In buckets on the head,  
The lads of the third twenty-two  
Just broke up ranks and fled.

Now what to do no player knew  
While storm was raging loud,  
So to the children's play-house straight  
Flew the whole dripping crowd.

And how to pass the dreary time  
They really could not say.  
Tell me, good poet, what they did,  
To while the hours away.

Chauncey McCormick undertook  
The throng to entertain.  
He talked until the rafters shook  
And quite drowned out the rain.

The ladies listened, and they longed  
The cruel storm might pass,

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

But Chauncey talked till darkness came  
And then supplied the gas.

Oh, Spiggotty Nick<sup>20</sup> is Nature's Child,  
And Baa Lamb<sup>21</sup> is Nature's Freak—  
Got toothpowder tangled one day in his wool,  
And his hair it was white for a week.

And Butter-Pat<sup>22</sup> wishes his teeth were long  
Like Addison Thayer's, for example,  
Just so he could eat till he'd gobbled enough  
And enlarged his proportions ample.

But what was Lowell the poet about  
When he dashed off the "Ancient Mariner"?  
I asked Charlie Greenough to tell what he knew  
Anent that eccentric foreigner.

The question has puzzled the critics' wits,  
But Charlie asserts that Lowell  
Just wanted to show how much he did know,  
And Coleridge did n't write so well.

'T is a treatise on birds. "Don't be cruel to pets,  
Especially albatross,  
A creature quite plenty and one which in strolls  
I often have come across."

Good poet, we are growing just a trifle stale and  
hoarse  
With singing rhymes as year succeeds to year.

## CHRISTMAS 1900

Perhaps we 'd better stop and give some other folks  
a chance;

There may be others we might like to hear.

Oh, yes, there 's bards in bunches, at the table where  
you sit,

Sweet Singer Larned <sup>23</sup> sits enwreathed in laurel,  
His soul just brimming over with rich melody and wit;  
He 's the centre of a famous poet's quarrel.

Jack Peabody and Woolsey and like great poetic souls  
One day a competition held in verse.

Jack cribbed from Rubaiyat and Woolsey cribbed from  
Scott,

And Larned said he never had seen worse.

As to Scott's he said that Woolsey's verse was full of  
bad mistakes,

While Peabody's was simply tommy-rot.

He proceeded then to show how the verses ought to go,  
Well, 't was very fine indeed — I pity Scott.

So if ever Mrs. Lawrence wants a better set of rhymes,  
She 's only got to call upon your table;

For tragedy or comedy or lyric or romance,

Or to write a corking sonnet, they are able.

And Cryder wants to join them for the practice that  
it gives;

He also wants to be a bard divine

That he may make a living by inditing Easter cards,  
With here and there a tender valentine.

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> *Mr. Sturgis.*
- <sup>2</sup> *Mr. Ayrault.*
- <sup>3</sup> *Mr. F. Young.*
- <sup>4</sup> *"Bot" — Mr. Abbott.*
- <sup>5</sup> *M. S. Hare.*
- <sup>6</sup> *Mr. Griswold.*
- <sup>7</sup> *Mr. Cushing.*
- <sup>8</sup> *E. Stillman.*
- <sup>9</sup> *G. C. W. Low.*
- <sup>10</sup> *Popular Swedish exercises.*
- <sup>11</sup> *H. H. Fay, Jr.*
- <sup>12</sup> *The Rector's father.*
- <sup>13</sup> *Children of Mr. Sturgis and Mr. Jefferson.*
- <sup>14</sup> *Augustus Hemenway, Jr.*
- <sup>15</sup> *Gorham.*
- <sup>16</sup> *Mr. Miles's visit gave rise to a vegetarian fad.*
- <sup>17</sup> *R. Duane Humphreys.*
- <sup>18</sup> *W. Thorn Kissel.*
- <sup>19</sup> *B. Joy.*
- <sup>20</sup> *J. D. Nichols.*
- <sup>21</sup> *B. Sturgis.*
- <sup>22</sup> *C. Hodges.*
- <sup>23</sup> *Albert Cecil.*
- <sup>24</sup> *Ogden Cryder.*

## BIRTHDAY

1901

O H, listen, my children, and I will tell  
A mournful tale of a summer hotel,  
And the fate of brave Don Nichols.<sup>1</sup>  
'T was the night of the annual summer ball,  
And the tables were moved from the dining-hall,  
And gone were the doughnuts and pickles.

The fiddles were tuned and the band struck up,  
The floor was smooth for this hotel hop,  
And here my tale begins.  
Oh, Spiggotty Nick is Nature's Child,  
His figure is fierce and his eye is wild;  
He 's a dancer from neck to shins.

That night he 'd bidden a lady fair  
His fate—for that evening at least—to share,  
And her heart went pitty pat.  
She arrived an hour before the dance,  
He had n't appeared, she took in at a glance,  
So waiting she patiently sat.

She sat for an hour, she sat for two,  
But nary a Nick rejoiced her view.  
At intervals she slept.  
She sat all night till the ball was done,  
But Don never came,—that faithless one,  
And the hapless maiden wept.



## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

You see, that night the unfortunate Spiggotty  
Was looking so handsome and feeling so biggitty  
That he thought it would do quite well  
If he wore his flannels and no dress suit.  
From his yachting cap to his polished boot  
He was really no end of a swell.

But the hard-hearted ushers had orders severe,  
They found on the whole his appearance queer;  
So they said with politeness, "Nick,  
You're very good looking, but can't come in;  
Without a dress suit you would look like sin,  
So you 'd better clear out of here quick."

I felt a little nervous lest this annual report  
To some would seem monotonous, to others rather short;  
And so to set my worn-out mind at rest from its anxiety,  
And also that I might present a little more variety,  
I hired two young authors—Daland Chandler and  
the poet

J. Hinckley. So where praise is due, kind hearers will  
bestow it.

Extract the first, by Chandler, is choke-full of wit and  
reason,

With just a dash of nonsense and with not a little  
treason.

While Hinckley's work you'll recognize for its poetic  
flavour;

The style is light indeed, but then we would n't wish  
it graver.



BIRTHDAY 1901

<sup>2</sup> [ “Once more the festive day comes round,  
To recollect, each one enjoys,  
That seventeen years ago to-day  
A School decidedly O. K.  
Was organized for boys.

“And only think if those kind men  
Who met to find out how  
To run a School had disagreed  
And let the project go to seed,  
Think where we might be now!

“And as our memories revert  
And fancy wanders free,  
Let us a moment pause to think  
Upon ourselves, the only link  
’Twixt past and times to be.

“Let us a moment look within,  
And see what is the fun  
Between the Master and the boy.  
To tell the truth what Οἱ Πολλοὶ  
Has been and gone and done.

“But let us for an instant pause,  
A welcoming extending  
To all new-comers with us here,  
To all of them, most hearty cheer,  
And happiness unending.

“Rumour flits round—as rumours do—  
And tells a tale I’d tell to you,  
About our worthy Rector.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

In tennis—though he likes the game—  
Mixed doubles *did* he loud disclaim  
And *was* a great objector.

“But yet when summer came around,  
It found him on the tennis ground  
In doubles mixed competing;  
And as he played, one well could see  
He and his ‘mixed’ did so agree  
That they came near defeating.

“But sad to say, when they came to  
The finals and were almost through,  
They met with a disaster;  
For though th’ opposing ‘mixed’ were small,  
They juggled with the tennis-ball,  
And vanquished our Head Master.  
And *now* I wonder what’s his view  
About mixed doubles; do not you?

“Beals Wright this summer, so it’s told,  
His reputation just could hold  
Against our valiant Snapper<sup>3</sup>;  
For Snapper played the game so well—  
At least he said he did—  
That Beals before him almost fell,  
P. Pearson is no napper.

“Swoboda, for the trifling sum  
Of ten to twenty dollars,

## BIRTHDAY 1901

Will tell one how to gain in strength,  
If he his dictates 'follers.'  
So Chapin theorizing that  
He 'd like a bigger arm,  
Sat down and to Swoboda wrote  
A practical explaining note,  
Ten dollars—what's the harm?

"And now if you should chance to meet  
In life's tumultuous hustle,  
A man with calves as large as cows,  
Whose coat no extra room allows,  
It's Louis and his muscle.

"One evening G. Low wished to find  
What chloroform was like,  
And so he got some liniment  
And smelt it. 'What er lovely scent,  
Yes, what er lucky strike!'  
And as he smelt, he zigzagged round,  
And fell at last upon the ground,  
Intoxicated quite.  
Ah, boys, alas, I'm forced to say  
From Low you 'd better keep away.

"What were those curious things I saw?  
They looked uncommonly like kegs.  
I wondered more and more and more,  
Until I ceased to wonder, for  
I found they were but Perry's<sup>4</sup> legs."']

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Here Chandler's verses end, my friends,  
Now hearken all to Julian;  
His poem's not so very long,  
But still it is a bully one.

<sup>5</sup> [“Hubble Dubbles, Rubble Doubles,  
What now troubles Bubbles?<sup>6</sup>  
Just a horrid wild commotion,  
He has got a sort of notion

“Something in the cellar's brewing,  
Mister Lawrence, what are they doing?  
Oh, Bubbles Fry, oh, Bubbles, fie!  
I thought you were a glutton,  
When first I saw you pass the door,  
With pockets stuffed with mutton.  
But now I know it was not so,  
To eat you had no wishes;  
With pin and weight and this for bait  
You meant to catch us fishes.  
You're very kind, but never mind,  
We always have enough,  
For Friday's meal is all, we feel,  
That we could nicely rough.  
That you are quite a sportsman too,  
There surely is no doubt,  
But there are things you should not do  
When you are catching trout.

“Never employ another boy  
To loudly whack the water,

## BIRTHDAY 1901

And never use a safety-pin—  
No sportsman ever ought ter.

“Oh, Bubbles, when the poets’ fount  
For squibs is running dry,  
Your deeds come ever bubbling up  
With ‘Did you hear of Fry?’

“I fear when comes your dread School bill  
The items will be large,  
For when you ever order things  
You always add, ‘Please charge’!

“Kind Bubbles, I must leave you now,  
My Muse has caught afire,  
For all of yous have heard the news  
That Woden<sup>7</sup>’s in the Choir.

““Oh, such a voice!’ the ladies say.  
‘Was ever voice like that?  
So firm, so true.’ When he is through—  
Oh, no, he’s never flat.  
We may remark when he is through,  
The organ’s sharp a note or two—  
Organic trouble that.”]

<sup>8</sup> Since those gifted authors now both have been  
heard,  
’T is high time for “Teacher” to put in a word.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

There is quiet in the school-room of a sunny afternoon,  
And black mark School's in progress to the same old  
hum-drum tune.

Occasionally hornets or mosquitoes flit about,  
Occasionally idle boys are ruthlessly stood out.  
The Rev'rend Mr. B. perchance indulges in a doze,  
And all around him breathes an air of comfort and  
repose;

When at the door appears in state, that jewel of our  
nation,  
Chauncey McCormick, leading a Chicago delegation.  
Then Mr. Billings started up and seemed a trifle  
dotty,  
He shouted loud to Malcolm,<sup>9</sup> "You are idle, stand  
out, Cottie."

And when the introductions by McCormick were gone  
through with,  
Mr. Billings had more manners than he quite knew  
what to do with.  
And so with words of welcome, highly polished and  
most fancy,  
The embarrassed Rev'rend gentleman bowed and  
shook hands with—Chauncey.

I was not a little shocked one day,  
On visiting the village,  
Where all the famous candy shops  
Submit so oft to pillage,

## BIRTHDAY 1901

On entering the famous shop  
Where good things are dispensed,  
To see MacDonald<sup>10</sup> and to hear  
A speech I give condensed:

“Good Mr. Bruce, no sweets to-day,  
I’ve come to your bazaar,  
And wish that you would give me your  
Cheapest one cent cigar.”

A land office business is run as I hear  
By no less a person than Charlie Lanier,  
With houses to let and to sell;  
Four dollars a season for huts is his charge,  
With taxes thrown in for a den not so large,  
And likewise he runs a hotel.

Fred Burnham was lazy, he could n’t be bored  
By the labour of building when he could afford  
To purchase a palace complete;  
So a handsome well-furnished apartment he hires,  
Far down in my woods into which he retires,  
When his one great desire is to eat.

Oh, mirror, mirror on the wall,  
Who is the fairest of us all?  
Can it be Larned,<sup>11</sup> whose soft heart  
Is caused with anguish sore to smart,  
When he an ancient lady wrecks,  
Such his devotion to the sex?



## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

In grief he took him to his bed,  
Where one fair damsel fanned his head;  
Two others held his burning hands,  
While Bertie murmured in a trance,  
As anxiously the dear ones stood,  
"You girls have done me heaps of good."

"Nay," says Thorn Kissel, "it is clear  
Our true Napoleon Belvidere  
Can be none else than Billy Ladd,  
And some experience he's had."

For instance, Rose, the other day,  
Punched Kissel's head in roughish play,  
When on his neck he'd sought repose—  
There is no Thorn without its Rose.<sup>12</sup>

"Such treatment I cannot permit,  
Familiarity unfit;  
I only wish such actions tender  
From persons of the other gender."

He's rather handsome, too, himself,  
Is Thorny Kissel, that weird elf,  
Though his mustache is somewhat slow,  
In fact, well-nigh declines to grow.

It really should be let alone,  
Examined through a megaphone;  
No wonder, on his lip quite bare  
He can't discern a single hair.



## BIRTHDAY 1901

We think that Ogden Cryder, too,  
Must be in looks surpassed by few.  
On entering the other day  
The room where he does work—and play,

His friends aver that he was found  
Whistling and waltzing round and round,  
Thinking of happy scenes last summer  
When Islesb'ro' found him such a hummer.  
And every time he by did pass,  
He'd gaze enraptured at the glass.

~

There once was a boy from Buffalo town <sup>13</sup>  
Escaped from the Midway there,  
He had looped the loop and had flipped the flap  
At the great Pan-American Fair.

They sent him away from Buffalo town  
As a marvellous curiosity;  
He got a hundred in Greek last year,  
And shows other signs of precocity.

His name is Ann, though he'll soon be a man,  
-Sley Wilcox Sawyer in full.  
And to tell you the truth, he's the cleanliest youth  
Ever heard of in Groton School.

For he took a hot bath upon Saturday night,  
And no matter how hard he tried,  
He might rub and scrub till he'd busted the tub,  
He could n't be satisfied.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

He gave it up in despair at last,  
"There's dirt enough here to dig,  
And there's no use trying," said he, "to wash,  
This water is on the pig."

I once heard a rumpus in front of the house  
And crept out to see it as still as a mouse,  
And there I beheld, full of beauty and grace,  
The Peabody kids in a three-legged race.

When Lydig<sup>14</sup> was sent by the Rector to stop it,  
Said he, "Dearest ladies, I beg you to drop it."  
"Who told you to tell us?" the ladies replied.  
"'T was the Rector himself," Lydig said with some  
pride.  
"Oh, ho, pooh, pooh, pooh! Only he!" they exclaim,  
And with perfect composure continue the game.

I grieve to state, in the School of late  
Fine dressing's the thing to do.  
Freddie Schenck has selected for underwear  
A beautiful suiting of blue.  
And Shepley's pajamas are perfect charmers,  
The rainbow is pale beside 'em.  
And Jack Peabody's stocking is simply shocking,  
And his shirts, you might think he'd dyed 'em.

But when one so staid as that dear old maid,  
Warren Robbins, affects such a fashion  
As real fish netting for shirts, we're getting  
A regular Bowery dash on.

## BIRTHDAY 1901

And Potsey<sup>15</sup> declares that two colours in hairs  
Are the thing for Beau Brummels to-day,  
So he's died half his tow to a golden glow  
In a truly delectable way.

But really the line must be drawn at some spot,  
The remarkable costume of Clam!<sup>16</sup>  
Not how he was rigged up, but how he was not,  
When he dashed from the Gym with a slam!

Ah, me, it was a sorry sight,  
On Monday evening last,  
To see poor Grosvenor<sup>17</sup> quit the room  
With blood down streaming fast.

He held his pocket handkerchief  
To hide his painful woes  
Up to his face—we thought the gore  
Was coming from his nose.

But no, it seems some friend in play  
Had squeezed on Grosvenor's head  
His sponge in lavatory sport—  
That's why the stream looked red.

The annual custom and wisdom forbids  
That from these, my brief lines, I should leave out the  
kids,  
Although opportunities always are few  
To make their acquaintance and jump on them too.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

The kids take no Greek till they've turned into goats,  
And when I make rhymes on what some one else  
quotes,

I mix up the nicknames and get things all twisted,  
And sometimes describe things that never existed.

And since I don't teach them for three or four years,  
The one way to get at the curves of the dears  
Is to ask them to tea or to google on Sunday,  
And so I'll begin with what happened on one day.

To roast a kid take my receipt,  
Select one of the softest meat,  
And put him on to Fry.<sup>18</sup>  
You'll be rewarded for your trouble  
When he begins to seethe and Bubble  
And sputter by and by.

I longed amid the group of quaint 'uns  
To make this Bubble Fry's acquaintance,  
So asked him once to tea.  
'T was Sunday, so with hesitation  
He asked if on this great occasion  
A Bible needed he.

There's a kid with a name that suggests strong drink,  
And his other name is Gray<sup>19</sup>;  
You never can tell what this kid may think,  
Nor what game he is going to play.

The place he selects on the first eleven  
Is short stop he avers.

## BIRTHDAY 1901

And second bass (in the Choir, not the nine)  
Is the post which he prefers.

You see since the basses sit in front,  
And since he's so handsome—this Whiskey,  
He'd like to be seen in the front row, too,  
Unless the experiment's risky.

But, alas, Mr. Nichols has vetoed his plans  
And assigned him a humble position,  
Where he only may sit with enfolded hands,  
On the benches of Prohibition.<sup>20</sup>

I sometimes gaze upon these kids  
With trembling agitation;  
Hog piles and rapid transit games  
Fill me with trepidation.

The other day a yelling horde,  
Gus Gray was at their head,  
Rushed in pursuit across the sward,  
And Wetmore saw and fled.

They had a game wherein they'd drag  
Timmins or Turkey Lum Tum<sup>21</sup>  
Or Boit like lightning o'er the grass,  
And then sit on his tum tum.

There is smiling Billy Prescott  
Amid these fearful scenes,  
His cunning little waistcoat  
Swelled out by countless beans.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Three helps he made away with,  
And then regretted sore  
His distended shirt too tight with dessert  
Would n't let him accommodate four.

Which reminds me of Harold Stokes,  
Who's never left out of these jokes.  
The butter that's raised on his famous estates  
Is the best in the world as himself relates,  
And so is the macaroni.  
He burst into tears one day,  
For he's had to come away.  
He was getting so stout that his anxious nurse  
Feared seven more helps might but make him worse  
And refused them with countenance stony.

But ere I return to my muttons,  
A place on the list of gluttons  
Is reserved for Prince—Skinny Prince,<sup>22</sup> I mean,  
Who gobbles and gobbles and still stays lean,  
'T is the fault of a poor digestion.  
For he gobbles and guzzles and gorges,  
And indulges in sugar sauce orgies;  
But in spite of all that he don't seem to get fat,  
I wonder what can be the reason of that.  
Miss Burnett<sup>23</sup> might answer the question.

I fain would these moments of laughter prolong  
And add lots of things to this annual song.  
To tell of the look that Ting<sup>24</sup> wears on his face,  
'T is quite a pathetic and stony stare case.

## BIRTHDAY 1901

And how Puggy Osborn<sup>25</sup> pursues his pug nose;  
The pug will turn tiger some day if he grows.  
To sing Stewart's<sup>26</sup> fame and the raft that he made,  
But would n't sail on it, 't would sink he's afraid.

I fain would repeat how my heart was made warm  
When Jauchincloss<sup>27</sup> ventured to join the Sixth Form.  
And sweetly the music resounds in mine ears  
When at matches he steps forth and leads the School  
cheers.

I'd like to inform you how Seward Webb spells  
An automobile, with three o's, e's and l's.  
And talking of spelling, a place in my song  
Should be found for C. Burden's R-n-g-e wrong.

To tell of R. Hooper's remarkable trail  
Over oceans untrod and dry land without sail.  
How a syndicate's started among the big brothers  
Of Burden and Hooper and Low and the others:

Each chips in a quarter when black marks are scored  
And a dinner at Christmas will be the reward.  
How during a football game list'ning to Luce,  
I found he was singing, and pleads for excuse;

Though strange things he does and mistakes by the  
dozen,  
He's really a peach; Grinsome Dan<sup>28</sup> is his cousin,  
Who always stands up against George West's abuse,  
And's no end of a comfort to woebegone Luce.



## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Although I confess, that perpetual grinner  
Is sometimes, I fear me, a treacherous sinner.  
He's given away how his cousin, that peach,  
Has prepared for to-night a long typewritten speech.

I'd also relate a whole lot of mistakes,  
Though some may be true, they are most of them  
fakes.  
How Cutting—Suydam thought the place to keep  
meat  
Was a refrigerator because of the heat.

How good Mr. B. said, "The longer the task  
The more time to waste," and how Prescott did ask  
If portly John Richards was really a Master.  
Since then John looks proud and but waddles the  
faster.

How Twombly thinks helmets and long padded  
knickers  
Are only for captains and no other kickers,  
And thought Mr. Abbott a cross, fat old man,  
While F. Prince thought eye teeth from the forehead  
began.

I also a moment would crave to explain  
How Newbold used soap for a pain in a vein.  
How young Pearson was found all alone in a bog,  
Sadly singing about the expiring frog.

How P. D. <sup>29</sup> got sent out to our grief and surprise  
Because he and C. Burden would make googoo eyes.



BIRTHDAY 1901

To tell of the picture in Bunny's<sup>30</sup> watch-case,  
And the toothpowder Stewart employs on his face.

How Farr tried to charm a fair maiden out boating  
By singing—that lady must sure have been doting.  
Although Mr. Gladwin indulges in song,  
I would quote what he says, but it's rather too long.

One song's about Tubby and sit on the sofa,—  
Oh, not Tubby Thayer, I don't mean that young  
  loafer,—

And one which has set all our thoughts in a whirl,  
Goes thus, "Oh, my Pearl is my only best girl."

B. Sturgis grows musical when he hears that,  
And says, "Let me have women about that are fat."  
But really I'm just about tired to death  
And simply have not left an atom of breath.  
So here I must finish and down I must sit,  
If you have n't been mentioned this time, you are It.

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> *J. D. Nichols*—“*Nature’s Child*” —“*Spiggotty Nick.*”
- <sup>2</sup> *Part of poem by H. D. Chandler.*
- <sup>3</sup> *Pennington Pearson.*
- <sup>4</sup> *Perry Heaton.*
- <sup>5</sup> *Julian Hinckley’s part.*
- <sup>6</sup> *John Fry.*
- <sup>7</sup> *Mr. Woods.*
- <sup>8</sup> *W. A. G. resumes.*
- <sup>9</sup> *M. Peabody.*
- <sup>10</sup> *G. MacDonald.*
- <sup>11</sup> *Bartie.*
- <sup>12</sup> *Thorn Kissel and Selden Rose.*
- <sup>13</sup> *Ansley W. Sanvyer.*
- <sup>14</sup> *Lydig Hoyt.*
- <sup>15</sup> *Howard Potter of the Sunburnt Tow head.*
- <sup>16</sup> *Leander Plummer.*
- <sup>17</sup> *W. Grosvenor.*
- <sup>18</sup> *John Fry*—“*Bubbles.*”
- <sup>19</sup> *Gray Zabriskie*—“*Whiskey.*”
- <sup>20</sup> “*Probationers.*”
- <sup>21</sup> *A. Low.*
- <sup>22</sup> *Morton Prince.*
- <sup>23</sup> *Infirmity Nurse.*
- <sup>24</sup> *F. Cutting.*
- <sup>25</sup> *Fairfield Osborn aimed for Princeton.*
- <sup>26</sup> *W. R. Stewart, Jr.*
- <sup>27</sup> *J. Auchincloss.*
- <sup>28</sup> *Daniel Davis.*
- <sup>29</sup> *Paul Draper.*
- <sup>30</sup> *Henry Watson.*

## CHRISTMAS

1901

WELL, Oracle dear, we are at it again.

For seventeen years we have done it before;  
Supposing we say we will come to an end  
When poems we've written just seventeen more.

Though no, we'll not stop, for the School won't permit,  
Because Mrs. Lawrence has made such a threat,  
That she will not sing if we let up a bit,  
I guess we'll keep going a longish time yet.

It's holiday time, and the boys we have made  
To give up their work for a fortnight or so.  
'T was hard to persuade them that they'd be repaid  
If studies and books to the wind they would throw.

They've yielded, however; they're off as we thought  
For home and their fathers and mothers so dear,  
To celebrate Christmas as every one ought,  
The festival, gladdest of all the whole year.

Wilt tell me what's happened to football of late?  
The boys used to talk of a vict'ry with pride.  
It's such a good sport that one surely would hate  
To think that a love for the game had quite died.

The School in the past has n't ever been quite  
So proud of its nine as its ball-kicking band,  
Though both sets of players put up a good fight,  
A diamond's fine, but a gridiron's grand.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

You never could come to our Groton before  
Without hearing much about rushes and tricks.  
They'd ask if you knew of some wonderful score,  
A forty-six ought, or eleven to six.

But things have been quiet for one or two years,  
The boys have n't wanted to say very much.  
Perhaps they've been waiting, from all that one hears,  
To get the St. Markers again in their clutch.

Our season just over has been very nice,  
And everything's easily now understood.  
The boys have n't talked, but have been cutting ice,  
And Lydig's been quietly sawing his wood.

We 'spected our team was a-going to be fine,  
For Lou<sup>1</sup> was a terror and Don<sup>2</sup> was n't slow.  
We'd Drexel<sup>3</sup> and Nathan<sup>4</sup> both up in the line,  
And out at the end was our stalwart Greenough.<sup>5</sup>

There were Quickety Sam<sup>6</sup> and our Biggoty Bayard,<sup>7</sup>  
And a very good Link<sup>8</sup> in the line, so it looks.  
The enemy shortly began to get tired,  
And Diggy<sup>9</sup> discovered a speedway through Brooks.

But ain't it been fun to see Spiggotty<sup>10</sup> run  
When our plucky young quarter-back<sup>11</sup> gave him  
the ball?  
The blocking, we know, has been very well done,  
The speed of the back has n't counted for all.

## CHRISTMAS 1901

Still ain't it been fun to see Spiggotty run,  
To stand and just watch him encircle the end?  
We 're glad to have had him in games that we 've won,  
We 're proud such a runner to college to send.

November the sixth was a harassing day,  
Upon it were centred our hopes and our fears.  
We were a bit worried, we may as well say,  
We 'd waited to win fully two weary years.

When Dillwyn<sup>11</sup> ran in for his sixty-five yards  
And others went over the line, we could be  
Quite easy in mind; we 'd a theme for us bards,  
That score of a zero to just twenty-three.

And Lydig, my boy, you 've a right to be proud  
Of the game that we played in your year, for it ranks  
As one of the greatest of all of the crowd,  
To you and your team, Groton's heartiest thanks.

And now that we 've struck as before the right gait,  
We 'll win again soon just as sure as you 're born;  
We 're five games ahead, but till next autumn wait,  
We guess 't will be six, it is up to our Shaun.<sup>12</sup>

We 're even in baseball, alas and alack!  
We hope, though, the record to change pretty quick.  
Here 's luck to you, Charlie,<sup>5</sup> to you and your Quack,<sup>13</sup>  
We believe you together 'll accomplish the trick.<sup>14</sup>

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Are you still a-sitting there,  
Mrs. Thayer, Mrs. Thayer;<sup>15</sup>

Are you still a-sitting there, dearest lady?  
For we heard you did declare  
That you really could n't bear  
To sit upon your chair, dearest lady.

Well, you said yourself, you know,  
About half an hour ago  
That you thought your former School  
Would be acting like a fool  
If they don't sing hallelujah,  
So here 's a welcome to yer.

And we 're jolly glad to see yer,  
And your husband too, how be yer?  
And we hate to give you pain,  
But next year we 'll try again.<sup>16</sup>

I hear that Mr. Griswold has his limit reached at last,  
His wonderful endurance is a legend of the past.  
We always thought he never could be conquered by  
fatigue,  
He could play a dozen football games and run a hundred league.  
But I must ask you to reveal, oh, famous puzzle guesser,  
What do you think has downed at last the wonder-  
thewed professor?

He held a recitation for two youths of the Sixth Form  
Who don't take Grk., but then at Math. they think  
they 're rather warm.

CHRISTMAS 1901

They drooled along so peacefully with figures on the  
board

That poor Professor Griswold gave it up and loudly  
snored.

They turned to him to ask him to elucidate some point,  
Their ideas of trigonometry were somewhat out of  
joint.

But what no labours could subdue, no hardship bring  
to pass,

Had happened—Mr. Griswold was exhausted by his  
class.

Oh, what do you think is the matter with Paul? <sup>3</sup>

He seems to my eyes quite sufficiently tall;

In fact, I admire a height that's no bigger,

But something or other is wrong with his figure.

A classmate of his tried to answer the question,

And offered what seemed quite a happy suggestion.

'T would fill, he is certain, a want deeply felt,

If Drexel would try an obesity belt.

And talking of belts at this holiday time,

Good Oracle, can't you suggest for my rhyme

Some other, perhaps, who his belt has worn out,

Bust through by old age, for this person's not stout?

Although if you offered ten dollars, he said,

He could not bring his foot an inch nearer his head.

When upon his great instep he'd fain plant a kiss.

He's easy, good Oracle, guess who is this?



## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Frank Sargent, who knocked on the pane till it  
smashed

To signal a maiden on whom he is mashed,  
Would answer requirements, so I should say  
His belt he has worn till it's nigh given away.

And as to the reason his two ends don't meet,  
It's partly because of the size of his feet;  
Though Hoppin could give him some pointers on size,  
At home on the farm I've observed with surprise,

His slippers he uses as box stalls at night,  
And his boots for dog kennels, though somewhat too  
tight.

He's wondered and wondered why never a word  
About him in these rhymes for four years has been  
heard.

And then it was only to say he was fresh.  
And though he is now a huge column of flesh,  
That he's turned very salt I'd be hard to convince,  
Though I'd hate to aver he's been fresh ever since.

Oh, what is the matter with Perry<sup>17</sup> the fat?

He seems very shy as he awkwardly stands,  
As though he's not positive where he is at,  
His pockets are always full up with his hands.

It cannot be true he's afraid of the cold,

For I know that quite lately we had a hot day,  
And yet Perry's hands were concealed, I am told,  
As on to the chapel he wended his way.



## CHRISTMAS 1901

Ah, Perry, in future you'll learn to take care  
Above other things in what way you are dressed.  
Especially henceforth I guess you'll beware  
Of the danger attached to a long undervest.

It's tempting, now ain't it, to pull down the sleeves  
And tie them quite tightly right over your palms?  
So Perry will wear from now on, he believes,  
A bodice arrangement without any arms.

The mails have been crowded of late  
With letters and parcels in bunches,  
With ointments in packets ornate,  
And all sorts of little free lunches.

Nose wash, Mellin's Food, and Wheatine,  
And wonderful costly cosmetics,  
With soap of an exquisite green,  
And treatises long on æsthetics.

'T was all to the selfsame address,  
Albertus Caecilius Larned.  
The sender's name doubtless you guess,  
And also why Barty said "Darn it."

The truth is, last summer his nose  
Had struck with amazement the ladies;  
Its colour resembled the rose,  
When richest and deepest its shade is.

And so in the greatest alarm  
They sent a round robin to Keely,

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

The gold cure man, begging some charm,  
For Barty appeared to be wheely.  
The Keely Cure people in haste  
Sent samples and minute direction,  
Saying, Barty had no time to waste  
If he wanted to save his complexion.

A Bantam's a kind of a chicken I'm told.  
Perhaps, then, you'll tell us why Banty<sup>4</sup>  
Has got such a nickname, oh, Oracle old,  
Can he give you a reason, or can't he?

Oh, Shoot, I must ti-ie my ti-i-ie tighter  
And my pa-a-ace I must qui-icken,  
Or I shall be la-ate and find on my pla-ate  
No ro-oast du-uck or chi-icken.

What's this that I hear about Baker,<sup>18</sup> his heart?  
Affected they say, but I don't know quite how.  
He looks very well and perhaps a great part  
Of the trouble he had is all over by now.

A very queer symptom, however, it is,  
That his heart is so well in the spring and the fall:  
But winter 'pears always to make it to friz,  
The thing does n't seem to be beating at all.

It's what Groton knows as an Addihump<sup>19</sup> heart,  
A local disease quite confined to the School.  
The doctor admits it defies all his art,  
The medical books for its cure have no rule.

CHRISTMAS 1901

Now Leonard runs hard at his baseball and such,  
And his heart does n't budge at his leaps and his  
jumps,  
But it palpitates awful, you don't know how much  
If he hears the bare sound of the word addihumps.

Can you throw any light, oh, Oracle bright,  
On Boyer's perplexing distress?  
He wishes to know what way he should go  
To attain the degree A.S.S.?

He's heard of A.B.'s and such like degrees,  
A.M., B.A.D., P.D.Q.;  
But he said he did guess that a plain A.S.S.  
For him would assuredly do.

He must study up chimes and the number of times  
Some forty-two thousand they tell.  
You ring changes with eight and he'll then calculate  
Five thousand that makes on one bell.

J. Whitney may talk of baked beans made of pork,  
Dormy<sup>20</sup> learns how to make grapes of currants,  
Clifford<sup>21</sup> knows sundry lore of the late Spanish War  
And many a wondrous occurrence.

How Dewey commanded at Salamis fight,  
And Sarac had marvellous legs,  
And Appleton states that he Latin translates  
Flirtatiously—hear him, he begs.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

While Potsey <sup>22</sup> declares that one dances a jig  
In New York at this holiday season,  
In a path zig a zag he pronounces zig zig,  
And is simply not open to reason.

Mr. Nichols has claimed—for concerning the Ark  
He's a trifle unsound in his knowledge—  
Not Moses, but Jack, he would like to remark,  
Was head of that animal college.

Oh, yes, A.S.S. is too easy I guess,  
A duffer could earn the degree:  
But as Sibley last week, à propos of his Greek,  
Said, "Thanks, that's enough quite for me."

Little Mrs. Ayleshine, <sup>23</sup> sitting in the sun,  
Eating-time approaches, lesson-time is done.  
Little Pig they call him, young Augustus Low,  
Tell me, gentle partner, why they name him so.

'T is a reason funny—he one day of late  
Had a lot of honey in a liquid state;  
Thinking he would like it formed within a mould  
To a shape artistic when it had grown cold  
Nought so much admiring as his shapely foot  
Poured the loathsome mixture in his rubber boot.

Wilt tell me, oh, poet, what Watson <sup>24</sup> has done  
To change his appearance so much that you know  
Boys hardly persuade themselves he's the same one  
They used to know perfectly well long ago?

CHRISTMAS 1901

There's something gone wrong with his face I am  
sure,

A whiter and much older look has appeared.  
Perhaps he is trying to seem more mature,  
I don't think he's ill, as at first we all feared.

Why, Bunny's becoming a grown-up young man,  
And is so much afraid he'll be lost in the push  
Of little boys still, which he cannot now stand,  
He's settled the matter by shaving his moosh.

Oh, tell me, worthy poet, how  
When Dicky<sup>25</sup> birds do make a row,  
How can a Master spot a lark  
When lights are out and all is dark?

When all is dark and lights are out  
The wary Master prowls about;  
Each cubicle which he suspects,  
He visits and at last detects

The culprit who his crime conceals.  
Each face with fingers light he feels;  
Jim Auchincloss in fashion weird  
Was spotted by his bristly beard.

And thus this Dicky bird was caught  
For doing what he had n't ought.  
Beware the fate of unshorn men.  
'T was not a lark—'t was just the Hen.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Minnow<sup>26</sup> remarks we greatly err  
Speaking of folks as *him* or *her*,  
And on our grammar sits.  
To illustrate—with gentle gaze  
He cries as he the class surveys,  
“This room is full of *Its*.”

You see, poor Minnow's slightly dotty.  
Last week in a discussion knotty,  
A lunatic he talked to,  
Who offered him financial aid,  
And then a moral lecture made,  
While going to New York, too.

Lloyd Derby oft heard sounds the queerest  
When Minnow was his neighbour nearest,  
In Brooks House dormitory.  
But 't was the wind, that sound of groaning,  
Through his unshaven whiskers moaning,—  
But that's another story.

Are Butsey's<sup>27</sup> new slippers some very queer sort?  
Or why do the boys talk about them so much?  
I can't understand how his friends ever ought  
To say, as is said, that they quite beat the Dutch.

In Utica city they know what is what;  
The fashions are right, for no farmers are there.  
The young men are known by their coat's swagger  
cut  
And the way that they dress with such scrupulous  
care.

CHRISTMAS 1901

Oh, Butsey is shrewd; they've advantages great  
In slippers like his cushion-made on a last.  
They go of themselves, and they're very light weight,  
No schoolmaster hears you slip quietly past.

Another fine thing is, they point the right way;  
A little bit out, it is clever and neat.  
I know if you saw him in them you would say  
That they were intended to suit Sheeny feet.

When Skinny Prince<sup>28</sup> takes walks abroad  
All in his Sunday best,  
When brightly shines the golden sun  
A-sinking in the west,

Why do the children laugh and play  
To see that portly feller,  
Though Zephyr's pushed the clouds away,  
Sporting an umberella?

It must be that he thinks he is  
His beauty much adorning,  
Or else to emphasize the fact  
'T was raining in the morning.

Of all the useful dishes,  
Corned beef, hash croquettes, and fishes,  
Which so often grace the School's so bounteous board,  
Which dish rare and expensive  
Finds a use the most extensive  
And which dish does most nourishment afford?



## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Is it goat or cream tonsorial  
Of date bygone immemorial?  
Is it beefsteak, is it salmon, is it trout?  
Babies' skulls, or cake pagodas,  
Rubber necks or muzzle loaders?  
Good poet, tell me, I would fain find out.

You'll be startled when you know it,  
Oh, my worthy brother poet,  
The dish that is most often on the table  
Is n't fish and is n't mutton  
Served most often to the glutton,  
But it's Turkey! Swallow that if you are able.

It appears *itself* on Sunday,  
Then as hash-on-toast on Monday,  
Then as fricassee on Tuesday or "What is It?"  
Wednesday's supper's pie called "What Luck?"  
Thursday morning it is "Pot Luck,"  
And as Sat'd'y's *soup* it makes its final visit.

Oh, now can you tell me about a good gag?  
Mr. Cutting, I think, is the one it concerned;  
A joke, I suppose, that was made by some wag,  
But why did the boys shout so loud, have you  
learned?

I know he was making a very fine speech  
To a class in the school-room engaged at their  
books.  
He seemed very earnest, appealing to each  
Without much effect I should say, so it looks.



CHRISTMAS 1901

The speech, I am told, was considered all right,  
The substance and wit both pronounced very fair.  
At the end of it all, though, he had a bad fright,  
He found that the class he addressed was n't there.

What a funny boy you are,  
Dilly Starr, Dilly Starr,  
Have you literary turned all at once?  
You ought to see the pleasure he  
Takes in the Golden Treasury,  
In poetry I tell you he's no dunce.

You see there is a poem,  
Dilly Starr, Dilly Starr,  
To a young and lovely lady 't is addressed.  
There's an H and there's an R,  
Dilly Starr, Dilly Starr,  
And the bretheren will please supply the rest.

So accustomed as you are,  
Dilly Starr, Dilly Starr,  
On the first nine and eleven bench to sit;  
Athletics are no bar,  
Dilly Starr, Dilly Starr,  
To Cupid's shafts which surely have you hit.

Oh, what is the matter, good poet, with Plum?<sup>29</sup>  
Leander is mournful, Leander is glum.  
It cannot be marks, or at least I think not,  
For a pull with the Rector he says he has got.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

And yet he is sad, though he's not in disgrace.  
His voice grows more mournful and deeper his bass.  
And instead of his lightsome and frivolous manner,  
His joy is all gone; what's the matter with Hannah?

Ah, well, it's a long and remarkable story,  
For football is over and with it his glory.  
"His glory," says Plummer, "is now all departed."  
And Plummer, of course, is well-nigh broken-hearted.

Good Oracle, here is another strange history,  
When with his fanzy one day the good Mr. E.  
Sturgis was doing the rounds of the School,  
They found Gammell engaged with a sharp-edged tool.

The sharp-edged tool seemed to cause him some fright,  
For half of his countenance seemed to be white.  
And in fear and confusion he fled away;  
What was going on, brother poet, oh, say?

He got a queer notion that all older boys  
Used razors and strops and such masculine joys;  
So from pure imitation an hour he gave  
To enjoy the sensation of having a shave.

A word of thanks and then we've done,  
And ho! for holidays and fun.  
To our dear hostess and our host  
And all the family, this toast:

"A Merry Christmas, Homestead dear,  
And many a bright and glad New Year."

## CHRISTMAS 1901

And now good-bye to all the School,  
And may you ever keep the rule—  
Where'er you go, whate'er your parts,  
That you keep Christmas in your hearts.

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> *Louis Starr, Jr.*
- <sup>2</sup> *J. D. Nichols.*
- <sup>3</sup> *A. J. Drexel Paul.*
- <sup>4</sup> *N. Emmons.*
- <sup>5</sup> *C. P. Greenough.*
- <sup>6</sup> *S. E. M. Crocker.*
- <sup>7</sup> *B. C. Hoppin.*
- <sup>8</sup> *C. L. Waterbury.*
- <sup>9</sup> *Captain L. Hoyt.*
- <sup>10</sup> *J. D. Nichols.*
- <sup>11</sup> *D. Starr.*
- <sup>12</sup> *Shaun Kelly elected Captain, but succeeded by Woolsey, as he left School.*
- <sup>13</sup> *Dr. Woods.*
- <sup>14</sup> *Groton 5—St. Mark's 3.*
- <sup>15</sup> *Of St. Mark's—formerly, originally, and forever of Groton.*
- <sup>16</sup> *Groton 36—St. Mark's 0.*
- <sup>17</sup> *Perry Heaton.*
- <sup>18</sup> *L. Baker.*
- <sup>19</sup> *Calisthenics.*
- <sup>20</sup> *Foster.*
- <sup>21</sup> *R. Clifford.*
- <sup>22</sup> *H. Potter.*
- <sup>23</sup> *A. Low.*
- <sup>24</sup> *Henry Watson.*
- <sup>25</sup> *Dwellers in Mr. Richards's dormitory.*
- <sup>26</sup> *S. W. Fish.*
- <sup>27</sup> *G. Butler.*
- <sup>28</sup> *M. Prince.*
- <sup>29</sup> *L. A. Plummer.*

## BIRTHDAY

1902

ON coming back to School this year,  
The sight that struck my eye  
Was the gymnasium's lofty roof  
Careering up on high.

And when I swept my gaze around,  
The sound that struck my ear  
Was all about a Cottage <sup>1</sup>—mind you  
Call it that—you hear.

I saw a pretty building  
All complete from floor to *Garret*.<sup>2</sup>  
But some reflections crossed my mind  
Which I proceed to narrate.

It looks like an asylum,  
Or a pest-house or a prison,  
This newest of the palaces  
That lately have arisen.

But whether it be old or new,  
It does n't matter what age.  
It does n't look one little bit  
Like my idea of Cottage.

It stands there as a pendant  
To my own—how shall I name it?—  
My squash-court or my swimming-tank,  
Or what you shall proclaim it.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

So I suggest the course as best,  
To name the newest treasure—  
The Dome of Pain in contrast to  
The famous Dome of Pleasure.

The doings down at Ipswich town  
And also at Magnolia  
Have been a little singular—  
Has anybody told yer

How Charlie Appleton a maid—  
He thought he was in clover—  
Took out to drive and straightway dumped  
That hapless lady over?

How Freddy<sup>3</sup> had his face massaged  
Each day by a trained nurse,  
While Norman<sup>4</sup> entertained her,  
And poor Fred grew worse and worse?

And Norman's photograph appeared  
In autobubble Journal;  
The youngest bubblist in the land?—  
The portrait was infernal.

He dashes frantic through the town,  
Destruction in his wake.  
He nearly knocked a depot down,  
He could n't reach the brake.

While looking on the sad sea waves  
And gazing at the moon,

## BIRTHDAY 1902

Sam Crocker—here I pause—but look  
For an announcement soon.

There was a young man of renown,  
The oddest that e'er struck the town.  
He's never on time, and all manner of crime  
Is charged to the credit of Brown.<sup>5</sup>

His black marks amounted to twenty,  
With latenesses more than a plenty.  
To serve them all off like the Black Death or Cough,  
In perfect health up to bed went he.

When told by his comrades one day  
Of a squib on him, Brown in dismay,  
Thinking squibs must be slugs or some new kind of  
bugs,  
Tried to rub or to scratch it away.

There once was a fellow named Rives,<sup>6</sup>  
A poet—or so he believes.  
Imagine my bliss when he handed me this  
He's jotted down on some stray leaves.

Oh, there once was a fellow named Rives  
Was seized with a fit of the heaves,  
He was making a speech and his speech was a peach,  
And he's thirteen years old—he believes.

But a poet is hardly to blame  
If he cannot recall his own name.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

And as to his years, it don't matter, my dears,  
He is good at his books just the same.

The Dormouse <sup>7</sup> and the Potter  
Have done what they had n't oughter,  
And terrible the consequence  
Of what they have committed.

Imagine, pray, their feeling,  
No prospect of concealing  
Their crime—I think their state of mind  
Was really to be pitied.

One day to a physician  
In the city they 'd a mission,  
And whether 't was some drug he gave,  
The reason is concealed.

But they fell into a trance, sir,  
And 't is still without an answer  
How they woke and lo, they found themselves  
On famous Soldiers' Field.

Of course, with trepidation  
They rushed off to the station,  
But oh, the horror when they found  
The engine would n't stop.

They tried to tell the story  
Through the telephone—but gory!  
They were faint with fears, unhappy dears,  
And ready nigh to drop.



## BIRTHDAY 1902

Dormy gasped and Potsey stammered,  
Though he tore his hair and yammered,  
And at last the dreadful story  
Trickled out by slow degrees.

Since then they're sorely humbled,  
From their high position tumbled  
To the youngest kids, and Potter  
Wishes some one would—oh, please—

Sign this order blank surprising  
He has filled out, authorizing  
Any one in all the School to buy  
And send him in the bill

For a dollar and a quarter,  
One much damaged, H. C. Potter;  
And Dormy is a door-mat  
To be trampled on at will.

I looked at a football match some weeks ago  
And wondered why Woolsey<sup>8</sup> was running so slow.  
His usual game's like a shot to a bullseye,  
But something or other had happened to Woolsey.  
The cause of the trouble I quickly inquired.  
B. Crocker replied he had merely transpired  
Through stocking and jersey, through shin-guard and  
panty,  
But most of us thought his apparel was scanty.

The nightmare has been loose of late  
Throughout the sleeping quarters.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Boys' heads are full of Newport girls,  
Bar Harbour's lovely daughters,

Or Islesboro's enchanting dames,  
Or less delightful themes,  
And beauteous thoughts of other sorts  
Have occupied their dreams.

Pea Shooter <sup>9</sup> babbles in his sleep,  
And Newbold's shrieks would freeze yer.  
Kermit <sup>10</sup> replies with eloquence,  
And Larned has a seizure.

He says his lady fair's still nice,  
While Hammy <sup>11</sup> in the dark  
Thinks of his Saratoga girl,  
And—moonstruck—'gins to bark.

Burnham has happy dreams and laughs,  
And Robbins only moans;  
While Tilney of some letter talks,  
And Sarah Derby <sup>12</sup> groans.

While Teddy Roosevelt merely sighs  
And thinks of lovely cousins,  
"Long Island has good food, good studs,  
And maidens good by dozens."

"Oh, mother dear, bring on the beer,"  
Cries Stevey <sup>13</sup> with a shout;  
He thinks he's singing—others think  
There's dynamite about.

## BIRTHDAY 1902

Frank Sargent dreams he's in a race  
With ladies five competer.  
They all sail by. "Well, let them win,"  
Quoth he, "'t is so much sweeter."

But worse than all these nightmares far,  
Poor Minnow<sup>14</sup> had a vision  
About St. Mark's the other night,  
And of a dread collision.

On came his foe with horrid leap,  
Clutched at the whisker streaming,  
That grows from Minnow's beauty spot,  
And Minnow woke up, screaming.

The coal strike is causing a terrible moan,  
But much the most luckless was poor Tweedles  
Sloane.<sup>15</sup>

Suspenders are up, collar buttons are down,  
And Sloane has gone broke and's a charge on the  
town.

His classmates have hinted with nod and with cough,  
And at last they decided to auction him off,  
Eleven and a half cents was all he would bring,  
With a discount, less clothing and diamond ring.

Oh, Teddy is a hot box and Kermit is a scrapper,  
And little Farr's a Way Back and Richardson a lapper;  
He lapped up fifteen quarts of milk.

And Mr. Hinchman taught

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Young Kermit how to wash his hands  
Each time before he fought.

And Teddy thinks the Pope of Rome  
Must find existence dandy,  
For at whatever time of day,  
He always has free candy.

Oh, little Farr,<sup>16</sup> how queer you are!  
"Although a baby boy,  
I must not play with toys in class  
And Mr. Woods annoy."

How quaintly Clark<sup>17</sup> his own name spells,  
'T is positively funny.  
C-l-a-c-k, and remarks  
H-u-n-n-y, honey.

How Waterbury<sup>18</sup> waves his name,  
And what a funny facy  
Has little Norman Sturgis  
And the energetic Macy.

He cried aloud, "Kids, stop that noise,"  
When little Tommy Hig<sup>19</sup>  
Threw books about among the boys  
And acted like a pig.

Ah, Billy Ladd, 't is very sad,  
Thinks that the poet Bryant  
Ran twice for President and failed—  
On history too reliant.

BIRTHDAY 1902

And Dana wants to know if he  
Requires special eyes  
To be entitled to a special  
Light that suits his size.

“Although I am a lazy boy  
And fat, I pay attention,”  
Says Farnsworth, loosening his belt  
To give his waist extension.

Oh, Edmands looks hungry and Amory pined,  
Though I cannot explain what it means,  
For Edmands eats hickory nuts with the rind,  
And Amory might fill up on beans.

Though he comes, as he tells us, from yonder world’s  
Hub,  
He will not touch bread when it’s brown,  
And though of his townsmen the favourite grub,  
The pork and beans will not go down.

So hungry is he that some chewing-gum fain  
From the Manager he would procure,  
Of Groton athletics—not used by the team,  
’T would never be missed, he is sure.

There once was a stripling named Thayer,<sup>20</sup>  
Renowned for his thinness of hair  
And thickness of waist, but his hair in his haste  
He pulled out one day in despair.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

A maiden who dwelt in Wood's Holl  
Had stirred to the depths of his soul  
Susceptible Tubby—he'd fain be her hubby,  
His passion he could not control.

Next year his folks hired a place  
That so he might gaze at her face,  
At Wood's Holl, but the maid was to Europe  
conveyed,  
And Tubby got left in the race.

I heard a funny tale of late  
About our friend McVickar Haight,  
That gentleman of note.  
And when you've heard it you'll agree,  
I reckon, brethren, with me,  
He acted like a Goat.<sup>21</sup>

He once was driving in a hack,  
From opera, returning back;  
In bed he thought, no doubt,  
He lay, so oped the carriage door,  
His boots and sundry garments more  
Took off and threw them out.

One day a funny scene occurred  
Beneath the eye of Banty.<sup>22</sup>  
J. Whitney's actions were absurd,  
His breathing somewhat panty.

It seems that water had been thrown  
On lavatory tiles,

## BIRTHDAY 1902

And Whitney had to swab it up  
'Neath Banty's genial smiles.

He took a basin in his hand  
And waved it o'er the spot;  
From time to time his face he fanned,  
But dry it he could not.

To wipe the floor by addyhumps  
Is quite a useless game,  
The beads that dropped from off his brow  
His efforts overcame.

The Glee Club's very musical,  
The Choir, too, is fair,  
But if you really wish to hear  
Sweet music in the air,

The Fourth can furnish you a treat  
Of four melodious growlers;  
Their name in full was told to me,  
The Hot Harmonious Howlers.

There's Pugwash<sup>23</sup> and there's Baker,  
There's Butts and Dopy Wood,  
And music sweet they offer you  
When they are feeling good.

We call them oatmeal, just for short,  
For when their notes are sounded,  
The "Harmony"<sup>24</sup> we hear might well  
With oatmeal be confounded.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

There once was a chit with a bit of a wit,  
And his name it was Martin, I'm told.  
He said that the chimney—I thought I should split—  
Smoked already, though but one day old.

When Addison—Thayer  
Toppled over his chair,  
The vigorous Bunko Baker <sup>25</sup>  
With zeal and with skill  
Proceeded to fill  
The office of undertaker.

Now little Tom Hig  
Asked, "Who is that big,  
Bulky, somewhat fat middle-aged gent  
Who carried Thayer out,  
That warrior stout?"  
I wonder whom he could have meant.

The Rector's fled to foreign shores  
To get some needed rest,  
For parents' letters by the score  
His weary soul oppressed.

But here's a letter came one day,  
Writ by a loving mother,  
A charming note in every way,  
Would we had many another.

"Old Lou <sup>26</sup> retires to bed each night  
At ten o'clock, and takes



## BIRTHDAY 1902

His bottle freely, slumbers light,  
At 'lev'n next morning wakes.

“He then arises for a while  
And takes some nourishment.  
This life seems quite to suit his style,  
He's perfectly content.”

Bubbles<sup>27</sup> is quaint, he always was,  
He could n't understand the cause  
The Freshmen cheered for six.<sup>28</sup>  
“Why not eleven?” Bubbles cries,  
They always were absurd, those Frys,  
At their arithmetics.  
He nailed his hut floor to the ground.  
“Help, help!” he cried when he was downed  
By some new kid o'erweening.  
Out of my way! I'd have you know  
I'm in the Second Form, ho, ho!  
You understand my meaning.

The Brooks House Dramatic and Musical Club  
Once called upon Stillman to visit the Hub.  
We need pretty costumes, oh, excellent LummoX,  
And we must have corsets to cover our stomachs.

He went to the city. “Good Madam,” quoth he,  
“Do you retail corsets?—Oh, no, not for me,”  
He hastily cried when the maiden looked glum,  
And feared she had nothing quite suited to Lum.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

“A dairy maid’s cap I must purchase,” he added,  
“And much cotton wool—there are calves to be  
padded.”

The saleslady cried,—for he’d driven her wild,—  
“For goodness’ sake, tell me, how old is the child?”

And shall I pass unmentioned by  
Our much enduring Faculty  
Without a single word?  
Nor tell you all their funny ways,  
Nor spread before your eager gaze  
The stories I have heard?

“V H Hist. S this sum, I guess  
I’ll solve you in a minute.”  
So Mr. Garret takes the chalk  
And straightway doth begin it.

And when the shades of evening fell,  
And when the sun was rising,  
He still was working at the board,  
His quickness is surprising.

If you will tell how long the ship  
And number of the crew,  
The colour of the captain’s cat,  
He’ll calculate for you.

“Oh, see my pretty scarlet socks,”  
With pride quoth Mr. Nichols.  
“And hose of blue and every hue  
That maiden’s fancy tickles.”

## BIRTHDAY 1902

They found a picture in his desk,  
Six German maids were grouped.  
Just think of that! 't was marked "For Nat,"  
With whom the loop they 'd looped.

They say that Mr. Billings makes  
Latin so interesting  
That Harry Sargent goes to sleep,  
A bully time for resting.

They say that Mr. Gladwin  
So cross with Potter got  
He made him walk the whole way home,  
No bicycling for Pot.

Although 't is said the Master, too,  
To wreak his vengeance dread,  
Walked every step on foot himself,  
Pushing his bike ahead.

They say that even Mr. B.  
Rushed down the study hall.  
"Where are the ladies?" was his cry;  
"Oh, ladies, hear my call."

His agitation was extreme,  
Until he overtook  
The dames, and Brooks House went to bed  
Before their hands he shook.

The General<sup>29</sup> at Albany  
Startled the little Fishes,<sup>30</sup>

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

And Mr. Ogilby, you 'd mix  
Him not with Grosvenor wishes.<sup>31</sup>

Although there 's really no excuse  
For being so much out,  
For Grosvenor 's raising a mustache,  
The red begins to sprout.

When Mr. Woods the school-room keeps,  
He should n't wave his hand  
At ladies in the passage-way,  
Though the effect is grand.

Poor Mr. Abbott is so moved  
By all the fair beholders,  
That watch him at the football games  
To see his mighty shoulders,

And mighty chest and mighty legs,  
His physical director  
Has been obliged to order him  
To wear a heart protector.

When Morgan is bothered by lessons and tasks,  
Detention and Masters and trouble,  
He makes up his mind he can't do the whole thing  
And wonders which Master will double

The task left undone—so he chucks up a cent  
And decides, on the whole, the Professor  
Is less of a sucker than Woden, so from  
Two evils he chooses the lesser.

BIRTHDAY 1902

I'd like to add a word to close  
The order of the day,  
To run in squibs on all the boys,  
Including Monkey Fay.<sup>32</sup>

For though he says I never could  
Include him in my rhymes,  
He's a perpetual squib himself,  
Not merely at fixed times.

But ah, my friends, time flows apace,  
We're eighteen full years old.  
And year nineteen is almost here,  
And so my tale is told.

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> *New Infirmary for Contagious Diseases.*
- <sup>2</sup> *Mr. Garrett dwelt therein.*
- <sup>3</sup> *F. H. Prince, Jr.*
- <sup>4</sup> *Norman Prince.*
- <sup>5</sup> *Thornton Brown.*
- <sup>6</sup> *F. B. Rives.*
- <sup>7</sup> *F. Foster and H. Potter.*
- <sup>8</sup> *Captain H. M. Woolsey.*
- <sup>9</sup> *Philip Suter.*
- <sup>10</sup> *K. Roosevelt.*
- <sup>11</sup> *Hamilton Hadden.*
- <sup>12</sup> *J. Lloyd Derby.*
- <sup>13</sup> *S. B. Luce.*
- <sup>14</sup> *Sidney Fish.*
- <sup>15</sup> *M. D. Sloane.*
- <sup>16</sup> *B. Farr.*
- <sup>17</sup> *F. H. Clark, Jr.*
- <sup>18</sup> *R. Waterbury.*
- <sup>19</sup> *T. Higginson.*
- <sup>20</sup> *J. E. Thayer, Jr.*
- <sup>21</sup> *Haight's nickname.*
- <sup>22</sup> *N. Emmons.*
- <sup>23</sup> *H. F. Osborn, Jr.*
- <sup>24</sup> *Hominy.*
- <sup>25</sup> *L. Baker.*
- <sup>26</sup> *L. Starr, Jr.*
- <sup>27</sup> *J. Fry.*      <sup>28</sup> *1906.*
- <sup>29</sup> *Mr. Cushing.*
- <sup>30</sup> *Stuyvesant and Sidney.*
- <sup>31</sup> *Because of his hair.*
- <sup>32</sup> *H. H. Fay, Jr.*

## CHRISTMAS

1902

A MERRY Christmas to you all,  
Grotonians, young and old.  
Once more the genial Homestead Hall,  
'Mid winter's storm and cold,

Flings open wide its doors to us,  
With welcome as of yore,  
In the brave days when we were young,  
In eighteen eighty-four.

At this glad feast to-night we miss,  
Alas, the faces dear  
Of loved ones far across the sea,<sup>1</sup>  
And would that they were here.

Yet, 't is the magic of the time,  
The holy season's grace,  
That to our hearts they're doubly near,  
Unheeding time and space.

A health to our dear hostess,  
And all good Christmas joys  
To host and all the family—  
Now, let's discuss the boys.

Have you heard any news about football at School?  
Ordinarily we in the fall have a game  
With a Southborough team, 't is a regular rule,  
St. Something or other, I don't know the name.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

I remember last year how we had a fine score,  
Twenty-three to mere nothing, and we were so  
glad.

Did William <sup>2</sup> make less? I don't s'pose he made more,  
Sure he did n't get beaten—that would ha' been  
sad.

You need n't be worried, the game was all right,  
Though scores are uncertain as every one knows.  
And the boys they were nervous I think just a mite,  
For St. Markers make very good gridiron foes.

We were confident, though, that the line would be  
crossed

By some of our runners as surely as fate,  
For we knew that our fleet-footed Dill <sup>3</sup> had not lost  
Any speed, nor his brother old Lou <sup>3</sup> any weight.

With our heavyweight forwards, the game was pure  
fun,

And our quick-moving backs were not easy to beat,  
For Banty <sup>4</sup> would tackle and Blubber <sup>5</sup> would run  
And the sturdy-built Livingstone <sup>6</sup> would keep his  
feet.

We're much obliged, Bill, to your warriors and you,  
Your corking good team had St. Mark's in a fix;  
We'll remember the 'leven of nineteen ought two,  
For we're fond of that zero to just thirty-six.

So Dilly,<sup>7</sup> my boy, it is now up to you,  
We hope you'll do well as the others have done.



CHRISTMAS 1902

We are satisfied now and we want nothing new,  
Bill has got them—you keep them all still on the  
run.

Have you heard what has happened to Stokes?<sup>8</sup>  
Of late he's unlike other folks.  
He practises smiles in the glass at odd whiles,  
And his attitudes really are jokes.

In spite of his immature age  
He's decided to go on the stage.  
He storms and he raves and his arms wildly waves  
In sign of despair and of rage.

Of microbes and bacterias,  
And ailments most mysterious,  
We've heard a lot of talk in seasons past;  
But of all the epidemics,  
Mingled with our academics,  
The very worst has broken out at last.

Don't tell me, if you please,  
For I know the dread disease  
Too well, alas—I've tasted Groton milk.  
'Tis the foot and mouth complaint  
That declared its symptoms quaint  
When every one was feeling fine as silk.

Unhappy Billy Ladd  
Had the foot disease so bad  
That he wears a shoe whose size is seventeen;

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

While the mouth disease afflicts  
Luckless victims five or six,  
Who talk and talk from morn till dewy e'en.

G. Biddle never stops,  
So fatigued he nearly drops,  
And begs that you will teach him how to smile  
Like Stokes's smile so new,  
For his old one's worn quite through,  
And he wants for Philadelphia some new style.

But he talks and talks and talks  
When he sits and when he walks,  
And he murmurs "Dovey, Dovey" in his sleep.  
And he has n't time to smile  
À la Stokes or any style,  
And his symptoms are enough to make you weep.

Oh, what is the matter with Haight?<sup>9</sup>  
Why is he so solemn of late?  
They've fed him on goat's milk  
And read to him Goldsmith,  
But nothing appears to go straight.

The truth is, his death he nigh found  
Through Richards, whose figure so round  
Made his bath overflow,  
With a vast undertow,  
And Haight, standing near, was nigh drowned.

There is one of the kids who's a nice little chap,  
He seems to inherit for football a taste;

CHRISTMAS 1902

But between play and work there's an awful wide  
gap,  
In the class-room his energy all goes to waste.

T'other day I was puzzled in Latin to see  
Such a thing as a book he appears to disdain.  
Does he know the whole business—it seems queer  
to me  
That an immature youth should so trust in his  
brain?

Ah, Reggie<sup>10</sup> is shrewd and becoming more wise.  
No Master may think that he has a fine gag,  
When he says for the foot of the class there's a prize,  
That that boy must carry the heavy mail bag.

Reggie gathers it up with a confident smile,  
Of the things he will do he's not anxious to boast;  
But we found the next day he'd been thinking the  
while,  
For his school books have all gone away by the post.

Why is Barty Larned languid,  
All but one spot pale and white? <sup>11</sup>  
Tell me, poet, if you know it,  
What has spoiled his appetite?

Well, one day he went a-calling,—  
On the mantel o'er the fire  
Was a photograph enthralling,  
Which he greatly did admire.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Hearing footsteps swift approaching,  
Knowing it was scarcely right,  
Fearing she would catch him poaching,  
Grabbed and hid it out of sight.

On returning to his study  
He unpocketed his prize:  
Lo, a cunning little poodle  
Lay before his wondering eyes.

He had seized in spirit eager  
The wrong photograph it seems;  
Now he drinks sweet oil Omega,  
And things are not what he dreams.

Billy Grosvenor Rouge <sup>12</sup> and fair,  
I am well-nigh in despair;  
For though I may try to chaff  
Any joke to make you laugh,

Make allusions to the red  
Light that plays about your head,  
Or your solemncholy smile,  
Or the Providential style

Of your garments—all I say  
In my most facetious way,  
When the others' sides are splitting,  
On the landscape still you're sitting.  
All you can be heard to mutter,  
Is—"Won't some one pass the butter?"

CHRISTMAS 1902

Here is the enigma solved:  
Rouge one day at last resolved  
He would rouse him from his dope  
And with mathematics cope.

“’T is as plain as plain can be,  
Mr. Ayrault, don’t you see  
That these triangles is both  
To each other—by my troth—

“As each other is to each,  
The hypothesis doth teach,  
As themselves is to each other —  
That’s explained, now ask another.”

Jack Simons and Blair are in perfect despair  
Because in these poems no place  
For their talents renowned has ever been found,  
And they think it’s a shame and disgrace.

Well, at last they’re entitled to fame,  
For each has obtained a new name: ·  
A songster is Jack, and Billy Blair’s knack  
As a dancing man’s simply suprême.

For I passed by their quarters one day,  
Where Blair a new pas de ballet,  
Of a fashion unique for some party next week,  
Was practising graceful and gay.

While tunefully nightingale Jack,  
To provide for the orchestra’s lack,

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Was singing a waltz, every other note false,  
While Blair did his forward and back.

What was the light mysterious  
That from the windows glared  
Of our new Gym that night of late?  
I looked at it and stared.

Then with a loud halloo a two  
Dashed bravely to put out  
The conflagration as they thought.  
What *was* it all about?

Why, merely Mr. Ogilby and Richards, head to head,  
Were having just a talky talk together, it is said,  
When Herr Professor Griswold, with his scientific  
mind,  
Thought 't was a fire—called his troops—and started  
like the wind.

He rushed to fight with flames and smoke  
Headlong against the glare.  
Since then it's not polite to say  
Red hair unto our Herr.

Can you tell me, brother poet,  
What is Jeffy Newbold's age?  
I wish you would my eager  
Curiosity assuage.

Although he's more than six feet tall,  
He looks so fresh and green,

CHRISTMAS 1902

He might be almost any age,  
From six to seventeen.

I asked him and he answered me  
With somewhat bashful mien,  
“Indeed, I never have been kissed,  
And yet I ’m sweet sixteen.”

Baa, Baa, Barclay Farr,  
What a ladies’ man you are!  
Fickle, too, I greatly fear;  
Three best girls within one year.

Was it this, oh, poet good,  
Or Thanksgiving dinner food,  
That no word he would impart,  
Though a dame sat next his heart?

Dame MacMurray waited long,  
But he would n’t wag his tongue.  
And the reason he refused  
Was—he’d not been introduced.

Pray, tell me how the wily Clam<sup>13</sup>  
The postman keen evades,  
When he receives soft nothings from  
New Bedford’s lovely maids?

He scribbles answers on his cuffs  
And poems on his collars,  
And has his washing all sent home  
And fools his fellow scholars.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Why does F. Biddle weep and wail?  
Why is his face so wan and pale?  
    Good poet, tell me true,  
Why is it that he cannot sleep,  
Or dreams that make his flesh to creep  
    Will certainly ensue?

Why, 't is because a vision dread  
The other night stood o'er his head,  
    And whispered in his ears:  
"Your brother George is doomed to be  
A clergyman, alas!" said he,  
    And Francis waked in tears.

Little Tom Tittlemouse Higginson, who  
Can tell me a method to pacify you?  
Shall I give him a cake,  
Or will he just take  
Six pieces of sugar—that innocent fake?

Don't waste cake or dollar,  
But seize by the collar  
That erudite scholar  
    And bundle him out.

He's been so polite  
Since yon fatal night  
That the treatment was right,  
    There's no manner of doubt.

Oh, what can be the trouble  
With the orchestra this year?



## CHRISTMAS 1902

The laughing horse<sup>14</sup> sounds rough and coarse  
And grates upon the ear.

The cello's badly out of tune,  
The drums sound somewhat muffled,  
And worst of all, Herr Griswold, too,  
Looks just a wee mite ruffled.

He's had a tussle and he's won  
With Mr. Bott they say,  
Who plays the murmuring piccolo  
In such a winsome way.

Will you believe he could have been  
Such an unfeeling brute?  
He said he'd lay his baton down  
Or else kick out that flute.

When the winter winds are whistling,  
And the fields are white with snow,  
Why are Groton boys unwilling  
(I should greatly like to know)

To avail them of permission  
To go riding in a sleigh?  
I should think they'd rather like it,  
But the truth's the other way.

Well, you see they've had a warning  
From Sam Crocker's dreadful fate:  
He got dumped the other morning,  
And the cause he does not state.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

While Bob Bacon took a peaceful,  
Aged horse for Christmas green,  
Took a header in a snow-drift,  
And the trees on top were seen.

'T was the twelfth of December, the year nineteen  
two,  
And Masters and boys could n't find much to do,  
When a band armed with pistols, with sticks and with  
rocks,  
Went bravely out a-hunting in search of a fox.  
Tally-ho for Mr. Hinchman, tally Ogilby too,  
Tally-ho for Mr. Woods and Banty Emmons staunch  
and true.

Oh, brave was their spirit and bold was every soul,  
When at last their eyes discovered what they took to  
be a hole.  
They soon had lit a fire and a beastly smoke had  
made,  
While Woden cocked his pistol and declared they  
were n't afraid.  
Tally-ho for Mr. Hinchman, tally Ogilby as well,  
And the rest of the proceedings, worthy brother poet,  
tell.

Banty got upon his knees at once and blew about the  
litter,  
And the smoke came out the other end, but not a  
living critter.

CHRISTMAS 1902

He takes a stick and pokes the flames and down the  
hole he pushes,

And thinks at last the fox is somewhere hid in the  
bu-ushes.

Tally-ho for poor old Banty, tally Ogilby once more,  
Their eyes were full of smoke and the whole thing a  
beastly bore.

Then Mr. Hinchman barks aloud poor Reynard to  
alarm,

And Mr. Ogilby declares 't would surely do no harm  
If he should try to imitate the squawking of a hen.  
Indeed, you would have thought them all a pack of  
crazy men.

Tally-ho, bow-wow-wow, tally Ogilby—squawk.

Tally-ho, Banty Emmons, and yards and yards of talk.  
When suddenly, before they hardly knew what they  
were at,

From out the hole there jumped a rather lively com-  
mon cat.

He fled into the forest, whither running no one wist,  
And Woden's gun went off with one loud bang at him  
and missed.

Tally-ho, hark away! tally-ho, what a day!

Tally-ho for the hunters and the cat that got away.

We've got the latest methods of a modern education,  
We've illustrated squibs and such for *Duffer* and  
for *Star*,

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

So tell me true, if I were you, some telling illustration,  
To teach the Second Form in French, the meaning  
of voilà.

Profound Professor Gladwin, with the kindest of intentions,  
Cries, "Voilà Burnham, there he is!" and there he  
was complete.  
The class turned round and gazed upon two cheeks  
of large dimensions,  
A caramel on either side and blushing like a beet.

Frank Sargent dropped a nickel,  
When he wanted chewing-gum,  
Into the Elevated's box,  
But nothing seemed to come.

A minute he looked flustered,  
And a hayseed was pronounced,  
When in his dulcet tones—"I come  
From Boston," he announced.

No climbing up the moving stair  
When *we* the city round  
May wish to travel, but we use  
A vast hole underground.

Our culture's sometimes rather queer,  
And Freddy Prince doth think  
That Venus stuffed her rosy hands  
Into her mouth so pink.

CHRISTMAS 1902

We know that Boston's somewhat quaint,  
But still we never mix  
Our will's and shall's and don't and ain't,  
Nor Schools and politics.

And don't we hear about New York  
Extraordinary truths?  
Or Philadelphia or Detroit  
Or Washingtonian youths?

F. Biddle marks his toothbrush  
By breaking it in twain,  
And Kermit<sup>15</sup> has a dog who barks  
The numbers up to ten.

And Mr. Garret says he thinks  
That Chrystie is an eel;  
He must *go home* till he's *let loose*,  
Or his resentment feel.

Dill Starr thinks Parricides are bugs,  
Brown wears a sportsman's vest,  
And Seymour Blair shaves down—not hair,  
And wonders if 't were best

To bring his Bible here to-night.  
While Piggy Low,<sup>16</sup> my dears,  
Dressed in such haste that he forgot  
To tuck in his long ears.

He tripped upon them and he fell.  
Alas, his woeful plight!

GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

And Grizzy Webb himself arrayed  
In clothes of colour light.

Rives says he's not as innocent  
As some perhaps may ween.  
And Macy's got six Ogilbys,  
And Wetmore's got fifteen.

While Clark thinks a parenthesis  
A sort of addyhumps,  
And other cities furnish all  
Varieties of chumps.

But we must now go, for the time has now come  
When we say our good-byes for the winter recess.  
We are glad to leave Groton, though probably some  
Will be glad to be back in a fortnight, I guess.

We are grateful to hostess and host, and we trust  
You will all have a first-rate vacation,  
Enjoy the short recess, you ought to, you must  
Have your fill of a good recreation.

While we want Groton boys to enjoy it up here,  
The studies, the games, and the rest,  
Of all spots in the world at all times of the year  
Dulce Domum is ever the best.

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> *Sabbatical year of Mr. Peabody and his family.*
- <sup>2</sup> *Capt. H. M. Woolsey.*
- <sup>3</sup> *Dillwyn and Louis Starr.*
- <sup>4</sup> *N. Emmons.*
- <sup>5</sup> *Lloyd Derby.*
- <sup>6</sup> *C. L. Waterbury.*
- <sup>7</sup> *D. Starr. Captain of 35-0 eleven of 1903.*
- <sup>8</sup> *H. P. Stokes.*
- <sup>9</sup> *“The Goat.”*
- <sup>10</sup> *R. Waterbury.*
- <sup>11</sup> *Query: Nose?*
- <sup>12</sup> *Grosvenor of Providence.*
- <sup>13</sup> *Leander Plummer.*
- <sup>14</sup> *Professor Griswold's clarinet.*
- <sup>15</sup> *K. Roosevelt.*
- <sup>16</sup> *A. Low.*





## BIRTHDAY

1903

THE poet of spring has his verses to sing,  
Some folks do not relish his rhyme,  
And the poet who drones in mellifluous tones  
The delights of the old summer time.

But away the time flows and the couleur de rose  
Is exchanged for a colour more sober.  
So I here make my bow 'mid the tumult and row,  
Your bard of the fifteenth October.

Vacation was really most awfully long,  
They gave us a whole extra week,  
And though I've no doubt many thought it quite  
wrong,  
The rest showed a spirit most meek.

Of course, they were idle and fearfully bored,  
But they passed the time after a fashion,  
And for want of employment, for Mabel or Maud  
Full many developed a passion.

I might tell their secrets, I would if I dared,  
But they're awful when really enraged.  
It's whispered about, but do not let it out,  
P. Boyer—don't tell—is engaged.

George Richardson screams in the midst of his  
dreams,  
"I'll be true, I'll be true, I'll be true."

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

And Potsey<sup>1</sup> his woes through the bridge of his nose  
Loudly whistles to Jane or to Sue.

While Jones<sup>2</sup> blushes redder and redder and redder,  
And Breese<sup>3</sup> for the tennis ground sighs.  
He sorely is missing that prime spot for kissing,  
And Buster<sup>4</sup> Brown's wiping his eyes.

The hearts of ten maidens this Buster has busted,  
Ten maidens who harked to his slogan.  
He vanquished their charms by all manner of arms,  
From pistol and arrows to Bogun.

He weeps and he sighs and the streams from his  
eyes  
At the thoughts of Long Island's fair daughter  
Don't furnish enough, so at table each day  
He spills every one's glasses of water.

While Shrimp,<sup>5</sup> the young imp, makes the maidens  
feel limp,  
From East unto West as he sings,  
And in far Colorado the bold desperado  
Has got all the girls upon strings.

And poor gentle Dormy's<sup>6</sup> experience stormy  
In Boston was really a shame;  
For two mortal hours he stayed—by the powers!  
But alas, the fair maid never came.

While Amory,<sup>7</sup> they tell, on a Beverly belle  
Bestowed his best Groton hat-band

## BIRTHDAY 1903

If that exquisite she for his sake would agree  
To wear it and pledge him her hand.

And Edmands, the Owl, rolls his eyes to the skies,  
As he thinks of the falseness of woman.  
And poor Selden Rose, when he dared to propose,  
Was spurned in a manner inhuman.

The stout Skinny Prince<sup>8</sup> was surprised not long  
since

While writing a sonnet, they say,  
In praise of his fair one with carrot hair—  
He entitled the song "A Hot Day."

And Coly MacDonald thinks oft of the days  
When the lady he cherished so dearly  
Would hang on his arm as he showed her the way  
From the famous establishment Brearly.

And Pennington Pearson was badly cut out  
At a ball at Bar Harbour they tell.  
Mac Michael bore off his fair partner and she  
Declared he would do quite as well.

But bind up your sorrows, ye merry men all,  
There's lots of good fish in the sea;  
The misfortunes of others I now will relate,  
And perhaps they'll restore you to glee.

Judge Michael Mac Mike once thought he would  
like  
To indulge in an ulligant swim.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Each Bar Harbour girl was all in a whirl  
And postponed her own dippy for him.

Himself then he clad in the best that he had,  
Blue and red were his little legs fat,  
And the maidens declared when they saw him—they  
dared  
Not plunge in the briny with That.

Mac Michael was wroth since the girls were so loath,  
And averred he'd not go in that day;  
He retired with a pout, dressed again, and cleared  
out,  
And his blue and red togs gave away.

But such a dislike took this sensitive Mike  
To bathing in general that he  
Gave all his bath nights to Seward Webb, who  
No use for them has, as you see.

Seward lives on the brains of wild pheasant, and gains  
His portly proportions of late  
From a diet of snakes, and his household pets makes  
Of the snakes up in Shelburne they state.

Oh, poor forlorn and doleful Rives,  
His melancholy visage grieves  
My being to the quick.  
Whoever'd think that 'neath the woe  
Depicted on his face, he'd go  
Concoct a monkey trick!

## BIRTHDAY 1903

He bet young Cutting<sup>9</sup> he could never  
Project his knife across the river.

Young Cutting "Pooh" did shout.  
He hurled the knife—it splashed and sank,  
Of course he had himself to thank,  
But he was one knife out.

'T is just as well, that fatal knife  
Had nearly cost young Cutting's life.

For when he tried to shave  
In moment rash his young mustache,  
He made a gash, a horrid hash,  
Which brought him nigh the grave.

Upon the floor and desk his gore  
Went spouting from the wound.  
I tell you 't was a gruesome sight,  
And Tommy Barber swooned.

The kids are most polite  
I heard the other night.  
When Sampson called a Prefect "Sir,"  
'T was really out of sight.

And Smouchy,<sup>10</sup> as they say,  
When he goes out to play,  
Perfumes his hair, and to the foe  
All signals gives away.

While to amuse the crowd  
Heard stands serene and proud;

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

And while his brethren work and fight  
Plays the hand-organ loud.

And Atwater—'t is fame  
From proper sense of shame,  
To hear his own voice is too shy,  
Or answer to his name.

John Parker keeps all in a trance  
By whistling a popular dance;  
He never will stop till he's ready to drop  
If the Master will give him a chance.

The little Brice is awful nice,  
So quiet and polite;  
You'd never find him playing hob  
Or rough-housing at night.

Upon the football field he stood.  
A favour he would beg  
From Mr. Peabody—now some  
Might kick him in the leg,

Or poke his ribs, or say, "Look here."  
Oh, no, with manner grand,  
Exactly as it were in class,  
He just held up his hand.

When Watson Blair, with artless air,  
Said he had got a hint  
For me to write and read to-night,  
A thing he called a "squint,"

## BIRTHDAY 1903

I turned and asked him was it true  
He never took a shower,  
Or bath or plunge or e'en a sponge,  
Since yonder fatal hour

When first he joined our Groton ranks?  
He showed no sense of shame,  
But honest pride, as he replied  
He'd washed before he came.

When Minnow Fish<sup>11</sup> went forth to sail,  
A cry arose above the gale,  
Resounding in his ears;  
A cry as of a drowning wight  
Came whistling o'er the breakers white,  
Exciting all his fears.

His helm he quickly put about  
To save a life, with courage stout;  
The tempest howled the brisker.  
After long search he no one found,  
And thus perceived the source of sound  
Was zephyrs in his whisker.

The famous clan of Amory  
Through all the world around,  
For famous feats of memory  
Has ever been renowned.

Oh, I should much have liked to hear  
My little cousin Charlie

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

Before the Sacred Study class  
Describe the famous parley,

And all the details of the fight,  
Unless my memory lieth,  
With every word and blow which passed  
'Twixt Jason and Goliath.

Hoffman is much dissatisfied  
With Groton's simple fare.  
He lately tried to suicide  
In absolute despair,

Because we do not have each day  
Expensive oyster stew.  
And life is scarcely worth the while  
Where oysters are so few.

Mrs. McMurray proudly wears  
The gem he tried to foist U-  
'pon her as a first-class pearl  
Which he found in an oyster.

Poor, poor Doctor Moore  
Tried the blinds to close,  
When the blind most unkind  
Swung to on his nose.

*Blind* with *pain* once again  
Out his head he thrust,  
But the *pane* a glass one proved  
By the *blind* one bust.



## BIRTHDAY 1903

See the pun? Ain't it fun?  
Different kinds of *pain*.  
Never mind, if you're *blind*  
Don't do so again.

They say that Hardwick and *hard work* are such  
friends  
That he does n't much care if this term never ends;  
For during the holidays gay ,  
Double portions of food three or four times as good  
Instead of vacation are served as a ration  
To those who prefer here to stay.

So Hardwick's decided to write to his folks:  
He'll spend Christmas up here if they think they  
can coax  
The Rector to promise him true  
That pillow fights, scraps, and free rough-house shall  
sway  
With beefsteak and turkey served three times a day,  
And fish and corned beef be taboo.

I gave a tea the other night  
And issued invitation  
To half a dozen kids to come  
And taste of my collation.

But Dana Anderson said No,  
Was it that he was seedy?  
I later found it was not so,  
But only he was greedy.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

My tea and cake he thought perhaps  
Were fairly decent stuff,  
But for a really greedy boy  
They were not half enough.

To yonder village swift he hied  
For chocolate to munch,  
And having lined his vast inside,  
He came to me to lunch.

They say when Mr. Leach  
Feels a longing for a peach,  
Or an apple or an orange or a pear,  
“Go to, go to,” says he, “I need merely take my key  
And help myself to all that I can bear.”

For this Faculty recruit is high guardian of the fruit  
In the closet where the odours sweet abide.  
Far different from roses which salute the hapless noses  
Of those who in the studies blue reside.

Yet why should fellows care if he a reasonable tariff  
From importers of those dainties should exact?  
And if, in charging duty, he consumes some speckled  
beauty,  
There's nothing very shocking in the act.

But the trouble that at night is taken for appendici-  
tis,  
Or at any rate that makes him pace the floor,

## BIRTHDAY 1903

Interferes with the loud guffaws of the good old-  
fashioned rough-house,  
So we hope he'll never do so any more.

At the wonted bathing hour  
He indulged him in a shower,  
With a towel lightly wrapped about his head.  
Harry Sargent, young and bad, thought him just some  
other lad,  
So he flung at him a reeking sponge and fled.

Poor Mr. Nichols, his shirt collar tickles,  
Or else he's not pleased with its style;  
His cries of distress could be heard for no less  
Than something about half a mile.

Oh, will you not fly, passer-by, passer-by,  
And bring to my Mansion of Pain,<sup>12</sup>  
From the sewing-room box an assortment of stocks?  
For I ne'er shall wear collar again.

You see he expects that most useful of necks  
Made of rubber—I hardly need mention.  
He thus can acquire for use when the Choir  
Won't pay him the best of attention.

We heard he had taken to bubbling of late  
But the one time he ever was seen  
At this sort of sport, or so they report,  
He was running a sewing machine.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

But among the misfortunes with which he's been  
plagued,

I think the most dreadful of all  
Was when in the bushes he with three wild rushes  
Attempted to fall on the ball.

And talking of rubber, 't is much worn they say  
By leaders of fashion, a few of 'em,  
By exquisite scholars, in very high collars,  
And Newbold and Gambril are two of 'em.

S. Biddle of that clan unique  
Is making a success of Greek,  
He's mastered the word "Ὀνος."  
Though but the fifth part of an ass,  
As Mr. Abbott said in class,  
Καὶ ἡκολούθει Φόνος.

He thought he needed a new vest  
To grace the feast to-night,  
He borrowed one from Barclay Farr,  
He was a lovely sight.

Little Clark, oh, little Clark,  
You remember the remark  
Mr. Ogilby once made  
To his listening scholars?

Count the fingers on your hand  
If you wish to understand;  
But he wished he had n't spoke,  
Not for sixty dollars.

## BIRTHDAY 1903

Little Clark held up his fist,  
While the class with wonder whist  
Thought him going to blubber.  
But he only smiled with joy,  
And that else respectful boy  
Gently murmured "Rubber."

Hadden and Gaps<sup>14</sup> and Boyer, Starr, Higginson and  
Sawyer,  
Descended upon Newport just to show them how to  
do it.

The Avenue woke up and stared,  
And all the cottagers declared  
There ne'er was such a season since  
The time when first they knew it.

A group of them descended in costumes strange and  
splendid  
Upon the hospitality of Sidney Fish so meek.  
They only came to dinner with the unsuspecting  
Minner,<sup>11</sup>  
But he did n't well get rid of them for something  
like a week.

Oh, the horrors of that season,  
We trembled for the reason  
Of Boyer, who sustained a really paralyzing fright.  
For Psyche<sup>15</sup> up and burgled,  
And Phil<sup>16</sup> jibbered, shrieked and gurgled,  
And insisted on two roommates for the balance of  
the night.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

While Gaps procured a poker—  
He always was a joker—  
And hiding 'neath a potted palm he aimed it  
at the head  
Of the robber, grim and awful,  
At his handiwork unlawful,  
And exclaimed in quavering accents, "Not a  
step, or you are dead."

Dicky Gambril, young and fair,  
Lacked a Book of Common Prayer,  
Also he loved candy;  
When a box from Huyler's came,  
How could Dicky be to blame  
If he thought it dandy?

But the Rector said not so.  
"Right straight home the box shall go,  
Sweets are not permitted."  
Back it went against his will;  
Dick who lacks a prayer book still  
Surely should be pitied.

Poor old Harding was on a time regarding  
His image in a mirror, and he stroked his  
whitey beard.  
"I am fat and I'm romantic,  
But it nearly drives me frantic  
To think that in the poem I have never yet  
appeared."

## BIRTHDAY 1903

He may be fat and whitey, and he's lovely in his  
nighty,

And he weighs two hundred pounds, and that is  
huge;

But he'd be a bit more hefty if he'd try the method  
defty

Employed for gaining weight by Billy Rouge,<sup>17</sup>

Who called his friends' attention to the marvellous  
extension

During bathing of his own avoir du poids;

His heavy towel wearing, on the scales he stood, de-  
claring,

He had gained full twenty pounds, to all the boys.

Mr. Ogilby fair has lovely red hair,

Or such is T. Higginson's claim,

He begged I'd insert the above in my rhyme,

But hoped I'd not drag in his name.

For he's feeling quite feeble, his meals disagree,

Dyspeptic and hectic his cough,

For good pork and beans quite otherwise taste

When consumed standing up at the trough.<sup>18</sup>

And he can't do his work, he has so much to do,

Detention, triangles and such,

And he begs you won't give him a half hour more.

Poor Tommy, 't is really too much.

But as I have said, an exquisite red

Adorns the Ogilbian locks,

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

But the hue of his tresses caused many latenesses  
To those unprovided with clocks.

In Infirmary Hall the inhabitants tall  
On a system of signs had agreed:  
A curtain he'd hang when the outer bell rang,  
So to worry they never would need.

If a curtain of green in the window were seen,  
'T was a sign they must hustle like sin;  
But they never need hurry nor feel any worry  
If a curtain of red were therein.

One day he forgot and unconsciously sat  
With his head on the window reclining;  
Alas, for their fate, the whole outfit were late,  
And they found all the bretheren dining.

The best thing I've to sing to you  
Is hardly a new thing to you,  
And yet, though old, 't is dear.  
We've got a set of faces  
In the old accustomed places,  
And I tell you we are glad to have  
them here.

The Rector and the Mrs.  
And their five young hopeful blisses  
Have come to us again from foreign  
parts;



## BIRTHDAY 1903

They 're looking young and sprightly,  
And I 'll tell you it 's delightful  
To greet them from the bottom of our  
hearts.

But along with the fair daughters,  
They have brought us o'er the waters  
An exquisite romantic-looking beast;  
A dachshund or a collie,  
Or a little pug-dog jolly,  
Would n't serve us to describe him in  
the least.

I think he is a setter,  
Or, for want of something better,  
A greyhound one might guess but for  
the fur;  
But although he is a beauty,  
It remains my painful duty  
To confess that he is just a yaller cur.<sup>19</sup>

Oh, well do I recall to-night,  
Some seven years ago  
This very day, a Master said,  
"My brother, do you know

"A dozen years have rolled away  
Since first we entered here  
Upon the useful, happy work  
Which now has grown so dear?

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

“Could there have been a better life  
Than God has made our lot—  
To do His work and till His field  
In this beloved spot?”

“Happy indeed,” I cried, and still  
Repeat it here to-day:  
“Dearer and happier to me  
As each year rolls away.”

God bless the future, and our work  
Bless as in days of yore,  
Still side by side in mutual help,  
For nineteen birthdays more.<sup>20</sup>

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> *H. Potter.*
- <sup>2</sup> *A. M. Jones.*
- <sup>3</sup> *J. Breese.*
- <sup>4</sup> *Thornton Brown.*
- <sup>5</sup> *Norman Sturgis.*
- <sup>6</sup> *F. Foster.*
- <sup>7</sup> *C. M. Amory.*
- <sup>8</sup> *Morton Prince.*
- <sup>9</sup> *Suydam Cutting.*
- <sup>10</sup> *H. Roosevelt.*
- <sup>11</sup> *Sidney Fish.*
- <sup>12</sup> *Mr. Nichols dwelt in the "Cottage" for contagious diseases.*
- <sup>13</sup> *John Clark.*
- <sup>14</sup> *G. G. Bacon.*
- <sup>15</sup> *Stuyvesant Fish, Jr.*
- <sup>16</sup> *P. Boyer.*
- <sup>17</sup> *W. Grosvenor.*
- <sup>18</sup> *Side table where the ill-mannered eat standing.*
- <sup>19</sup> *Pompey.*
- <sup>20</sup> *Mr. Billings received this day a call to a Brooklyn Parish. He declined after some weeks of consideration.*



## CHRISTMAS

1903

I AM a poor, unaided, helpless thing,  
All, all alone to-night my song I sing;  
For when I ask a question, it falls flat—  
The Oracle has gone on a Sabbat.<sup>1</sup>  
Instead, then, of the usual duet  
Performed with him whose absence we regret,  
Your poet is compelled to change his tone  
And do the Pythian Priestess act alone.  
But when I offer problems to myself I  
Must recollect I am no more in Delphi  
Where frequent draughts of the Castalian Spring  
Might stimulate most any one to sing.  
No, naught is left but chocolate and cake,  
E'en tea I'm not permitted to partake.<sup>2</sup>  
So Sunday nights when I have sipped my choc.,  
I arm me with a pen and paper block,  
And make the dome resound with my appeal  
That each will all the deeds of each reveal.  
Squibs! Squibs! I cry, when round me with a clamour  
The kids my ear drums thus begin to hammer  
And hope that I'll embody in my verse  
Some feeble jokes like these—or even worse:  
“Oh, Burnham is fat, or Clark has no hat,  
Or Sargent does nothing but snore,  
Or Duffer<sup>3</sup> in Latin don't know where he's at, 'n'  
Poor Krech was stood out on the floor.  
Or Williams is a well-red youth,  
He's red all over, 't is the truth;

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

His underclothes from socks to shirt  
Are brilliant scarlet they assert.  
Or Little Low, oh, Piggy Low<sup>4</sup>

His crimson napkin waved  
At an angry cow, and they tell me how  
His precious life was saved,  
For away he flew—he was frightened blue—  
To his home in the Pig Pen dark,”—  
And they give you more of such squibs by the score  
On white-headed Dixon or Clark.

How Spiggotty<sup>5</sup> tiny endeavours to shine, he  
Declares he’s a chip of old Don,  
The family toothbrush that hangs by the sink,  
Or of Jeffy,<sup>6</sup> or Bubbles,<sup>7</sup> or John.  
Mike<sup>8</sup> and Grosvenor are tramps, Blair and Foster are  
scamps,

And Pompey<sup>9</sup> chewed Smouchy’s<sup>10</sup> golosh;  
Hunnewell is a swell, so is Warner they tell,  
And acres and acres of bosh:  
How Christie once locked himself into a locker,  
And jokes about Bartow<sup>11</sup> or some other Crocker.  
How Rogers got locked in the Robing Room Closet  
And Heard got a ten or a zero—which was it?—  
When he tried to impress with his learning and speech  
That wary old bird, the acute Mr. Leach.

We have listened, oh, we’ve listened with unmitigated  
joy  
To a marvellous performance unassisted by a boy;  
The Faculty they did it, by themselves they did—  
alone,

CHRISTMAS 1903

And a special radiance over the proceedings they have  
thrown.  
They cleared their throats and struck up with a har-  
mony seraphic  
A selection which can only be described in language  
graphic  
As quite the crowning triumph of all Groton's famed  
quartettes,  
Melojious-ojious murmurings of Mr. Nichols' Pets.<sup>12</sup>  
I'm told they're most irreverently nicknamed by the  
boys  
The Christmas aggregation of Old Nick's rejected  
toys,  
While Mr. Abbott plays an obligato on the flute,  
Which let us thank our stars is but a mute and cannot  
toot.

And now I think of Mr. Nichols,  
Have you heard his fate?  
The very thought my fancy tickles,  
What he did of late.

At a shop, alas, alack, he,  
Once upon a time,  
He essayed to buy some baccy,  
Costing *half a dime*.

He handed the amount ter  
A lady bright and clever,  
Who stood behind the counter  
And was just the smartest ever.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

She saw his youthful trembling,  
She knew he came from School,  
So formed a plan dissembling  
The Rector's eye to fool.  
"I'm sure that it would save yer,  
My little man," she cried,  
"Some marks for bad behaviour  
If I the parcel tied  
Into a little packet  
Resembling simple candy—  
'T would save you from a racket."  
When with his manner grand he  
Deposited his *half a dime*,  
Snatched up the goods and ran.  
He thinks it's really almost time  
They knew a grown-up man.  
They say he uses much perfume  
With which with instinct wary  
He tried to disinfect his room  
In yonder Cottage<sup>13</sup> airy.  
But after all he gave it up  
And simply fled the coop.  
The cackling of the Chicken-Pox,  
The whooping of the Whoop  
Have so disorganized his nerves  
That quit he really ought ter.  
It makes him feel, as he observes,  
Like *one fifth of a quarter*.<sup>14</sup>

Oh, Kingsford is a merry little party,  
It really does one good to see him round;



## CHRISTMAS 1903

His sunny smile so cheery and so hearty,  
And jolly laugh are getting quite renowned.  
And yet he was not always so 't is rumoured,  
At first we thought he had the chronic grumps,  
So homesick and so melancholy humoured  
That every one had nicknamed him Jim Dumps.  
But what a change has come since his arrival!  
We sometimes scarce believe him really him,  
And since this altogether grand revival  
He now is known to all as Sunny Jim.

Oh, Butter Ball, my Blubber Bags,<sup>15</sup>  
Why is it when you eat  
That we so often gaze at you  
Erect upon your feet?  
Methinks it simply must be this:  
So full you are of food  
That in the cramped position  
Of a sitting attitude  
You simply cannot stuff in more,  
So just to straighten up,  
You jump and shake your dinner down  
And thus make room to sup.  
One cranny more you thus obtain  
To cram more morsels in,  
But cannot then sit down again,  
And now you feel like sin.

The gentle Wilmer<sup>16</sup> sometimes tries  
The patience of his teachers,

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

But never his own temper fails,  
This tenderest of creatures.  
When Mr. A.<sup>17</sup> throws books at him,  
He says in accents bland:  
"Oh, man of splendid qualities,  
Your character is grand."

One day Johnny Parker was called up in Class,  
And pronounced with some sternness a consummate ass.  
The title John Parker accepted with glee,  
And as squib for this poem he gave it to me.  
I wish he would give me a bit of his hair,  
The cousinly tribute I'm sure he could spare.  
Just look at his Psyche Knot worn on the brow  
Instead of behind—'t is the fashion just now.

Dan, Dan,<sup>18</sup> the wise young man,  
Most wonderful to state,  
Has much the best taste in the School,  
For when he passed his plate,  
This merry Sargent lad, one day  
For that great king of dishes—  
The corned beef red—"By Jove," he said,  
"This Venison is delicious."

And talking on this subject,  
The subject sweet of grub,  
The worthy Hen<sup>19</sup> and his merry men  
Have started a Manners Club.

If puns are uttered by mistake,  
Or mouthfuls are too big,

CHRISTMAS 1903

Or kids play giddy pelican,  
Or gobble like a pig,

Or overset a pitcher—  
To expiate the crime  
Charity's made the richer,  
They're mulcted half a dime.

The Sixth are puzzled sorely  
At choice of a profession,  
And when an opening shows itself  
They straightway take possession.

Two courses have been offered to  
The subject of my jokes,  
Two offers highly flattering  
Been made to Harold Stokes,—

A French modiste or dressmaker  
Might offer some variety,  
Or lady patroness, they write,  
Of a Good Works Society.

But Stokes declines the proffers,  
His health will not permit it,  
Anonyma afflicts his head,  
He's truly to be pitied.

I'm sometimes called upon to sit  
In these my rhymes on Pie Eye Schmitt,<sup>20</sup>  
Who when Jack Suter blushed

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

At being called the second best  
Soprano in the Choir, confessed  
He thought the speaker gushed:  
For Jack has grown so very bad,  
That boisterous, rambunctious lad,  
His cubicle he kicks  
In rage one night, though he said that  
He gave it but a tender pat—  
But he got soaked for six.

Oh, Pie Face, Pie Face, there you sit,  
Oh, Minnott of the name of Schmitt,  
A harmony in white.  
His lugs they say are just sublime,  
He rolls his pants up every time  
To just the proper height.  
White is the colour he prefers,  
And Kermit<sup>21</sup> in his rhymes avers  
That in the Fives Court Hallways  
His gloves are white and white the ball,  
His shoes, his pants, his hair and all,  
Only his face—not always.

I've heard of the pleasures of hunting of Snarks,  
Or chasing the anise-seed trail,  
But the rapture of hunting and chasing St. Mark's  
Makes all other pleasures to pale.  
Hurrah, then, hurrah, Dilly Starr, Dilly Starr,  
For though I to boast would not seem,  
Though they may have their share of good points I'm  
aware,  
We just wope up the ground with their team.<sup>22</sup>

CHRISTMAS 1903

Jimmy Howe, what 's the row?  
Why so green and sickly?  
Why, as you often do,  
Leave the Chapel quickly?

On a day, as they say,  
He with box of sweets  
Climbs a dormitory beam,  
Where he eats and eats.

What ill luck! there he 's stuck!  
Jimmy all forlorn  
Thinks that he starved will be,  
For the candy 's gone.

Nimrod,<sup>23</sup> the mighty hunter,  
Had trouble with his valet,  
Who said a few unpleasant things  
Not suiting Nimmy's palate.  
His folks were on a journey,  
So Nimmy thought he 'd pounce  
Upon this fine occasion  
That valet rude to bounce.  
The cook, however, followed  
And eke the lady's maid,  
The nurse, the coachman, and the boots,  
And not a servant stayed.  
Nim felt a trifle worried,  
And then alas, alack!  
Their journey they had hurried,  
And Nimmy's folks came back.

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

“Oh, father dear,” said Nimmy,  
“No words to waste there’s need,  
I acted prompt and wisely,  
I deed, I deed, I deed.”  
The father smiled benignly,  
His plan went somewhat deeper,  
No valet now he’s hired for Nim,  
But one they dub his “Keeper.”

Fry, Smouchy and Brice, that trio so nice,  
Are filled with a horrible dread  
Of burglars and bugaboos, goblins and ghosts,  
And hardly dare get into bed.  
They wake up and scream when some blood-curd-  
ling dream  
Their pillows may happen to visit.  
They yell for their ma’s or their pa’s, and my  
stars!  
Did you hear it? Oh, mommer! What is it?  
Parker walks in his sleep and it makes their flesh  
creep,  
Or they get a dread glimpse of MacVeagh  
With a long shaggy mane, like a goblin insane—  
They gurgle and wish for the day.  
They shriek for the light in a passion of fright,  
Oh, vision of fear and despair!  
Their blood it runs cold, on a gibbet behold  
H. Rogers hung up by the hair.  
The bard recommends to his terrified friends,  
They go to F. Biddle so nice,

## CHRISTMAS 1903

Who 'gainst sights infernal, records in his journal  
The following wholesome advice:  
"I've given up steak, and now freely partake  
Of fish and corned beef for repast,  
And this treatment unique has produced in a  
week  
A digestion I deem unsurpassed."

A fatal game of football occurred on Soldiers' Field,  
At which I grieve to tell you old Harvard had to yield.  
But have you heard the sequel, the sad mishap to  
crown,

An awful visitation occurred to Buster Brown? <sup>24</sup>  
His head it grew and grew so that by the Sunday morn  
'T was seven sizes larger than when that youth was  
born.

He had to buy a headpiece, a thirteen and a half,  
And even then his efforts to wear it made one laugh.  
He jammed it and he squeezed it upon his manly brow,  
But still it did n't suit him nor fit him even now.  
To make it slide on smoothly and further pain to save,  
His elegant side whiskers he was compelled to shave.

A mighty man of valour  
Is young Samson <sup>25</sup>—like the old one.  
Why, then; the ghastly pallour  
On the visage of this bold one?  
He's in a dreadful quandary  
Between opposing fires,  
And on the case to ponder he  
A moment's space requires.



## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

His orders are conflicting,  
For Blagden<sup>26</sup> has decreed  
That he to football practice  
This minute must proceed.  
While strange to say the Master  
The ordinance disdains,  
And in the school-room Samson  
For idleness detains.  
A moment's hesitation,  
A moment's anxious doubt,  
The Master is n't looking,  
And Samson just slips out.  
He'd rather get six black marks,  
Or any dread disgrace,  
Or half a dozen Rectors,  
Than Blagden's fury face.

P. Boyer one day got *more* dotty, they say,  
And said to the nurse, Miss Potter,  
That two boiled eggs he'd have, and he begs  
She'd get him a bag of hot water;  
And unless she did as P. Boyer bid  
And sent for Hadden Hammily,  
The roof he'd raise, and there'd follow, he says,  
A death in the Potter family.

Just give him some chalk and a line he'd walk  
To prove his perfect sanity.  
He wept and he smiled and was savage—then  
mild,  
With a cackle of vacant inanity.



## CHRISTMAS 1903

His bidding to do, Miss Potter then flew,  
The hot water bottle she brung it,  
But he hid it when she did n't happen to see  
And said from the window he'd flung it.

"Who is this kid with the eyes so red?"  
"My name it is Milliken, sir," he said.  
"Why are you sorrowful, my little lad?  
What has occurred to make you sad?"

"Yon cruel Master, sir," he said,  
"Slung a big black mark at my head."  
"Him with the specs on, there?" said I.  
"Yes, sir," said Milliken, ready to cry;  
"That big man with the look so grim,  
Him that they nickname Slouchy Tim."<sup>27</sup>  
He's the new Master in French they say,  
Looks like a Dago, anyway."  
"Oh, Mr. Timmins, I beg on my knees,  
Take off his black mark, won't you please?"

One day they say that Sidney Biddle,  
Though not afflicted in his middle,  
Nor feet, nor e'en his head,  
In perfect health and strength retired,  
A thing he's doubtless long desired,  
To spend three days in bed.

He was not ill, he was not lazy,  
And though his words at times are crazy,  
He's never short of breath;

## GROTON SCHOOL VERSES

But his complaint, ah, wretched sinner,  
Tore him from breakfast, lunch and dinner—  
He suffered from Black Death.

Within his cubicle reposing,  
His eyes in gentle slumber closing,  
A graduate once lay.  
In dewy sleep, with hair unkempt, he  
Had occupied the bed left empty  
While Biddle was away.

When Grizzly Webb<sup>28</sup> with stealthy motion  
Approached and had the joyous notion  
To heave at him a slipper,  
“Wake up, wake up, young Beets,” he cried,  
And at the graduate he shied  
The shoe—oh, wicked Hipper!

It really is to all of us unspeakable relief  
To find that Mr. Jefferson has not yet come to grief.<sup>29</sup>  
We had an anxious moment which made all turn  
faint and pale,  
His voice might not be heard here since the owner  
was in jail.  
Thank goodness that his trial does n't come until next  
week;  
No hanging will ensue nor such experience unique,  
We hope sincerely and that he, poor man, while he's  
away,  
Will enjoy the turkey which the prisons serve on  
Christmas Day.

## CHRISTMAS 1903

The hours fly by and Groton's years increase  
In wondrous joy, prosperity and peace,  
And still to welcome us in dark and cold,  
The Homestead hearth burns brightly as of old.

The blessed Christmastide has come again  
With holy message of good will to men,  
Laurel and holly and the Yule log's blaze  
Once more proclaim the coming of the days

When peace and kindness, plenty and good cheer,  
And greetings warm unite to crown the year.

What greeting warmer than the first of all,  
Our Merry Christmas in the Homestead Hall?  
To all I bid it, and my rhyme is done,  
And so good night, God bless us every one.

THE END

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> *The Rev. S. Billings, G. S. Delphic Oracle, was in Europe taking a Sabbatical vacation.*
- <sup>2</sup> *Tea for younger boys was abolished in October.*
- <sup>3</sup> *R. Clifford.*
- <sup>4</sup> *A. Low.*
- <sup>5</sup> *Nichols.*
- <sup>6</sup> *Newbold.*
- <sup>7</sup> *Fry.*
- <sup>8</sup> *McMichael.*
- <sup>9</sup> *Rose Peabody's yellow dog.*
- <sup>10</sup> *H. Roosevelt.*
- <sup>11</sup> *Barton Crocker.*
- <sup>12</sup> *Messrs. Jefferson, Richards, Woods and Ogilby.*
- <sup>13</sup> *The Pain Dome.*
- <sup>14</sup> *Nichol or Half Dime.*
- <sup>15</sup> *G. Silsbee.*
- <sup>16</sup> *W. Hoffman.*
- <sup>17</sup> *Mr. Abbott.*
- <sup>18</sup> *D. Sargent.*
- <sup>19</sup> *J. Auchincloss.*
- <sup>20</sup> *C. M. Amory.*
- <sup>21</sup> *K. Roosevelt.*
- <sup>22</sup> *Thirty-five to nothing.*
- <sup>23</sup> *N. Prince.*
- <sup>24</sup> *T. Brown.*
- <sup>25</sup> *R. Samson.*
- <sup>26</sup> *M. Blagden.*
- <sup>27</sup> *G. H. Timmins.*
- <sup>28</sup> *G. Webb.*
- <sup>29</sup> *Slander trial, Powell vs. Jefferson.*









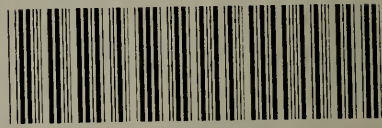




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